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Devoted to the Art, Science, Technic and Literature of Music

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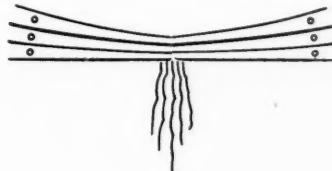
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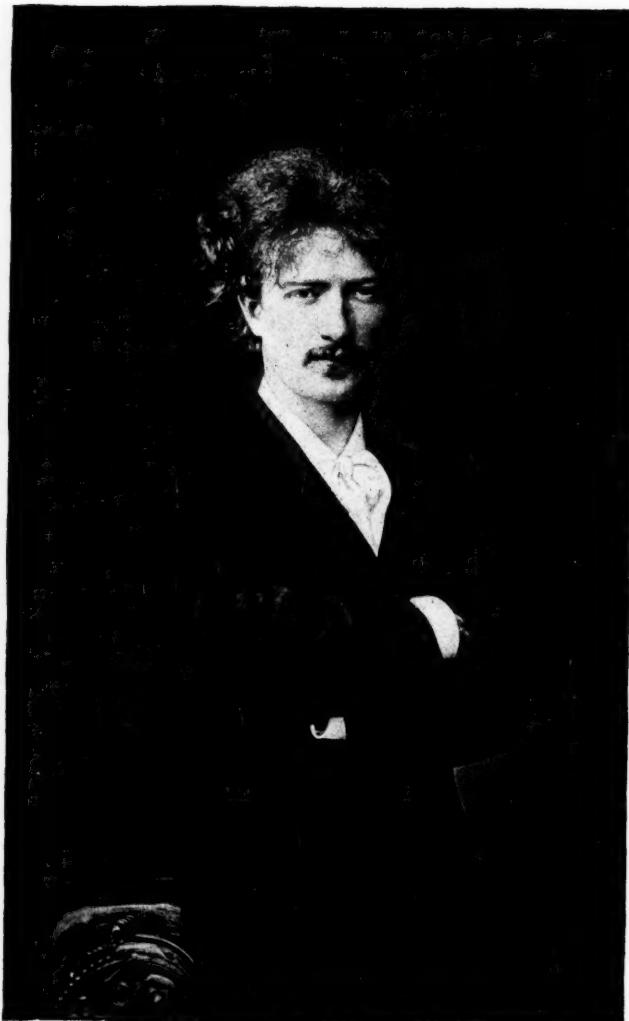
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PIANIST.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

With the present issue, the editor begins the realization of an idea long cherished, and often contemplated at near range, but not until now actually put in the way of accomplishment. That idea, need it be said? is the establishment of a musical periodical of a character and scope not yet realized in the musical world.

If we turn to any widely cultivated department of art or science, we find it possessed of one or more organs of its best thought. Serial publications—monthly, semi-monthly and weekly—furnish a medium through which the best minds in the profession advise each other of new ideas, put old ones to the test, and in general keep each other informed of the currents of thought in the province specially designated. In the literary world we find not one but many such organs, the mental movement having long ago exceeded the limits possible for a single publication. And we do not find a single family of ordinary intelligence and cultivation where at least one of these publications does not find a congenial welcome. For by just so much as such an organ is a necessary medium for intercommunication between advanced specialists, it serves an equally productive purpose in keeping the rank and file of the profession, and the great affiliated public interested in the specialty—whatever it may be—in full conversance and sympathy with its progress and ideals, as conceived by its best minds. Thus law, medicine, teaching, preaching, biblical interpretation, religious life, missions, engineering, architecture, photography, and all the semi-

professional arts, have their special organs of intercommunication, and would no longer dream of attempting to do without them.

In music, however, we find nothing of the sort—or at least nothing in any approximate degree subserving the elevated public uses already realized in the other departments mentioned. There are, indeed, very many musical journals in this country and abroad, and all of them, it is to be presumed, are meant to subserve worthy special ends. With this it is not here the place to enter into argument. But let any of the master minds in the musical profession prepare an article upon any important aspect of his art, and carry out the discussion in the amplitude and spirit of an article of similar scope in a literary review or magazine, and he will find that there is not at the present time issued in the English language a musical publication which will receive his article and print it unbroken in a single number; and but one or two, or perhaps three at most, which will undertake to print it at all. More than this, there is not one which would undertake to return to the author any adequate *honorarium* for such a piece of work. This being the case, it is not strange that the production of articles of this class upon musical topics is extremely limited; and, moreover, the appetite for them on the part of the readers still uncultivated.

Nevertheless, it is quite sure that the present state of things is wrong. Of what use are our conservatories, and of what advantage are the vast annual expenditures of money for instruction in the art of music, if after years of this kind of activity we have neither a body of thinkers in the profession, nor a body of readers desiring thought upon music? How are we to account for the wide study of the master works of such writers as Schubert, Schumann, Beethoven, Bach, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Liszt, Nicode and other masters—all highly specialized developments of musical ideality—while at the same time there is no public for the discussion of the principles of art upon which the works of writers of this class rest? Why should it be the case that at the present time the most impartial and able musical

criticism of music and of musical performances finds place in the daily newspapers only, and not in professional journals! The reason is two-fold: In the daily newspapers the article reaches a much larger circle of readers, and moreover the daily newspaper will afford larger space, and pay for the "copy." Moreover, the critic is under a more favorable condition for impartiality. This is the reason why in New York, for instance, we find the articles of Krehbiel in the *Tribune*, those of Finck in the *Evening Post* and the *Nation*, and those of Henderson in the *Times*; while in the so-called musical journals of the city are there very rarely other criticisms of equal ability, impartiality and literary merit. This also indicates a point which is not to be overlooked. There is, after all, a public for serious articles about music—in its current aspects at least—else there would not be found space in the daily press for serious articles of this kind. The same state of things exists in all the large cities, both here and abroad. Music has now become so important a part of our social and ceremonial life that it cannot be ignored. It belongs to culture, being part of that "best which has been said and done in the world," as Mr. Matthew Arnold has defined it for us.

What then is the purpose of the present periodical? To this a short answer can be given. It is meant to constitute a convenient medium of intercommunication between the best minds of the musical profession in the United States and the world; and between them and the great affiliated public of those who love music and cherish it in their hearts as the dearest of arts—the one which possesses at the present time most of freshness, expression and power to charm.

Three grades of articles are expected to appear in these pages. First, because most indispensable to the progress of the profession, serious essays upon important aspects and principles of music, or upon the best way of making these central principles and percepts of the art generally known among those who to some extent prize and cultivate music; second, magazine articles proper, of a readable character, interesting to the great body of musical readers, who desire to possess information upon the personalities and history of the

art, and upon the phases of progress as they show themselves. This part of the possibilities in the case is already cultivated to some extent by the general literary magazines, but only at rare intervals. Third, it is expected to include much of a direct practical value to young teachers and to amateurs pursuing their advance by the slow and sometimes discouraging way of self-education, their time meanwhile hampered by perplexing and absorbing duties as teachers or commercial employes. It is not intended to make the publication of current sheet music any part of the consideration influential with subscribers. The discussions themselves are supposed to be an ample equivalent for the sum demanded in annual subscription. In point of relative magnitude this sum is insignificant. The price of a single lesson from a teacher of eminence more than pays for this periodical for a year. The price of three or four lessons by an inexperienced young teacher pays for a year's subscription. The two annual volumes will make stout books of about 600 pages each, well printed, and of permanent value in a library.

The reader is to note, further, that while this periodical is intended to form an organ of intercommunication between the profession and the public, it is devoted to no single interest. Its charter is wide. There is room for all. The editor disclaims responsibility or endorsement of the opinions advanced by the contributors; and this not by way of shirking the responsibility, but simply as an act of justice and freedom. Every article, with few exceptions, will be signed. The reader is expected to estimate every opinion upon its merits; failing to do this, he may be certain that an opinion not controverted by some other writer in a later issue is to be taken as unquestioned. All advertisements will be found in the advertising department. Nothing whatever of an advertising character will find place in the body of the work. This will not hinder commendation of particular interests whenever in the estimation of writers of high standing they deserve it. The commendation, however, is invariably that of the single writer only, and carries no implication of editorial complicity. Even this wide permission will be somewhat curtailed, though the necessity of restricting all

such commendations to principles of education, excellence of performance and the like, such as are not properly or becomingly part of bargain and sale. All testimonials to pianos or other triumphs of musical mechanics will be strictly relegated to the advertising department, where they belong. It is inevitable that an undertaking of so much magnitade and novelty will require some time before its individuality will have been fully worked out; before this is reached the contents may vary considerably within the limits assigned above, whereby occasional issues may appear too exclusively devoted to some one of the three leading classes of thought intended to be subserved. The readers are requested to have patience with any imperfections of this kind that they may observe, knowing that in a short time *MUSIC*, like every serious effort, will find its place and its public.

The city of Chicago at the present moment appears better suited than any other for a new enterprise of this magnitude. In the older centers, the leading musical interests have publications of their own, which they fondly imagine to be sufficient for trade and profession alike. Everything is more or less pledged to some existing enterprise, and it has come to be an accepted principle that the numerous amateurs in the large cities are not available as subscribers to a musical periodical. Hence the periodicals which exist are not edited with reference to topics which interest them. Chicago is, perhaps, somewhat less numerously endowed with musical periodicals than any other large city. The trade interests there are as large as those of any other city in the country; perhaps even larger. Several of her musical houses are among the very largest in the world, and one of them is distinctly at the head, in point of variety of articles of manufacture and in variety and volume of sales. Others, devoted to specialties, are very close to the same line. From an artistic side the musical season of Chicago is one of the most commanding, in range and quality of performance, among American cities. The Chicago orchestra will be under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas, who by common consent is at least the equal of any conductor in the world. He here

enters upon a three years' engagement under conditions promising the most brilliant and artistically complete series of orchestral performances that he has ever offered. The Apollo Musical Club is the largest cultivated chorus in the world, and is under a director, Mr. William L. Tomlins, who is without a superior as interpreter of choral music of the highest class. Brilliant seasons of Italian opera are arranged, in which the star system will have its way, "regardless of expense," as the American legend has it. The field of chamber music will be numerously if not commandingly covered, and with the usual abundance of piano recitals and choral bodies outside the Apollo Club, there will be plenty of musical interest. All these matters of record will operate together to increase the local interest in the art of music in its higher aspects. Withal, the musical profession of Chicago is very strong, and we have here and in the adjacent cities of Milwaukee, Cincinnati and St. Louis some of the best musical writers and thinkers of this country.

The name *MUSIC* appears somewhat vague, and the editor is willing to admit that he would have been glad to find one more definite. No such convenient term presenting itself, without carrying within its suggestion an undesirable limitation, the general term *MUSIC* has been chosen as on the whole affording the best suggestion of the scope of the proposed publication. Everything herein relates in some way to music; but it is to any and all of the varied interests of music, and not to teachers, musicians, amateurs, or any other one particular class of music lovers. The field is the entire musical world. Editor, contributors and readers are all in the attitude of students. Whatever aspect of musical life presents itself as being of interest will here find discussion, the general build of which, we hope, will uniformly be positive and helpful—constructive, not destructive. Music is the ideal art; its discussion should be idealistic, and not pessimistic. This is our general platform. We invite co-operation from all music lovers who wish us well.

THE EDITOR, AND CHIEF CONTRIBUTORS.

THE DIGNITY OF MUSIC.

The education of the Greek included music, and bestowed upon it the very highest possible erudition. So the trivium and quadrivium of the Middle Ages acknowledge music as one of the essentials among seven distinct branches, and made it foremost among the highest studies. Whence, then, this anomalous habit of looking at music somewhat askance, in the full flood of nineteenth century intelligence? We should from the breadth of view now prevalent, and from the omniscient tendencies of the human race, as well as from our restless, almost feverish search after the new, after enlargement of soul and inner life, expect that music would be hailed with intensest eagerness, and conducted with precipitate enthusiasm to a high throne beside the most potent and significant forces of the human intellect. An answer to the question, "why did the Greeks reach such laudatory enthusiasm of music?" might be found in this fact, that music, as music, according to all the testimony of written records and such fragmentary remains of their instruments as are at our disposal, was a thing comparatively crude; and what they meant by music was something rather abstract, and of a semi-intellectual, semi-moral character—a kind of emotionalized discipline of thought and character, peculiarly fascinating to the beauty-loving and philosophizing Greek. An answer to the question, "Why did the mediæval school men and church thinkers esteem music so highly?" would be found in this fact: Music then was absolutely interwoven with worship; and Christian worship, in its most ritualistic and formalized state, as then existing in the Roman Catholic church, absolutely penetrated all society for a thousand years, and was as closely interwoven with it as are the branches and tendrils of the grape vine with the trunk and boughs and twigs of the elm, to which, according to the beautiful image of Ovid, it "is wedded." The very scorn and neglect with which the free, artless melodic music of the

trouveres and troubadours was treated by the learned musicians of that time, is in itself an incidental but most powerful proof of the intensely abstract, intricate and worshipful character of the music then existing.

The mediaeval thinker, therefore, honored music as he honored sacred architecture, because of its symbolism and its indissoluble connection with Christian theology. In what we call modern times there rises before our mental vision, therefore, a singular contradiction in terms; namely, the art having risen and shaken off all trammels, having reached the maturity of its beauty and independent power, yet receives but slight esteem from men of the broadest and most complete education, and not seldom is relegated to the exclusive culture of a special class.

Music, as we understand the term, is, strictly speaking the product of the last three centuries. Wagner, though a contemporary, is already a generation back of us; he was a boy of fourteen when Beethoven died. Mozart came into the world fourteen years earlier than Beethoven. Six years elapsed between the death of Bach and the birth of Mozart, and if we leap back over the seventeenth century, with its many illustrious but now purely historic names, in the second half of the sixteenth century we find the climax of mediaeval music reached with Palestrina, whose name is now just beginning to emerge above the horizon, and receive honor from the more profound musical scholars. The growth of music has been like some wondrous tropical plant, whose stages of evolution are so hastened by the fervid sun and the moisture laden atmosphere that its entire cycle of existence corresponds in time-limit to only one stage of the slower and less luxuriant growths of the temperate and frigid zones. A half century, often-times indeed a quarter century, is sufficient to mark a complete epoch in the history of music. Thus Bach and Handel have it all their own way in our retrospective vision through about the first fifty years of the eighteenth century; Mozart and Haydn dominate the next half; Beethoven's marvelous creative activity extended through about thirty years at the beginning of our century. The romantic intermediate schools of

Mendelssohn and Chopin scarcely amounted to more than twenty years, when the new, splendid and flaming luminary of Wagnerianism came above the horizon completely with "Lohengrin" at Weimar, in 1850. The complete triumph of this school of dramatico-musical art, marked by the great festival of Bayreuth in 1876, is already an event far enough back for us to begin to use it for parallax, and to begin to speculate upon its causes, true nature and altitude, and its probable effect upon the future of the art.

In view of this past importance of music among all civilized nations, and the vast attention and expenditure lavished upon it in America to-day, what is the meaning of this contradiction, of music so highly honored, nevertheless being relegated to a position somewhat apart from other education, and regarded more as an amusement than as a serious employment, more in the category of the light, decorative pleasures of life, than among its profound and serious interests? Among the Greeks and our early Saxon ancestors, a man was as much expected to be able to sing and accompany himself upon the harp, as we now expect him to be able to sign his name to a bank check, and no one who is versed in the history of English literature will ever forget the semi-fabulous, and yet suggestive story of Cædmon and his humiliation at the festive board. Now in free, independent North America we have reached the opposite circle, and, instead of being demanded of men, music is practically tabooed as a business for men. Admired in girls, and urged upon them, it is nevertheless treated like the conservatory in a house—well enough by way of addition, and as a pleasant amusement where sunshine and the laws of vegetable growth may be allowed by way of parenthesis to work their miracles of beauty when we have nothing better to do, and to safely conduct away the restless feelings which might otherwise in hours of idleness breed discontent and prepare conditions for outbreaking rebellion. That any such estimate of music appears to all its professors the quintessence of bigoted absurdity, and the densest stupidity, scarcely need be affirmed. This contemptuous attitude of musicians toward those who treat them with

contempt has been admirably expressed in the famous scene where, in George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda," the German musician, Herr Klesmer, retorts upon an English legislator scorn for scorn. Gauged by the number of hours spent upon this art by the American population, the millions of dollars locked up in musical instruments, the great current of "circulating medium" which flows into and rapidly *through* the pockets of its professors, one would be at first inclined to say that music is held in the highest esteem by American people, even when tested and gauged by that most peculiarly American test, the pocketbook. We cannot, however, disguise the fact that in the more literary and scientific centers of our country (notably in our great universities), there has been till very recently a feeling, widely prevalent and dominant, that music is a pastime and not a study.

The chemist, the Greek grammarian, the hair splitter of metaphorical distinctions, the elocutionist, even the painter have all had a higher degree of recognition than the musician. The mock enthusiasm with which every one talks of concerts and artists is only of the nature of the high-flown compliments which men of the world pay to women; a compound of one-third truth, one-third affection and one-third the vanity of self display. The only test of the real extent of our musical love is to be found in the amount of time and labor bestowed upon it in secret, the amount of consultation which we give the art when seeking the replenishment of our inner sources of spiritual life, and endeavoring to wind again the relaxed springs of effort and ambition.

There are not wanting men who begin to have an inkling at least of this noble use of music. Its values are commensurate with the whole of human life. As a wholesome exercise many of its branches benefit the bodily organism; as a keen and alert gymnastic for the mind it is a test for the finest intellect; as a stimulus and enrapturing discipline of the emotional nature it stands at the very summit of life; while as a suggester of imaginative pictures it has also a great use. This latter singular use of music, to set the currents of blood palpitating and fill the imagination with strains of

imagery, has received singular confirmation and testimony from such authors as Heine, Richter and even as far back as Bacon, the great restorer of the human intellect from the bondage of its pseudo-Aristotelianism, and the cornerstone of modern investigative experimental science. Lord Bacon, whose mind was at once acutely philosophic and profoundly imaginative, loved, while composing, to have the recorder, an instrument of the flute family, played in the adjoining chamber, the soft flageolet music forming a subtle and continued stimulus which entered unawares into his mind. A single instance such as this is of more value in establishing the possible dignity of music and its importance to the most opposite types of intellect from those which are its especial votaries—of more value than a whole anthology of the fine things said about music in literature, ancient or modern, which for the most part, whether sayings of the poet or of the novelist, are characterized equally by bombast of expression and if not insincerity, at least ignorance of the subject-matter. The famous and trite quotation, "music the charms to sooth the savage breast," is a case in point, and perhaps the most glaring instance. The Shakespearean allusions to music are not of this insincere or superficial character, but English literature, generally speaking, has shown a singular obtrusiveness to the beauties of music, or, when it becomes aglow with enthusiasm, betrays a lamentable lack of technical knowledge. What author, for example, who really understood or cared for music would, like Bulwer, speak of the sonata as "a tedious kind of music?" There are dull sonatas, but there are also dull epics.

In any inquiry as to the estimation of music entertained by the American people the element of newness in our civilization must be constantly taken as a silent but potent factor. That strange composite called the American people passes through its chemical changes rapidly, but is still in the early ferment, and is by no means as yet in a state of stable equilibrium; nor has it even arrived at its characteristic condition. Music, however, has reached this dignity in American affairs, that it looms large in all our social,

ecclesiastical and educational life. The bearings of music upon that vague good which we call culture are many-sided. Primarily, it is a most admirable training for the nerves and muscles, and whatever advantage may be claimed for the arts of skill, from watch making to surgery, may be claimed with equal authority for music, whether the musician toy with the delicate strings of the violin or command to noble utterance the myriad voices of cathedral organ. Again, music trains the intellect to something of the same alertness, precision and concentration as mathematics. It is to mathematics what the delicate, perfumed tissues and exquisite symmetrical structure of the flower are to the straight, solid fiber of the stalk. Again, music deals with the imaginative nature, and as the testimony of many poets and novelists goes to show, confirmed by the experience of every imaginative listener to music, there is a direct appeal to the pictorial faculty, the inner stereopticon of the soul by all the thrills and palpitations of music, which might be likened to a layer of sand when scattered over a smooth pane of glass which has been set into symmetrical vibrations by the bow of a violin drawn across its edge. The listener's soul, if it be touched to fine issues, may be likened to the perfect vibrating glass. The myriad ideas and images which waking thoughts and the observing senses bring into the storehouse of imagination and cast down in irregular heap may be likened to the detached grains of sand, and the stirring stream of tones is the singing violin bow which imparts its motion to the glass plate.

This power of stirring association and of entertaining the inner nature by an invisible melodrama, while one of the most fascinating, is however, one of the least palpable or calculable uses of our art, for in the last and highest function it is the supreme stimulator and regulator of the heart. Music has been, is, and must ever be, the art of emotions, or rather, say the art of moods. Emotions are to moods what the bodily organs are to the blood, out of which they are all built up. A definite motion is always linked with some definite object, but a mood is a predisposition or vague presage or preparation of

the soul. Thus a gentle and tender mood may be almost equally suited to certain forms of religious feeling, and also to forms of the purest human affection. Certain expressions of agitation may fit equally with the fierce anger of personal resentment or with the tumultuous eagerness arising from the contemplation of great world problems. For example, the immortal funeral march from Beethoven's "Eroica," the greatest and most sorrowful march ever composed by mortal man, might refer to the spiritual death of Napoleon as Beethoven conceived it when Napoleon sank from being the hero of his Republican and humanitarian ideas into the mere despot and vulgar tyrant, which Beethoven conceived him to be as the crowned emperor of France. But this same funeral march without the historic association derived from its title page, and the anecdotes connected therewith, could easily and most appropriately express to a discarded lover his profound dejection and the entombment of his dreams of happiness. The funeral march, however, would never by any one be mistaken for an utterance of a cheerful mood, and could never by the most arbitrary imagination be associated with a vision of a vernal forest and a circle of dancing nymphs, as Spenser has painted them to us; nor with the rapturous carol of morning birds. By keeping this thought in mind, one will find an important key to the much mooted question, "Why is music so vague in its expressions, and above all why has religious music so often been taken from songs in operas?"

The question will naturally arise, however, in every reflective mind, and especially in the minds of analytical educators, "If music does educate and stimulate the emotions, can it be regarded as altogether a wholesome stimulus?" No immediate or positive answer can be given to this question; for first of all there must be some elaborate definition of terms; for instance, what is meant by the term "wholesome?" The dry, mechanical mind of an ultra-metaphysical Scotch Puritan votes the mercurial enthusiasm of Wesley and his followers morbid, and altogether unwholesome. The Methodist, on the other hand, with equal assurance of faith, considers the dry rot of mere

intellectual and dogmatic religion as flaunted upon the banners of the Scotchman, as merely nugatory and an offence in the eyes of God and man. The Catholic with his great reverence for the imaginative and sensuous, with his constant employment of symbolic ceremony and fixed ritual, places music in the very highest rank of religious addenda ; but the Quaker, who rushes to the extreme of plainness and by stripping away from his religious life all its beauties and outward flourishing draperies, turns it from a flowering tree into a dull-looking stick of the most rigid outline, will tell you that the violin chamber is the secret cell where the devil lodges. These four illustrations serve to mark not all but a full, well defined and contrasted estimate of emotion in relation to religious life, and when the religious and moral key note of a character is once fixed, all other questions as to art, culture, science, literature, social manners and what not, including the questions of expenditure in dress and table indulgence, crystallize themselves without effort or delay. Without stopping to debate the question which would be too large for the present limits, it may be asserted, in this place, that since emotion is an indestructible part of human nature as made by God, and if we may trust the phrenologist, that two-thirds of all our recognized faculties are represented by regions of the brain covered by hair, and these are all synonymous with emotion, it may be asserted with positiveness that emotion is not only indestructable, but is a very large part of human life. "But," you say, "emotion is directly connected with the animal blood and its motions." Very true; the same may be said of the intellect. The brain, as Lowell cleverly says, is often forced to recognize the inconvenient country-cousinship of the stomach, and, without being in the least materialists, we may admit that the contour of the head and the body form a cryptograph of the spiritual nature, and that as at present constituted, and in his present stage of evolution, man is a compound of animal impulse and reason, of emotion and thought. Whatever, therefore, bears directly upon this large region of his nature cannot be without its uses or its dignity, unless that nature is wholly abnormal

and requires utter repression of the ideal man. This was the ideal, it is true, of the fifth century, when asceticism reached its most hideous, extravagant pitch, but no type of religionist or moralist in the nineteenth century would for an instant claim that the natural affections or human instincts are, in themselves or in their just proportions and connections, in the least possible degree culpable or injurious. The location and the degree of any emotion constitutes its whole question of morality or immorality.

The sensitive emotionality and fickleness so often complained of in musicians, are, no doubt, concomitants of all artistic life, but they form in no sense a more peculiar bias, or, when rightly considered, a more effective one than the cold intellectuality of lawyers, the observing and analyzing disposition of doctors, the solemn and sometimes dogmatic attitude of clergymen, the pedantic and precise manners of public school teachers, or the excessive obtrusion of financial gauges by which so-called "men of business" distinguish themselves, and upon which they plume themselves as being remarkably superior creatures. There are not wanting thousands of men in America, respected and honored citizens, who think a day well spent which has driven into their coffers a few travel-stained and ill-smelling bits of paper currency, who would regard the avatar of a great religion, a new science or a sublime work of artistic genius as a trivial matter, scarcely worth mention. Have not musicians, therefore, some right to their counter-gauges of the relative values of things? If I prize and record that hour of transfiguration when I first heard a complete symphony and a full orchestra—if I prize such an hour as one of the momentuous events of my life, is it not just conceivable that I may be as far remote from insanity as the man who spends his whole life either at the desk or in the mart, greedily raking together, at any expense of intellect or soul or heart, those mere symbols of earthly value that we call money? Was Bunyan's figure too strong when he described such men as lunatics who spent their time raking up dust and bits of straw from their floor?

It is sometimes objected to music that musicians are

undignified and unprincipled men, but the only answer which such a charge deserves is utter and flat denial. There are unworthy men in the musical profession, as there are in all others, but it is not true that the average effect of music upon the human character is weakening, coarsening or in any way undermining. Music is no substitute for moral principle nor religious instruction, but it is a most powerful and wholesome stimulus to each. Yonder is a majestic sailing vessel becalmed on the surface of the water; her form is perfect from keel to the topmost peak of the mast; ribs, spars, ropes and sails are all in place, yet she lies there "idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." Out of the distant azure depth of the heavens an invisible influence descends, the sails arch and swell, the vessel trembles and presently cuts her way through the yielding element. Yonder stands a man; his character, his mind have been systematically built up, he has working beliefs and practical convictions. Out of the great mysterious unknown, whence music and all other spiritual gifts are sent to man, springs up the breeze of emotion and, under its stress, what was dead before quivers with life and animated action. Who has not seen this effect of music in a thousand forms? The patriotic ardor of the soldier rises to heroism at the sound of the hollow drum and the sting of the blaring trumpet tone; the heart of the lover aglow with the touch of music utters the word which fixes the fate of two lives; the bereaved mourner at the grave, with heart frozen like a stone, hears the melancholy, sympathetic thrill of music; the ice is melted to tears, and the heart and brain, which might have grown callous or been wrenched from their sockets and cast useless into lunacy, are relieved and lifted up, and baptised as with a hallowed influence of sympathy; the child, weary and fretted by the small vexations with which his life's journey has already beset him, finds the troubled water of his heart growing smooth and clear, that it may once more reflect the heavenly smile of the mother when the crooning lullaby falls upon his ear. Emotion is the life blood of the soul, and what it demands is not repression, but wholesome guidance.

JOHN S. VAN CLEVE.

THE STORY OF AN ARTIST.*

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

CHAPTER I.

I may love my art—
You'll grant that even a woman may love art,
Seeing that to waste true love on anything
Is womanly past question. E. B. BROWNING.

In year 1880, the city of Chester was about thirty years old, and contained 12,000 inhabitants, people said who had a taste for round numbers. In his official capacity, the census taker reported 11,005, but no one quoted him save precise men like Mr. Gregg, who believed it sinful not to be exact in giving figures.

Perched high on a great billow of Iowa prairie, it had a disturbed, disorderly look, for the old landmarks were fast being hurried out of sight to give place to buildings which the local papers described as "architectural features," and which usually combined all the pretension and ugliness possible for the money invested. A great windbreak a mile and a half long, and six pine trees deep, had been planted close about it on the north, and on the west there were two long lines of cottonwoods and maples, grown lush and strong in the virgin soil, and justifying the western claim to bigness. These timber belts sheltered the little city, if they did not make it "the Arcadia of the stupendous northwest," as Mr. Baxter, the local bard, was accustomed to describe it.

The long corn cribs near the railway station indicated what made the wealth of the farms round about. A barbed wire factory, railway repair shops and several grist mills kept up a busy hum and whir a little one side of what was called the business part of the city, which centered about a shabby square, a treeless waste, always either very dusty or very muddy.

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Costly goods were exhibited in the shops, for Montana mines and Dakota and Colorado lands poured their riches into Chester. It would be difficult to find an eastern city of its size in which velvets and diamonds were so commonly worn. Money was easy to get if one were at all shrewd, or wide awake to opportunity. It was also freely spent. A fortunate speculation often caused a man living in a five-roomed house to buy his wife a set of costly ornaments, or to set up a carriage with all the gold or silver plate possible on the harness and trimmings. If luck did not turn, of course a finer house and handsomer furnishings followed. In the meantime the jewels could be displayed, or the carriage enjoyed. This desire for instant gratification went to the depths of society. Servants aped their mistresses in French gilt and velveteen.

"I arns cheerful, an' I'll spind cheerful," said Mrs. McPhail, the pioneer washerwoman of the place, and she voiced the feeling of the community.

Strangers from older states noted the scarcity of aged men and women. There were gray heads, but they were for the most part upon young shoulders, and were briskly carried. Societies of all sorts flourished. Each sect had one for every interest connected with religious organizations. The various secret brotherhoods were all well sustained, and so too were the various town charities. The city social club was looked at askance by the more sober-minded, who, grown somewhat stiff in the joints, and inclined to dullness in the evening, flattered themselves these states indicated dignity, and even heavenly-mindedness. Nevertheless, as young people and frisky middleaged people abounded in Chester the social club flourished, and gave many entertainments, chiefly convivial and saltatory.

The Kalamatheon was a strictly literary gathering which Mr. Baxter, its founder, said, "fed upon the honeyed sweets, which are the manna of the mind." The Eclectic Club was for tired people who do not like too much literature, or too much dancing, but a little of both. The Philosophical Club gave an opportunity to the professional and supposedly more thoughtful men to discuss

the great and weighty topics which occupy the thoughts of such gentlemen. There was also a musical society, and a decorative art club devoted to patchwork and the hammering of brass, and several societies for study under Chautauqua direction. So far as man's intellect and heart can be stimulated by association with other men, Chester offered unusual facilities.

In the year in which this story opens, it happened that Mr. Jerome Peters, the president of the Kalamatheon, was for a time, acting leader of the musical society, and also chairman of the committee upon entertainment for the Social Club. Being an ambitious, and restless little man, he was anxious to make the most of his position.

"I have long desired to inaugurate a movement—a—er—movement which will stimulate us," he said at the Kalamatheon meeting when the regular exercises were over. He raised himself upon his toes, and dropped down upon his heels abruptly by way of emphasis. It was effective, for the little platform was uncarpeted. "I feel—that is to say—I've noticed, that there is a—er prevailing lack of energy among us. We used to be enthused over the old masters now in the musical, but we've run through 'em, so to speak, in our oratorios. Our last performance of Judas Maccabeus was bad enough to have been Judas Iscariot. I would like to inaugurate something new in which this society can join with others, and get up something grand. How do lectures by some of the very first men of the country strike you?" And putting his thumbs and forefingers together in a manner to make prominent a fine engraved ring he wore, Mr. Peters awaited advice.

There was a gratifying clapping of hands, and Mrs. Peets, a fair-haired woman, in a very elaborate blue satin, said that in her opinion half of the lectures should be given by ladies. This suggestion met with only qualified approval, for Mrs. Peets not only cherished strong views on the right of women to the ballot, but frequently spoke at conventions held to discuss the wrongs of her sex. Everything she proposed in private or public was therefore suspected of being, in intent, revolutionary, and by devout and timid

souls of her own sex, of being unscriptural.

"We might have Mrs. Livermore," assented Mr. March, the pastor of the Orthodox church. He was called "talented," and was supposed to be learned in the "original tongues." "But I should prefer Joseph Cook."

"Th' won't either of 'em come thiss year," said young Alic Dulcimer, who, despite his lisp and levity, had much hard sense. "I'd like a funny man myself. We could make money on Mark Twain. I heard him once, and nearly laughed myself to bits," and overcome by the recollection of past enjoyment, Alic giggled his eye glasses off his nose, and leaned back discomfited.

"I don't like funny men myself," said the president dryly. "I hate to see a man waiting for folks to laugh at a thin joke, like a clown at a circus. What I want—er—is—something worth while, you know."

"If there are to be ladies on the programme, I have an acquaintance I should like to have come here," said Alice Garnett, a small, mature brunette, who, it was whispered, might one day become Mrs. March.

"What does she lecture upon?" inquired Mrs. Peets.

"Oh, she wouldn't think of lecturing," said Miss Garnett, disapprovingly. "She is a virtuoso pianist, one of Dr. Miller's pupils. I have been told her playing is wonderful. She used to live in New York state when we did."

"I don't think we need to go away from home for concerts," said Mr. Peters, irritably, and forgetful of the much criticised Judas.

"That's so," said Jonas Tarbox, a large, pulpy man, who sang tenor. "Chester home talent needn't knuckle to anybody or anything. That's my opinion publicly expressed." He nodded urbanely right and left, causing some self-conscious members to cough, and give other modest indications that they knew whom Mr. Tarbox meant. "We didn't do very well with the 'Judas,' because we didn't try," he continued. "But if we try, we'll get there with a concert worth while," and he gave his leg a resounding slap.

"I should like to hear your friend very much," said

Mr. March, turning to Miss Garnett. That young woman had the knack of the appropriate, he had discovered.

"I can't say I've found lady pianists interesting," said Mr. Peters, who played the organ at the Orthodox meeting house, and was inclined to have a low opinion of other musicians. "Their arms are weak and their touch flabby, and nine-tenths of them like to play long-winded variations."

All the ladies protested so loudly, Mr. Peters was silenced.

"Miss Goulding isn't at all like that," explained Miss Garnett in a penetrating, exact voice; "I have seen Chicago papers in which she is spoken of as a real artist."

This made an impression, for Chester had the envious respect for every city east of it, common in the west.

"I wish she might come in April," whispered Mrs. Peets, unconscious of Miss Garnett's disapproval. "The suffrage convention is held in Mound City, the 12th. I should like to have her go, and she might play for the ladies."

Miss Garnett shook her trim little head, and patted her crimps. "I am not intimate with Miss Goulding, but I am sure she would not do anything like—that," she said. "I wouldn't, I am sure."

Mr. March bowed his approval of these very feminine sentiments, and Mr. Baxter made a poetic remark about the clinging nature of women; but Jonas Tarbox, who was somewhat of a politician, leaned his huge head on one side and said dogmatically, "I don't care if women vote. I guess the country could stan' it. They lecture, and doctor, an' so on. I won't hinder 'em. Why, niggers can lecture, an' doctor, if they want to, an' go to college, an' to congress. I recollect when a nigger wa'n't no more account than a rat."

Just then the town clock struck eleven. It was time to give up even so grand a labor as the cultivation of the intellect. The Kalamathoneon Society disappeared. The coal oil lamps in the chandeliers were extinguished, and Shakespeare Hall was left to the darkness.

The next morning Mr. March received a telegram calling him to the bedside of his dying father.

CHAPTER II.

Deacons in the west are not all solemn old men who walk sedately, and dress soberly. Deacon Fultz, with whom Mr. March boarded, was not quite forty, and was as quick at a joke as at pocketing a snug fee. "Piety and long prayers do not necessarily go together," he once said openly in the court room; "keeping the ten commandments is a much better test." He believed, too, in the minor charities, and when Mr. March returned in December, though an important case was in his care, Deacon Fultz found time to meet his pastor at the station, and so spared him an hour's chilly misery in a barge-like vehicle, known as "Bill Simmon's bus." "Things have gone on," said the deacon, as they skimmed along after Major's fleet feet. "The saints have kept up the prayer meetings. Dr. Harp has been over from Mound City, and Yates says, 'the Lord has come very early in the season!'"

"Miss Garnett has been exercised," he continued, as his companion remained silent. "An unmarried minister has a wonderful effect upon the young sisters out of the ark."

The long level of dazzling snow that when one caught a glimpse of the prairie seemed to stretch up against the sky, made David March's eyes ache. He longed for the high hills among which his father's farm lay, and about the steepness of which it must be admitted, he had at one time done his share of grumbling, and he secretly criticised the deacon as impertinent, and "western."

"That's a stupid old joke," he said, "a minister's name is always being connected with some one."

"And the saints are always mad when they know it is connected for good," replied the deacon, quite unabashed. "Well, you have returned just in the nick of time. Miss Garnett's friend is to give her first recital next Monday night. The second is Wednesday night, and she gives a matinee Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Garnett gives a tea party in her honor Tuesday, all girls and bread and butter. Mrs. Baxter will give a grand spread for the grown-ups,

and every one, Friday evening. I dare say Baxter 'll do some 'lines.' He can, you know, without impairing his sharpness in stocks. My wife's in a state of mind over a new dress, and I have ordered a dress suit quite as if I were a young fellow. I wish I were. I'd give my chance of being judge, to be twenty-five, quick as a wink."

A low brick building jutted out almost across the side. At one corner of it a creaking sign bore the legend, "Adam Hollis, Blacksmith," stamped upon a blue horseshoe, which hung squarely on the neck of a crimson horse wonderfully fore shortened. The door was open and showed the interior lighted up by the deep glow of the forge, and a tall man beating a bit of fiery iron into shape upon the anvil, while a powerful Clydesdale horse was visible behind him in the gloom.

Mr. Fultz drew rein, and the blacksmith, dropping his hammer, came to the door. He was a thin man, about fifty, with a spiritual look in his blue eyes, which peered out from under heavy brows.

"I'm dreadful glad to see ye," he said, clasping the minister's hand in both his horny ones. "A man feels older when he's lost his father. The boy feelin' is gone." And Adam pressed his fingers along his sensitive lips, and then down over his long chin, pulling at the stubbly tufts of reddish beard that formed a ragged fringe under it. He was never embarrassed save when a tender feeling threatened expression.

"Yes, the boy feeling is gone," assented Mr. March. Then, remembrance of his duties stirring within him, he added, "I will drop in soon to consult you, Adam, if you are willing."

"The shop 'll never be too little fer ye," he said, with an odd smile. "Come any time."

"What does he mean?" asked the deacon, as they skimmed on.

"Oh, Adam has a way of making his place as small as a band box when he has a visitor he wishes to be rid of."

The next week was a troublous one for the minister. Agents with illustrated Bibles, and other books said to be

suitable for Christmas presents, besought him to look at their wares, and begged, if he could not buy them, that he would give them the benefit of his recommendation. The trustees held a long and somewhat rancorous meeting to discuss the advisability of adding a popular evangelist to the usual attractions of the January meetings. The presidents of various ladies' societies came to have confidential talks, and a sort of epidemic of tea parties set in. A multitude of small matters swarmed through the hours, and for the first time in years David March began to think seriously of marriage. Women, he reflected, had an insatiable appetite for his time. A wife would of course relieve him of these tiresome talkative ladies. Nervous, imaginative, and inclined to reverie, he needed more time in which to prepare for his work than a stronger man. His best was, however, very good indeed, and he was ambitious. At seventeen he had fallen in love with a woman eight years his senior. That experience had closed in a way painful to his pride, and it had happened that he had reached his thirty-fourth year without meeting a woman who awakened in him half the interest inspired in him by Greek poetry or German literature.

He now told himself that Alice Garnett was well qualified to fill the many-sided position of a minister's wife. "She will be appreciative of me, and of my work," he mused. "She will understand the necessary conditions of ministerial success. She is very feminine, nice in her ways, and skilled in womanly accomplishments."

Though the gossips had long been certain of his preference, he had not himself till this busy week felt sure that he had one. His success he never doubted, though a darting suspicion that Mrs. Garnett might make him appear ridiculous, made him slow in carrying his new resolution into execution.

Music gave him keen delight, but he would not have tried to hear Miss Goulding, had she not been Miss Garnett's friend. He had spent the major part of the dismal day in attempting to do away with a certain vexatious and expensive mission Sunday school Deacon Yates persisted in keeping

up in a quarter of the city in which it was not needed.

"It is a fifth wheel on the cart," assented Adam Hollis, to whom he appealed for advice. "The best mission field for our church is right back of the meeting house. It often strikes me that the best way to work for the universe, is to keep our own tater patch thrivin'."

"Don't you think I had better press the matter?" said March. "It destroys our own evening service, for our folks are tired of attending two meetings. Then, our church funds are being dipped into to pay the gas and coal bills."

"It's wuth money and worry to keep some folks quiet in a church, as well as in a family," said Adam, giving the fire a poke. "When Yates git aige-wise an angel right out of the sky couldn't stan' him. It ain't swearin', but the solemn truth, to say he beats the old Harry. He has ter blow off steam, and he enjoys bein' superintendent of that mission, more'n a cock turkey enjoys spreadin' his tail."

"It doesn't seem as if I can go on in this way," cried March irritably.

"Some things die a nachel death, in time," and Adam beat out a shower of sparks from the glowing piece of iron he was working upon. There was pleasure in his face, for the rhythmic cadence of his hammer strokes made music in his ear. "I don't allus believe in doin' a thing because it is the cheapest, but there are things a little of which goes a good way, like red pepper, an' sech. The church is prosperin', but if Yates was to git aige-wise, he could git us into a turmoil we wouldn't git over in ten year. Naturs an' noses have their twists, an' we've got to put up with 'em. Sometime it seems to me there is a screw loose in our notions of heaven. The saints won't stay sanctified if they don't have nobody ner nothin' to try 'em. Pears to me so."

"Don't confide that notion to every one, Adam," said March wearily. "Martyrdom is possible without fagots," and he went away wishing for nothing so much as that he might have a quiet evening in whieh to devise an effectual and safe extinguisher for the south mission.

CHAPTER III.

Judged by severe standards, the Chester opera house was not grand, though it was always spoken of in company with that hard-worked adjective. It was as fine as white paint and gilding could make it, and save in a few particulars the stage appointments were expensive if nothing else. But on the evening of Miss Goulding's concert the audience were astonished to see that a dark crimson curtain had veiled the blue palms and purple cacti, which did landscape duty on general occasions, as well as in the garden scene when strolling companies favored Chester with "Romeo and Juliet." The shabby old stand which Mr. Betts in a spasm of economy had bought at second-hand, and which he was accustomed to set forth to receive an equally shabby pitcher and tumbler, was hidden by a crimson cloth on which stood a graceful vase full of yellow roses. Mrs. Garnett sat in one of the stuffy little boxes which were just below the level of the stage, and though she was in the worst possible place to hear the music, faced the audience with a smile, which showed plainly that she felt that her family had entered public life very gracefully indeed.

"The programmes promise something quite out of the common," said Mrs. Peets, beside whom Mr. March had found a seat. "They are themselves uncommon," and she handed him a neat white card. "They make me very proud and anxious."

"Ah, and why?"

"Why!" echoed the woman's rights agitator in surprise. "Bach, you see, heads the list. Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin are not favorites with the average young lady pianist. This makes me proud," and she bent her blue eyes, in which was much of the inquisitive directness of a bird, upon the minister. "I don't take it to heart if a man only does middlingly well. I do not even feel sorry for him. But it is different with a woman. My heart gets up in my mouth."

David March had quick sympathies, and in his desire to

be agreeable to Mrs. Peets, he might have committed himself in some degree to what she called "the cause," had not Mr. Betts at the same moment bobbed out upon the stage, and then bobbed out of sight, a pantomime he always went through with on lecture evenings, and which was always, to his amazement, received with great laughter. Mr. Peters, in the full glory of a dress suit and a diamond scarf pin, now appeared, marching as majestically as his size permitted, just ahead of a young lady whom he led by the hand—"exactly like a little tug towing a brig with all her sails spread," whispered Mr. Fultz. "And what a lovely brig!"

Dropping the lady's hand as if it were red hot, Mr. Peters clasped his palms over the pit of his stomach, and in his nervousness quite demolished his new lemon-colored kid gloves.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, holding his head so high the agitation in his throat was painfully visible, and speaking in a voice that would have done credit to a serious-minded raven, "I have, ladies and gentlemen, the—er—honor to announce—the honor to announce, that—um—that the world-renowned, and as one may say *only*, Wendell Phillips will lecture in this city the 11th of January. The committee is anxious to make enough out of the entertainments this season—that is—our desire is, to buy a new piano for the musical club. I need not tell some of you that the old one is an old tin pan. I will not particularize further. I now have the honor to introduce to you the lovely and accomplished Miss Goulding—Miss Huldah Goulding, ladies and gentlemen"; and very red and perspiring, the little man strutted off the stage, nearly upsetting the rickety stand and the roses in his progress.

Miss Goulding's tall figure was very distinct against the dark curtain. It was in the days when women's heads were very much disfigured with heaps of hair and disheveled crimps, when their throats were hidden by tall ruffles, and a long train was held necessary for state occasions. It was therefore like looking at a picture to see a young woman in a yellow gown that just touched the floor, whose silky yellow hair was simply plaited at the back of her perfect head, and

whose fair white throat was uncovered in the modest and pretty fashion seen in old miniatures, and surrounded by a wide frill of lace. She watched Mr. Peters with an openly amused expression while he was speaking, and was manifestly relieved when had finished. Bowing slightly, she went to the piano, and pausing beside it, looked full at the audience with large-pupiled brown eyes, made childlike by long, golden lashes.

"I have chosen to give you the pieces named in to-night's programme because, as you know, they are epoch-marking works in the history of pianoforte music." She spoke rapidly, in a mellow voice, but with a somewhat indistinct pronunciation, that made people bend forward and frown.

"I like that," said Mr. Fultz, putting up his eye glasses. "I enjoy having it taken for granted that I know things. That is the way to enlighten ignorance, March."

"Oh!" murmured Mrs. Peets nervously; "where is the child's music?" The moment the strong white fingers touched the keys, the anxieties of that lover of her sex vanished. Every number on the programme was safely stored in the player's memory, and little Tommy Garnett, watching her with saucer eyes, felt stirrings of ambition such as he had never known, and resolved that he would distinguish himself, by committing to memory the multiplication table at least.

But the power of memory, which seemed so wonderful to the audience, was the least part of the performance. If, as Beethoven says, "Music should strike fire out of a man's soul," certainly this young creature who was interpreting the best work of the great composers, glowed with something of their flame.

A good many faces looked bewildered during the rendering of Bach's "Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue," as if for a moment they understood, and then did not, but the dullest listener knew that the player had found the secret of the composer's thought, though it was to him unintelligible.

"You can't expect much tune when you are having anything classical," explained Jonas Tarbox to Mrs. Shaw, who sat beside him, and who sniffed audibly at the first number,

whose delicate imagery and suggestion she had no power to comprehend. "But it's improving," he added, for he had read enough to know that Bach has something of a name in the world of music.

The majesty of Beethoven's sonata, Op. III, commanded more general appreciation, and the wonderful arietta at its close delighted every one whose mental equipment contained any musical susceptibility. The "Etudes Symphoniques" of Schumann appealed to a smaller hearing, the elect, who hear with more than the usual auditory apparatus, but the Chopin "Polonaise" had a power and swing that was felt if not understood. Every number was enthusiastically applauded, and the player was compelled to give an encore for each one. Chester thought this was showing appreciation!

A great crowd surged up to the platform the moment the concert was over. But David March went away as in a dream, thrilled with a new and tumultuous emotion. He wanted more than mere fitness for "the position," in his wife, he had discovered.

CHAPTER IV.

When he had left the warm and heavy atmosphere of the concert room, and was alone with the snow and the stars, David March, the preacher, told that other self whom he often called the old Adam, and who, it must be admitted, had a good deal to do with his conduct, that he was in the presence of a powerful temptation. The minister told the man that he had no right to think of a young woman who wore satin gowns, and who went about the country giving pianoforte recitals. Her temperament and training fitted her for a sphere of life, which, if not worldly and wicked, was still the antipodes of his own. His memory reminded him that he had sometimes criticised the helpmeets of his clerical brethren with justice untempered with mercy. He had openly said that a pastor's wife should not only relieve her husband of all the vexatious detail of living, but should be able gracefully and efficiently to preside over those enter-

prises which are too trivial to engage his attention, yet are most effective in promoting the success of his work. He had even maintained that a pastor should put his work first in selecting his life partner. But as he went slowly homeward, he knew that he would give up all he had held most important, if two brown eyes would look at him with favor, and if a grave and beautiful mouth would say, "I love you."

The unrest that possessed him was like a fever. Strains of the music he had heard repeated themselves over and over in his ears. There was never a woman so lovely, he told himself, as this one to whom he had never spoken. If she were not already won, he might call her his, he told himself for brief moments. He is a poor man indeed who has had no seconds of proud elation in the safe seclusion of his own company and the night; and the stimulus of such seconds has kept more than one of us from utter break-down, when the sun has awakened our neighbors. But the stinging north wind sent across his dual self the bitter reflection that he had only a life of self-denial to offer any woman. He had many times forgotten the church debt, Deacon Yates and fretful old ladies, in the pages of Homer. But the bard was powerless this night. The lines faded two minutes after he opened the book, and reason and desire resumed their argument over the, to him, most exquisite woman in the world.

Medicine is supposed to be efficacious in exact ratio to its unpleasantness, and perhaps that was the reason he started out early the next morning to make certain parish visits, which under other circumstances he might have put off indefinitely. Beginning with Mrs. Yates, who was always in hot water with her domestic, and entertained her visitors with her trials, he went to see Mrs. Shaw, who in her forty odd years of life had taken on a decidedly acid quality. "Hope Peters'll make enough to pay expenses," she sniffed. "A hundred dollars for that twiddle, diddle, diddle and tum, tum, tum, without a sign of head, or tail, or tune! And they do say she is too lazy for anything! Mrs. Garnett's hired girl has just told mine, that breakfast is waiting for her yet. I don't s'pose Mrs. Garnett cares. She is dreadful slack, and Alice is going to be just like her." The room,

with its many varieties of fancy work, and Mrs. Shaw in her girlish wrapper seemed to spin round in a sort of spiteful witches' dance before Mr. March's eyes, and it was well that her interest in herself, and what she had to say was greater than her interest in her visitor. His next call was upon Mrs. Barnes, a wimpering, careful woman, who shut up her spacious parlors, and lived with her children in a tiny sitting room off the kitchen, in an atmosphere full of the odors of past breakfasts and dinners. Mr. March took a long breath when he was safely seated. One had to look sharp, in avoiding the animals belonging in the baby's Noah's ark, not to step upon the baby himself, or the kitten. There was always a kitten on the Barnes' floor.

"The deacon, he bought me a trial bottle of Dr. Judkins' Vital Energy last week," said Mrs. Barnes, whose plump body was full of vague disorders. "I like to try new medicines. This has just come out, and you feel different in ten seconds after you've taken it. The deacon says it's poor whiskey, with a little aloes and rhubarb, but I know better. Run, Sally, and fetch the bottle for the Elder to smell."

Mrs. Barnes had been brought up in the Baptist connection, and persisted in calling her pastor "Elder," much to his disgust. "What do you think of it?" she continued, when Mr. March had sniffed at the malodorous liquid.

"I am no judge," he said wearily. "It smells—as if Mr. Barnes were correct as to its ingredients."

"It smells like a good healthy bitter to me," said Mrs. Barnes, applying her own nose to the "Energy." "Barnes, he said if it agreed with me, he'd buy me a dozen, for it comes cheaper that way, and if he does, I'll send you a bottle. You don't look very smart, it seems to me."

All day long he plodded from house to house, listening to talk similar to this, and in the evening he went to a temperance meeting, at which a long-winded worker spoke, and a well-intentioned quartette made havoc with some good temperance tunes. But one can make a penance so severe it defeats its end. The beauty of Huldah Goulding came upon him with new force the moment he was alone and could think.

" You are to take Major, and ask Miss Goulding to drive this morning," said Mr. Fultz at breakfast. " The Garnetts cannot afford horse hire, and I don't fancy she is accustomed to sitting down by the fire all day like a tabby cat."

Being a dark man, Mr. March never blushed, but he hid his face in his coffee cup, and murmured something about having to get up a new Sunday school library catalogue.

" So Yates leaves that to you," said the deacon, as he made ready to go out. " Spends all his spare time on that south mission, which is as valuable as two noses on a man's face. Take Miss Goulding. Never give up a pleasure if you can avoid it. The catalogue'll keep. If I were a single man, I should not send a deputy," and he smiled at his pretty wife.

" Do take Miss Goulding," said Mrs. Fultz, in her soft staccato. " You did not stop to be introduced, but she is most charming. You may not have a chance to meet another like her, in your life time. Certainly not in Chester."

Once behind Major, David March turned his head toward the west, where out on the prairie was an invalid he visited every month. He must go there, he told himself. Then, if he had time (which was doubtful), he would give Miss Goulding an airing. But Adam Hollis stopped him when he reached the shop. " Ole Miss Tarbox has got a stroke," he said, patting Major's plump side.

" Is it severe?"

" I guess it is this time," replied Adam gravely. Then his eyes twinkled and he added, smiling, " I s'pose you think there's hope for folks that always have everything the awfulest. I thought you ought to know. They are allus in a temper, if the hull town don't know when anything goes wrong with 'em."

The Tarbox and Garnett homesteads stood side by side, and when his call was over, and he had closed the Tarbox door, he was not surprised to see Mrs. Garnett beckoning to him at her window. He had done his best, he told the rejoicing self within him, and he obeyed the summons.

" I am in such trouble," she said, dropping heavily into a chair. " I want to have a tea party of our best people to

meet Miss Goulding, and she don't want it. I don't know what to do."

Mr. March bowed. Advice which did not fall in with Mrs. Garnett's opinion, he knew was quite wasted.

"Everyone wants to meet her, and she does not care to meet a soul. I never saw her equal for snubbing folks. Mr. Peters called Tuesday just before the young ladies came, and she scarcely spoke to him. She wasn't any too social with the girls, either."

We waste little sympathy upon other people's wounded vanity, and David March's profession did not save him from inwardly chuckling over Jerome Peters' discomfiture. Evidently Miss Goulding did not go about the country to win the attention of men. "Most sensitive persons dread to meet strangers," he said, pulling at his moustache.

"Then, too, to give the recitals she does, must be very fatiguing to the nerves."

"That's what she says," assented Mrs. Garnett, taking up her knitting. "But I can't see what there is hard about it, after she has learned the pieces. But I ain't thinking of her. It's Chester folks that bother me. I shall have them picking at me after she is gone, but if I go and invite 'em, how am I to know if she'll speak to 'em? When I asked her to come and sit with Alice and me, and bring her fancy work, she looked at me as if I had asked her to do something outlandish, and says she, 'I don't like fancy work,' " and Mrs. Garnett sniffed audibly.

"By the way, Mr. Fultz asked me to take her out riding," and bending low, Mr. March stroked Pug, the fat old dog who spent most of his time by the fire, though he still felt himself to be a busy dog, and painfully got up to bark when he heard suspicious noises, or to rub himself upon a friendly leg, when occasion offered.

"Nobody but herself can tell if she will go," said Mrs. Garnett, still comfortably swaying in her low rocker.

"You may tell her I've come to take her a short drive," said Mr. March, rising. He had no mind to be balked now.

"She ought to be decent to a minister," said Mrs. Garnett, calmly knitting toward the seam needle. She would not

stop anywhere else for anything less than a death, or a fire. "If you can call a 'Piscopal a minister, her father was one. I know. Her father preached at Norway Corners years ago when we lived there, and when he was well in the fifties he married Mary Shirmer, a girl seventeen or so, which shows what a widower will do.

"You had better ask her," persisted Mr. March. "It is nearly eleven."

CHAPTER V.

It was a sunny morning. "A weather breeder," Mrs. Garnett called it. White clouds like those of June floated in the pale blue sky. The snow, glittering and glowing, turned into delicate pink and azure tints in the distance, like an opal. Huldah was quite ready to pay the price of an hour's dullness with a stranger to escape into the air, and said yes very graciously, but threw back her head with a gesture of perfect obstinacy when Mr. March suggested plenty of wraps.

I was too proud to tie my ears up, when I first came here," said Mrs. Garnett with a swift guess at Huldah's mood, and hastening to make herself disagreeable, "and so I lost the hearing in my left one, savin' that I hear noises all the time, which would wear out the patience of Job. You may bring my big shawl, and leggins, Alice, and your cloud.

"Oh, this will be enough," said Huldah gently, as she fastened the silver clasps of her circle of gray wool, soft as silk, and warm as fur. She always spoke with peculiar gentleness to women older than herself.

"It becomes you, for it hides your shape, and makes you look shorter," admitted Mrs. Garnett, to the exasperation of Mr. March, who turned toward the door, "but you had better wear the cloud."

They'll not go out upon the prairie, mamma, and the wind in town is not at all sharp," said Alice Garnett, decisively. She had not moved from her neat work box, and crocheted with nice precision as she spoke.

Something had stirred the combativeness of the two most interested. They were scarcely in the cutter before Huldah asked to be taken into the country.

"There is nothing to be seen," said Mr. March, with a smile, yet Major was already turned toward the only road then open on the prairie, the road leading to the Hulett farm, and noting the far-away gray patch where the buildings stood, the minister in him wondered if he could pass the place unobserved.

"Oh, I like to see the snow going on and on up to the sky," said Huldah. Then, turning rosy red, she added, "I like to have my own way."

His conservatism might have thought this a tendency needing the curb, in another young woman, but in Huldah it was adorable. He only smiled at her again, thrilling to be so near those beautiful brown eyes. "We all do," he said, "and I, too, have grown to love the prairie, though I missed the hills sadly when I first came here. But my work is among people; I must take such surroundings as I find. I think, however, this people are appreciative. You find them so, I think.

"They listen well, but music may be a fashion, like peacock blue, or chrysanthemums."

"You may believe in the enthusiasm shown for you."

"Ah—thank you. But I like better, enthusiasm for music. I know one indefatigable attender of concerts who goes simply to see the performer's hands. He admires the muscular power and command. I think it does require strong musical feeling to enjoy piano concerts. So much of the more subtle pleasure lies in suggestion. When I give concerts in a place like this, I like best to have some one along who can explain certain points—give some bits about the composers, and perhaps a brief talk about the pieces."

"I should like that myself," said Mr. March promptly, feeling that he would like to know more about the subject in hand.

"You should take it first always for just what it is, music."

"That's the way Dr. Forbes talks," said March, jerking

Major aside to make room for a dejected-looking cow. "With all his devotion to medicine, he is a great fiddler. I think it comes near being violin playing, though he never takes part in any public doings, only plays for himself."

Just ahead was the Hulett farm. A Swede had built the house and barns, and their quaint outlines told the story of his homesick heart. The prairie grass grew tall and lush all about it in summer. In their season came scarlet painted cups, and flaming lilies, and later, sunflowers, made vast pools of gold, beside which twinkled asters of every tint, from milky white to royal purple, gentians blue as summer skies, and plumes of golden rod. Vines hid the poverty of the buildings, and wild roses clung lovingly to the rotting fences; but now the squalor of the place was quite apparent.

"Then he is a true musician. As for explaining, there is much in life that cannot be put into words. Music is beyond them, when it is true music." Huldah spoke deprecatingly, unconsciously anxious to please. "I hope you liked the song I played after the Bach numbers, and that you will like the Schubert songs I shall play at Mrs. Baxter's if her piano is not thin. I do not like to play songs upon a thin instrument." She had leaned far forward, looking at the miserable home. "But how can one speak of music, looking at this?" she added. "What must it be to enter such a house, and call it home!"

At that moment the door opened, and a boy about eight years old ran out crying, "Oh, sir! Oh, sir!"

His brown hair hung in thick curls upon his shoulders. His eyes were soft and beseeching. "Oh! Oh!" he gasped, clutching the cutter when he had reached it. "Something's a'appening to my mother, and Mary Ann do be away!"

Dropping the reins into Huldah's hand, Mr. March followed the boy into the house. After an instant's hesitation, Major made a short turn, and trotted into the court, about which the buildings were ranged, and in which he was well sheltered from the now north wind. The boy came out noiselessly and touched Huldah's arm. "I be dea-uff," he said in a thick whisper. "We be alone. I wish you'd come in.

Though afraid of horses, and quite ignorant of the art of tying them, Huldah responded to this appeal, and was trying to fasten Major in some fashion, when Mr. March appeared. "I think the woman is dying," he said. "Her daughter is in town—if you can drive to Chester—"

"No," said Huldah, growing white. "I cannot drive, but I can stay." He leaped into the cutter. "You will not be gone long," she added tremulously.

"Not an instant longer than I must," he said tenderly.

The little house was meaner inside than out, and pervaded by the indescribable odors of poverty. In the brightest corner of the low, smoky room, lay a woman, a suffering older image of the boy. Her eyes were half closed. Her breath came in long gasps. The hands picking at the poor coverlid were bent and swollen with rheumatism.

Nothing in Huldah's life or education had prepared her to minister to this supreme need. She lifted the dying woman higher up on the dingy pillows, and stroked the piteous, misshapen hands, while the child standing at the foot of the bed voiced his grief and gratitude in sighs and wails that he was deaf, "vèrra dea-uff."

After a little, the sufferer opened her eyes. "They be a comin', mother," cried the child, pressing up to her. "The preacher have gone for Mary Ann, an' feyther an' the good doctor. She'll stay with us till they come," and he put his arm about Huldah's waist. Then he ran to a rickety stand on which was an old Bible, and lifting it laboriously, carried it to the bed. The yellow pages fell apart. He put his finger upon one, "Read her it," he besought his new friend. "Mother do get a power of comfort outen the Book."

Kneeling by the bedside, that she might not unloose the cold hand clasped upon hers, Huldah read the passage the boy had indicated, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." A ray of sunshine breaking through the clouds that had drifted down the sky with the north wind, gleamed through the bleared window pane upon a canary that had stood motionless in its cage, its yellow feathers all on end with cold, and cheered its valiant, tiny heart into a feeble chirp and warbler. As Huldah's harp-like voice

vibrated through the place, the sick woman moaned. Her fingers dropped apart, and the boy, who had been watching her, flung himself upon Huldah's neck, trembling and sobbing.

Again the sun was hidden. The room grew dark, and snow began to softly fall against the windows. The tall bald-faced clock on the mantel struck the noon hour, and a little mongrel dog, with an on-time expression on his sharp black nose, picked his way gingerly across from the cow house, and scratched peremptorily, then coaxingly, at the door. Not being admitted, he cried and whined dismally.

But the far-off sound of sleigh bells gave Huldah courage to look at the bed. The piteous meekness of the face steadied her. She kissed the boy and put him from her, and rising tried to close the unseeing eyes and compose the body. Some time, sooner or later, we know such offices must be done for us, and the most timid pay the debt reverently if shrinkingly. Huldah had high courage of some sorts, but as she attempted this strange and utterly new task, she was so overcome, and trembled so violently, the boy essayed to help her.

An instant later the door was opened with that noiseless swiftness men learn among the sick. A tall blonde man looked in, then stretched his arm out behind him, saying, "Wait a moment, Hulett."

But the deaf boy darted past him, and flung himself upon the ruddy man beside Mr. March. "Feyther," he cried, almost breathless with excitement, "Go away till ye be sober! She—be seein' God.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MUSIC IN THE COLUMBIAN FAIR.

(I. PERFORMANCE.)

Few subjects present greater difficulties of satisfactory adjustment than the musical display at the Columbian Exposition. The range of relations between the art of music and our domestic, public, educational and commercial life is extremely wide, not to farther complicate the situation by referring to considerations appertaining to the history of art. A certain part of these relations of music to popular life will take care of themselves, and the committee having subjects of this kind in charge need give themselves but little trouble. Of this kind are the displays of manufactured products in the way of instruments; many of the processes of manufacture will, moreover, be illustrated by manufacturers having a degree of pride in the curiosities of their calling, or in the neatness and exactness of their processes. Incidentally, in connection with illustrating the artistic powers of the principal instruments, such as pianos and organs, much display of an artistic and historical character will be made. Piano recitals, for example, will be contrived with a view of interesting *connoisseurs* in the historical unfolding of the art, in order, thereby, the more surely to secure audiences for the favorite instrument in whose behalf all this display, of musical learning and skill is being made. Much of the educational value of this part of the display however, is likely to be lost for want of adequate systematization in connection with the displays made by other manufacturers and artists. Helped by a little judicious co-ordinating, the displays of this class would take on a character of creditable completeness, whose principal defect will be that the less worthy instruments are likely to assume the lion's share of artistic illustration, for the reason that the manufacturers who have already acquired an unassailable reputation for excellence in the

artistic qualities of their instruments will not be willing to incur the expense of paying artists to freshly illustrate them. It would be better, undoubtedly, if the art of pianoforte music, for instance, could be adequately illustrated upon the very best pianofortes which the art of the present time is able to produce. But this can hardly be without adding materially to the musical expenses of the exposition. At their best, these piano recitals under the auspices of the more enterprising manufacturers can have only a desultory character, however profuse they may be in point of numbers—upon which latter point, indeed, there is more to be dreaded from embarrassment of riches than from scantiness.

The most important part of the work of planning and co-ordinating will have its place in the other departments of music, such as those of the orchestra, opera, oratorio; educational processes, as those of the public schools, part singing, solo singing, songs of different orders, and the like. No one of these is related to the musical instrument maker in such way as to expect any help from him in securing a suitable display. Moreover, as object lessons for the educational effect upon those who attend, and the more attenuated but still appreciable effect upon those who do not attend but who follow at a distance the accounts of what takes place here from day to day, all these latter branches of musical achievement are important. Their degree of importance will depend upon the view taken of the design intended to be carried out in the exposition. Upon this point something needs to be said.

What is the Columbian Exposition for? Fortunately we have not to seek far for an answer. The Columbian Exposition proposes to celebrate the discovery of the western world four centuries ago, by bringing together into one vast exposition a representation of everything essential to modern civilization. It is to be a vast series of object lessons, where all the processes of manufacture, the most advanced ideas of social and sanitary science, education, literature and art can be studied together, in their connection and various interdependencies. It is both a school and an amusement. While everything belonging to the vast range of subjects

here mentioned will find place in its appropriate classification, everything will be voluntary upon the part of the attendant. There will be no system of graded arrangement for study, nor any inevitable system of going through it. Each attendant is to take in turn the aspect that interests him for the moment. He may pay a single visit, or he may go many times. He may wander through the endless acres of display until limb and brain are alike tired to unconsciousness; or he may discreetly husband his efforts until he has taken a comprehensive idea of the whole. Hence it will necessarily follow that many of those who attend will gather only very general impressions of the exposition as a whole. Many others will go away from it tired and confused, only to realize later that a sort of a photograph has imprinted itself on their consciousness, the separate parts of which will develop under the natural selection of individual aptitude, and the result of the attendance upon the exposition will appear in the whole of their after lives, in greater breadth of view.

In this kind of exemplification of civilization, where the table of knowledge is continuously spread through more than half a year, the material constituents and concomitants of civilization stand at peculiar advantage as compared with those of art and education. Processes of manufacture once set in operation under a competent body of employees, may as well go on day after day as not; and the finished product may well enough find ready sale upon the spot at prices affording the usual profit. Literature, however, is not to be picked up off hand by casually walking through an array of books, no matter how cunningly or instructively arranged. This part of the education must be gained at home. Processes of education, again, may find illustration to a certain extent by means of papers, charts and reminiscences of the school room. Nevertheless, the vital and essential parts of these processes can only be learned from actual observation of their application under the living master, or by the slow process of carefully mastering his systematic exposition of the educational theory in question. Hence upon these points the visitor can gain from the ex-

position only the most casual impressions. Suggestion and stimulation are the two possible ends to be accomplished here, and these only.

With the fine arts of sculpture and painting it is different. A certain number of master works, stopping somewhat short of the very highest class, will here be brought together, and it is not too much to expect that the average American observer will be able to learn more of these arts from the Columbian Exposition than he could otherwise do without lengthened residence abroad, and considerable change of residence there; for no one European collection contains master works of all schools. All those works will be in their places during the whole of the exposition, so that the attendant who times his visit early in the display will stand upon precisely the same footing of opportunity as he who comes the week before closing. Here, again, we come upon points different from those of music. For in this art there is no such a thing as a standing display of product. Every musical work exists only for the ear, and for the soul through the channel of the ear. It comes into consciousness through the ear alone. Whenever a masterwork of this kind would be studied, it must be placed before the student *as sound*; in other words, *must be performed*, and it exists for the purpose of study and education only in the moments when it is before the ear as sound. Hence, supposing there were to be made a well co-ordinated display of the art of music, as it exists now in its greatest aspects, such a display would be available for the visitor only during the moments, rare in the entire duration of the exposition, when musical works were in process of performance.

Moreover, there is yet another difference between the position of painting and sculpture and that of music, in this—that while the studiously inclined observer may at his leisure compare a masterwork of one school with one of another, and repeat the comparison until he is satisfied in having mastered the differences and relations between them, it will not be easy to do this in the case of master works in music. Suppose he would compare a symphony of Bach with one by Beethoven, and this again with one by Berlioz

The only performance of the Bach work may have taken place already, a week previously, while that of Beethoven falls today, and that of Berlioz is still three weeks in the future. These individual performances, moreover, are the only ones of the works to be given during the entire exposition. This is supposing an entire display of orchestral music were to be arranged, to be carried out under the management of such a catholic "all-round" leader as Mr. Theodore Thomas.

Should the comparison be desired between an oratorio of the Handelian period with one by Mendelssohn or a later writer, the difficulty would be greater, since in the nature of the case there cannot be a chorus on hand to be turned on at a moment's warning. The larger the work, the rarer its opportunity for performance, yet the greater need, of numerous opportunities for comparison and study. This is one of the axioms of musical education.

There is another point of view in which the art of music furnishes interesting matter for study. We have certain data concerning it over a very long period, at least 6,000 years—such being the period between the time when the harps were drawn in the tombs at Beni-Hassan in the hills along the valley of the Nile, and the period which this exposition illustrates. Now the prevalent doctrine of human progress is that of evolution. Were such a hypothesis well founded in no art should there be more brilliant evidence of it than in the highly specialized art of music. We ought to be able to trace the progress of instruments and the gradual refinement in the sense of hearing, as shown in the increased tonal capacities of the instruments of different epochs. This evidence would be available from the earliest periods in which we have knowledge of the kinds of instrument in use; and as soon as a musical theory was matured, which has come down to us, we ought to find here also a progressively increasing aptitude of hearing, longer persistence of tonal impressions upon the sense of hearing, and a co-ordination of them into larger and more comprehensive unities. The works of music themselves, the operas, symphonies and other elaborate productions, should in turn confirm the evi-

dence, within the comparatively limited period during which such works have been created.

All these *a priori* expectations are remarkably confirmed in the case of music. There is no evidence of a Prometheus bringing the musical fire down from heaven, but a progressive enlargement of musical power from the farthest period to which the vision of the historical imagination can penetrate. The hymns of the Vedas were undoubtedly designed for musical utterance. These come down from a time as early as the great pyramid. Thus we have a literature for music, on one hand, and in the Egyptian tombs already mentioned illustrations of instruments whose tonal capacities can be legitimately inferred from their structure, dating from the same period—both about 6,000 years antedating the present time. It would be in order to bring together this evidence and set it in order, not in the musical department proper, but in connection with that department having in charge the other evidences of progress by evolutionary processes. And in this library of progress, the art of music would be found to hold a position honorable and highly significant.

Having taken this glance over the whole ground, we are now in some sort of position to ask definitely, What should be the character and what the extent of the musical display at the Columbian Exposition?

In point of character, as determined by the underlying motive, the musical display, it is answered, should be of three kinds, each to a considerable degree independent of the other. First, music as an amusement. The value of musical performances as an attraction is well understood in amusement circles, and no intelligent manager would for a moment think of currying on an enterprise like this without music as a daily incident. For this use the main reliance will naturally be upon band and orchestral concerts, taking place daily at certain hours. In all probability the great representatives of these two forms of activity will be Gilmore and Theodore Thomas. Gilmore has under his baton the most interesting popular band in the world, and no leader is better loved by the people. His programmes will doubt-

less consist of the variety of pieces well known to form his repertory, in which a great number of arrangements figure, from the "Sonata Pathetique" of Beethoven to the "Anvil Chorus" of Verdi, and the "Star Spangled Banner," with cannon by way of drums. This latter feature of the Gilmore dispensation will perhaps excite a certain amount of contempt on the part of classical musicians of the stricter school. In reality, however, there is no harm in it if we do not allow it to be supposed that it has any necessary connection with the art of music. Sensationalism is legitimate within certain limits—so far, in other words, as it can be carried without disturbing the appreciation of legitimate art.

The main display in this department will be that of the Thomas orchestra, or, more properly, the Chicago orchestra, which all concerned are determined to make the best in the world. Be this absolute eminence attained or not, enough is known of Mr. Thomas' ability to insure a high point of technical and artistic excellence in any body of players under his control. Thomas stands for several different things in the world of American music, and it is well to distinguish between them, for in this exposition there will be room for all his varied activities in turn. First of all, he is a great leader, especially of instrumental music. This part of his work rests upon an acute and experienced musical ear, a naturally fine taste for delicate musical effects, and the habit of control, by which he is able to secure from the players under his baton the subordination necessary for realizing his ideals. This was the first ground of his popularity—his orchestra *sounded better* than any other heard in this country before he began, or since, indeed, for that matter. Besides making the orchestra sound well, by restricting the instruments to such exercise of their individual powers as permits the blending of tone mass which forms so great a part of the satisfaction in hearing orchestral music, he is also an excellent interpreter, bringing out in every composition the characteristic effect, and always giving the composer the chance of making his strong points without destroying the balance and the general effect of the tone

picture. Whoever will reflect upon the different manners in which Thomas plays a Beethoven seventh and ninth symphonies, a Meyerbeer "Fackeltanz," and the great Wagner selections, will see that no other than a leader profoundly sensible to the inner meaning of musical combination, could so vary his style of control over his men. From this it does not follow that he is an equally great leader of vocal works, especially of great choral works. This point was often noticed in connection with his career as director of the American opera, and all sorts of things but the right ones were said concerning it. Contrary to what is often said of Thomas by unthinking singers, he is not a poor accompanist, nor even an indifferent one.

While singers are in the habit of saying this kind of thing concerning Mr. Thomas, pianists and violinists and other instrumental virtuosi, have for years acknowledged that under no other leader are their efforts so free, and their effects and *nuances* so promptly and sympathetically seconded. How then does it happen, it is asked, that he should have such a reputation as a vocal conductor? The answer is found in the different principles which govern the two kinds of music—instrumental and vocal. The human voice is the most perfect musical instrument in the world. It is the direct expression of spirit. Instruments occasionally rise to the level of spiritual expression, but only mediately, through the vigor of the player's personality and momentary inspiration. But the voice *habitually* expresses spirit—its tone equality is *prima facie* evidence of spirit—at least to human ears—for every listener knows that his own voice responds immediately to his spirit, and he takes it for granted that the voice he hears does the same. From this background of consciousness it follows that in every musical combination in which the voice forms a part, the human ear recognizes this as the ruling element, and seeks to understand what it is that this spiritual representative would speak. All other instruments must be subjected in degree sufficient for permitting this. Nor is this all of the assertiveness of the human voice in musical use. Besides its tone quality, immediately responsive to soul, it is fur-

nished with *the word*, the embodiment of idea, a definite communication from mind to mind. And while it is no doubt true that music communicates from soul to soul directly, without passing through the intermediation of the word, it nevertheless remains true that the word appeals to the ordinary hearing ear with even greater directness than the vocal tone quality itself. Hence the principle of unity is not quite the same in choral works as in those purely instrumental. In the latter the rhythm and the leading musical motives are the central elements of unity, and composition develops itself in illustrating these. In choral works, on the contrary, while there is still treatment of musical ideas, carrying out of motives, and so on, and an established rhythm, all these fall into subjection to the two distinctly vocal elements already mentioned—tone quality and the word. These principles Mr. Thomas does not recognize. When he accompanies a singer he gives the singer the right of way, but merely as a matter of politeness; he does not anticipate and intensify the vocal effects by the *nuances* of the orchestra. Thus while by no means a bad accompanist for singing, he is not an inspiring one. And when it comes to large choral works, he sometimes fails to anticipate the distinctly vocal effects, and awaken the forces to the opportunities of the dramatic situations they are illustrating.

Besides his eminence as an orchestral leader, Mr. Thomas is a remarkably fine programme maker for popular concerts. He does not go into sensationalism, like Gilmore, but no man better understands the art of progressing through a programme in such wise that each succeeding composition is heard gratefully, and without unsettling the favorable impression made by the one preceding. No doubt he is now somewhat conservative in his selections. But then we are to remember that practically all that the American public knows about orchestral music it owes to Theodore Thomas, who brought out here many of the most advanced compositions of the new schools sooner than they were played in Europe. While as for his faithfulness to the old ideals, it may be told that he has worn out three or

four sets of orchestral parts of the Beethoven symphonies, and principal ones of Mozart, by continually re-marking the phrasing and *nuances*, as finer appreciation had made the old ones insufficient. Hence, in his capacity of a great programme maker, Mr. Thomas will here be able to give a succession of pleasing orchestral entertainments, in the course of which much of the history of this class of music will be illustrated, and, certain days having been appropriated to the higher kinds of music, he will then be able to give quite a run of symphonies, old and new.

Outside these *quasi-educational* programmes, intended to be heard for the most part without extra care or musical learning, there should be a series of orchestral concerts expressly appealing to *connoisseurs*. In these the best symphonies, overtures, concertos and the like should be brought forward in such classification of nationality of composers, and interdependence of interest, as may be thought best. It will not be easy to decide whether these concerts should be given at intervals throughout the exposition, or whether they should be massed into rapid succession, with a view of enabling those especially interested in this department of the musical display to time their attendance in such a way as to take in the entire series. The proposition to make these concerts a part of the "musical congress," in which the representative musicians of foreign nations come together for comparing views, discussing novelties, etc., is not well made. These advanced musical minds are not the ones to learn from a series of concerts of this character. On the contrary, these efforts should be determined with reference to popular instruction, and mainly that of Americans themselves, who are at the same time the least informed and the most thirsty for information in art of all peoples now active in conducting the affairs of the world. In the course of all these different kinds of orchestral and band concerts a very wide range of musical illustration might be covered. And it would remain possible for any observer caring enough for the subject, to so extend his period of attendance as to avail himself of the whole, and farther supplement it by the aid of special reading, if professional or sufficiently

qualified, by the study of the scores in the Newberry Library, where there is already the largest and most interesting collection of orchestral scores in a single body of any place in this country, excepting the private library of Mr. Thomas, which is the most complete in the world.

At certain hours of the week, other concerts of a more quiet character will no doubt be provided, devoted to chamber music. These will appeal to the select few, but the provision is not on that account to be slighted. And at times during the exposition players of eminence ought to be heard in this class of music, which contains some of the most interesting conceptions of the great musical imaginations. In connection with this, either in the same programmes or in others specially planned for the purpose, there ought to be recitals of songs of different nationalities and schools, by singers able to give them in a satisfactory manner. Here there is great room for education. The average attendant upon this exposition will never have heard a really fine song sung in a first-class manner, as to voice, expression and declamation of the text. It may not be easy to bring here singers able to interpret songs in this high sense, but every effort should be made, and much surely might be accomplished.

One of the most attractive kinds of concerts we have yet to hear in this country, "ballad" concerts, in which English songs are sung effectively. There is no form of music which goes to the average consciousness so directly and surely as a ballad, and if the term be properly extended so as to include the songs of such writers as Schubert, Schumann, Franz and Meyer-Helmund, there are few musical entertainments more educational to the musical taste. It is perhaps necessary to add that all this singing, except, in the case of representative singers from foreign countries, should be in the English language. In spite of the emigration to this country from foreign lands, the English tongue is that which is best understood by the people, and from what has already been said it follows that no song is sung to a listener in the strict conception of the term, until it is sung in a tongue which he understands without effort, so that the text

comes into the mind without delay, and the musical illustration comes with its full appreciation. To sing the songs of Schubert or Schumann in the German language, because this was the language for which the composers wrote them, is to sacrifice the song and the best part of its value as a piece of musical painting, in favor of a mere abstraction. It is safe to say that had Schubert known no more of the German tongue than these who listen in America, he would have waited until now before writing them. He wrote in his own proper speech, and his intentions are not realized until the songs are heard by the listener in the speech which is natural to him. However familiar with foreign speech, he still remains more or less outside the charmed circle of the Schubert inspiration, until it has been brought home to him in the words of his mother tongue. Nor should this principle be forgotten in the case of the operatic representations. The word is the key to the whole business, and where this is lacking, as it is in effect when the performance is not given in the native tongue of the people, the dramatic work is presented through a veil, which leaves many of the beauties and refinements of the original unrecognized.

In the line of the larger choral works two classes of concerts are desirable. First, opera of all the principal schools, given so far as practicable in the English language, and in successions determined upon grounds of more instructive hearing. By this is not meant to impart to the operatic season the character of a school. It will be enough if this element is recognized by the presiding mind, and perhaps be brought modestly to the observation of the class likely to be interested or benefitted by it. But there is no particular reason why the operas in the season should not follow some intelligently determined order. An opera season managed intelligently, with a strong company and satisfactory *ensemble*, such, for example, as the American opera would have been by the addition of a few high-class principals to the casts, would be able to do a profitable business for a month or more in the Chicago Auditorium, the most complete opera house in the world; and after a vacation go upon the road successfully—the degree of its success measurable

by the excellence of the company. If with such a company such works as Gluck's "Orpheus," Berlioz's "Les Troyens" the best of Wagner, or all of them, "Fidelio," and the newest of the Italian repertory were given here, there can be no doubt of its success. The great obstacle to such a season would be found in the latent idea in certain fashionable circles that opera without Patti is a mistake, and not to be tolerated. Patti, of course, means an eternal round of "Barber" "Semiramide," and a few other light works, in which alone she ventures her remains of vocal power. The inertia of singers would be a great obstacle to carrying out a season upon the broad ground here outlined; but by having recourse to the German expedient of engaging a double company, the rivalry of prima donnas would certainly lead to a degree of flexibility in repertory which would otherwise be out of the question.

In the operatic performances, moreover, there would be room for a distinct addition to the standard of excellence prevailing in other parts of the world. The art of chorus singing has reached a point of excellence in this country, and particularly in Chicago, under the direction of one master, Mr. William L. Tomlins, such as has never yet been heard in opera. It is true that a part of this excellence is due to his success in attracting to himself material of an exceptionally refined and musical character. This material belongs to a social stratum not available as a source for operatic choristers. Nevertheless, in the present state of money earning power among young women of education and refinement, it would not be impossible to collect singers gifted with all the qualities needed for reproducing in opera the beautiful vocal effect now heard from only first-class singing societies. Could this be done, which certainly appears possible, and the orchestral parts be administered in the spirit of Mr. Thomas' conducting, with the really great singers already pre-supposed, operatic presentations would be possible beside which those of Berlin, Paris and Vienna would not appear superior. And if done in the native language of the people, who can doubt that the real beauty of the music-drama would be brought home to the hearers in a

manner never before realized? And, as already stated, the musical success of such an undertaking would only be the prelude to a similarly monetary success. The failure of the American opera upon the monetary side was not due to its being too good but to its lack of singers of high artistic powers, outside of two or three, and the inability of the principals in the various casts to retain their own interpretations in the foreground of attention, beside the superior beauty and artistic quality of the chorus and orchestra. The success of the nights in which Mme. Hastreiter sang "Orpheus," shows plainly enough what a better appointment of principals in other roles would have meant to the management. And to return to the question of repertory before dismissing this department of the discussion, it is time to remember that there are many operas which have exercised an important formative influence upon grand opera as we now have it, but have never been heard in this country, or, if heard not within the memory of the present generation of opera goers. One of these is Spontini's "La Vestale;" another, peculiarly appropriate by reason of its subject, "Hernando Cortez." Many similar cases will occur to the operatic reader. Moreover, for reasons assigned in a former paragraph, it might be advisable to employ for the operatic performances a director especially versed in vocal effects, both for the convenience and comfort of the solo singers, and especially for the pleasure of the audience, which must be made to feel the music, as well as for the production of these new and peculiarly vocal effects in the chorus and *ensemble* parts of the works performed. In the case of works requiring specific orchestral experience, like those of the Nieblung Cyclus, a Wagnerian director, such as Seidl, might be engaged, and it might even be necessary to give these works in the German language, and by a German company. These, however, are details which may well be left for later consideration.

One of the most difficult tasks of all relating to musical display, is to decide upon just the wisest thing to do in relation to the production of oratorios, and of the many important American works belonging to this class. In the

nature of the case not every American oratorio can be undertaken here, nor even many of them. While oratorio requires no staging, and therefore avoids a great part of the expense appertaining to operatic production, the chorus has so much to do that a long training is necessary. It is worth considering whether it would not be a good idea to employ a chorus by the month like an operatic chorus, having perhaps 100 members, with a supplementary body of singers within call ready to assist in certain works requiring vocal masses. Something like this will, no doubt, be done; a body, of singers, numbering 1,000 or more, will be prepared to take part in such performances as partake distinctly of a festival character. Very possibly it could be managed that a certain number of these singers could be drawn into the service at other times when there was need for a fuller chorus, which might range between 1,000 voices upon the greatest days and 100 voices, in connection with works not requiring so large a body of singers. These proportions, however, do not truthfully represent the effect that might be expected from the large and small chorus respectively. A small chorus, singing with the precision and refinement customary in modern part song, would make an artistic and satisfactory account of any choral music where mass is not the main point.

During a part of the time of the exposition, the musical performance ought to take on a festival character, both in enthusiasm and in the number concerned. Here, with a chorus of at least 1,000 voices there should be given performances of the greatest choral works, such as Handel's "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt," Berlioz's "Te Deum," and a Handel day, in which ten or a dozen of the greatest choruses from works rarely performed might be given. The solo artists at these performances, moreover, ought to be the best that can be got in the English-speaking world, in order that the solo parts of these sublime works should be brought home to the hearers in all their beauty and strength.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MUSIC AND THE INDIVIDUAL.

"Art symbolizes heaven."

"Heaven is * * * a state in which mind, and all the manifestations of mind, are harmonious and immortal."

"All that is in the world * * * is of the world."

"The kingdom of heaven is within."

The history of the world is the history of the individual. The development of the world is the development of the individual consciousness that reflects that world. Art is that unembodied bodying forth of the inner and essential principle of all history, which makes it possible for the individual consciousness to reflect the kingdom of the world, or the kingdom of heaven. The science and philosophy of history, if there be any, find their basis in the same principle. All arts but music deal more or less directly and concretely with the phenomena of this principle, and all students of such arts are therefore, of necessity, drawn into a study more or less deep, of all the relationships involved in the phenomena reflected, and hence are more apt to have some idea of the relations and potentiality of their art in the development of the individual; and the world, as a whole, acknowledges the educational utility of such arts. But with the student of music, even the majority of the serious ones, it is far otherwise. Because of the seeming abstraction from all but a limited class of the phenomena of thought, the majority of its students stand all but unconscious of the broad world of thought around and behind them, and in consequence miss the connection of their art with the deep, underlying principles of relationship. But, in missing this, they miss the whole basis of its relation to the development of the individual, and hence exercise but a limited power in his education. This is not so strange if we remember that the world does not demand it of them. Of painting, poetry, sculpture, it demands nobility, purity, intellectual strength, power of soul; but of music, the world's request is, "pipe

to us, that we may dance," and it is willing to lavish its so-called material wealth upon its pipers. The examination of the relation of music to the development of the individual is of importance, therefore, not merely to the special executive or interpretative (and this includes the true teacher) student of art, but, mainly through him, the listener, who is also a student. It is permissible to say, although it would seem to stand upon the very face of the preceding, that the importance of this examination is made more clear when we come to realize how much light is shed upon the understanding of the musical works themselves, and art in general.

"Universal history," says Hegel, "is the progress of mankind in the consciousness of freedom." This is but to say that the progress of the individual is measured by his realization of the concept of freedom." But it remains to define what is meant by this term freedom. The world's universal concept has always been in opposition to that of the one seer who has penetrated through the mists and clouds of thought surrounding him, and declared a vision of a serener light, a clearer atmosphere, a new and vitalizing principle. Thus the world's thought of freedom has ever been fatuous, a phosphorescent deception of light leading into deeper quagmires. When realized and its basis examined, it has always been discovered to be but a new form of servitude, for a time more pleasant, it may be, even when discovered to be an illusion. Hegel declares it to be the freedom of Spirit. But when examined as to the real meaning of this, we find no answer that will bear the test of demonstration. And there is good cause for this, since he who could speak of the development of the freedom of Spirit, could in no wise understand that freedom, for there is no development of the freedom of Spirit, since Spirit *is* free, for it is the eternally omnipresent and omnipotent substance and principle of man and the universe, and hence eternally self-determining and therefore free. But there is a development of man's conscious realization of this freedom and his eternal at-one-ment with it. And there is but one who can speak with authority, not because of his philosophy, but because of the demonstration of his proposition

that the truth was to make man free because it, as the Son, the *Logos* of Spirit, was free. He defines this freedom as the liberty of faith, the liberty of life, the liberty of love, the liberty of the sons of God who is Spirit, the liberty finally of unity. That is, the only freedom of man is the freedom of Idea to express perfectly its Principle. Hence education, which is but another term for development, is the power of realizing in human consciousness the great central fact and idea of this freedom, viz.: The consciousness of the true unity of man conceived as mortal, and further the absolutely vital consciousness of the eternal unity of the immortal man and universe with the Divine One—Spirit—the realization of God as the “all and in all,” the Alpha and Omega. The educational value of any study is to be measured directly by its power to reveal to human consciousness, and develop the realization within it, of this unity and its expression. Says Goethe upon the plane of mere human concept: “Education must restore and preserve the unity of human nature, the conformity of man to himself.” Upon a loftier plane speaks Froebel, when he says: “By education the divine essence of man should be unfolded, brought out and lifted into consciousness, and man himself raised into free, conscious obedience to the divine principle that lives in him, and to a free representation of this principle in his life.” And again: “Education consists in leading man as a thinking, intelligent being, growing into self-consciousness, to a pure, unsullied, conscious and free representation of the inner law of divine unity.” But it should be added that in proportion as the conscious realization of this principle is freely represented, self-consciousness is lost. That is, only as self-consciousness is lost in principle and idea, is or can there be any freedom of expression. And this is the interpretation we would put upon the words of Jesus when, speaking from a still higher plane of perception, He said: “I and my Father are one,” and the only door through which this consciousness could be reached was revealed in His statement that if “any man will come after me”—that is, reach my consciousness of at-one-ment with the divine principle of unity so as to freely represent it,

demonstrate it, the only proof of such consciousness—"let him deny himself utterly."

Now if music is of any value in human thought, it is because of its power thus to educate man, and if this be not its real force, or is not seen and understood to be its potency, it will be to the individual, and the world, as it has been in so many instances, as the "pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday." And to-day there is no more portentous fact as regards musical art; no fact calling for more serious thought, and to be profoundly impressed upon all our minds than this, that music is not, and cannot be, because of the present condition of thought regarding it, a factor in that education which is a realization and free expression of all relationships involved in the unity of Principle and Idea. On the contrary, there is being developed in thousands of the votaries of music, an unconscious, but none the less real, bondage to a law of disintegration, destructive of all power to see, much less to interpret, the truth of art; but fruitful in the tinsel and trappings of storied programmes, analytic expositions and brilliant displays of phenomenal skill, which in no wise cover up the skeleton or hide the paucity of true thought and feeling from those who have gained, through demonstration, even the smallest consciousness of that freedom of expression, or a glimpse only of that interpretation of art based upon the realization of the harmony of Mind and its manifestations. For music to exert its inherent educational force there must be a radical change in the thought of those who are to go out as interpreters—and this includes teachers and executants—and they realize that they are not interpreters of that which the ear hears, much less touch and technique, but demonstrators of that music which is the expression of the beauty of holiness, which is the beauty of whole-ness—one-ness—and are therefore bearing their part in the redemption of the individual, the lifting of the individual "into a man of full growth, into a measure of the stature of the fullness of the Christ." To understand this conception of the educational power of music we must seek for its origin, for that is one with its objective potentiality.

Were we to ask the world its practical thought of music, we should be able to read in its appreciation three very diverse answers: The mere pastime of an idle hour, "the empty recreation of a leisure too luxurious to undergo the tension of persistent thought." In other words, it is a mere sensuous pleasure in the perception of which the feet take more part than head or heart. In another smaller class we find it conceived of as a "rational enjoyment of leisure." Every motival bone in the anatomy of a composition is known to them, and a crab-canon problem is as productive of pleasure as a difficult checkmate in chess. But last, and supposedly highest, is the concept of music as the language of emotion. This class includes by far the largest number of the serious students of music. This concept is hoary with age, and Hegel but echoes the main thought of the philosophies of all time when he says: "Music extends it-self in every direction for the expression of all distinct sensations and shades of joyousness and serenity, jokes, humor, shoutings and rejoicings of soul, as well as the gradations of anguish, sorrow, grief, lamentation, distress, pain, regret; and finally aspirations, worship, love, etc." But it has taken modern science and philosophy to cap the climax in its view of the emotional theory of the origin and therefore the object of music. Two men of science and philosophy have very recently been discussing this subject, and one, the late Edmund Gurney, took up the defense of the Darwinian theory that sounds which are prompted by the amatory feelings only, having originated musical utterance, there are derived from these *all the other varieties of musical utterance* which aim to express other kinds of feeling." The italics I am responsible for. Opposed to this idea stands Herbert Spence, who thinks this too narrow a basis, and who therefore starts with the hypothesis that "the whole body of these vocal manifestations of emotion form the root of music." Except in modern materialism, philosophy has never descended to deal with so low a concept of the emotional origin of music, but has looked upon the emotional life of the soul of man as the basis and content of musical forms of thought. It is to be noted here that this language of

emotion is one with the idea of art as the expression of the beautiful, and when we hear the remark concerning a piece of music, "Oh, how beautiful!" which are we to understand as beautiful, the music, or the emotion? or is it the emotion beautifully expressed? Can any one conceive of hate, distress, anguish as either beautiful, or beautifully expressed? But if emotion is the basis, and therefore the content (which is really to say the idea) of music, then hate, revenge, anguish, distress are as essential elements of the beautiful as love, joy and "sweet content." And what of the Darwinian amatory idea? That would probably be termed *feel-ine* music.

Although this be the prevalent thought of all times there have not been lacking philosophers who took a higher, more exalted view than this; and the poets (the true seers), as well as the great masters of art (the true prophets), have denied this limited and finite idea, and affirmed a deeper cause, a more primal basis. Thus Milton sings:

Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow,
And with your manifold harmony
Make up full concert to the angelic symphony.
For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long
Time will run back and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon, and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould
And hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.
And from Shelley's muse we hear how
The harmonious mind
Poured forth in all prophetic song,
And music lifted up the listening spirit,
Until it walked exempt from mortal care
Godlike o'er the clear billows of sweet sound.

Says Beethoven, writing to Bettina von Arnim: "Emotion suits women. (Forgive me!) Music ought to strike

fire from the soul of a man." And Hauptmann protests in the following words: "To portray emotion is not the aim or object of art; it should interpret not the sensual, but the spiritual." "The great artist," says Jean Paul Richter, "when, like Moses, he stands upon the mount and receives the eternal laws of art, must at once forget his inner life, with its joys and sorrows, and ascending to heaven leave the petty cares of earth, and disappear into the void of space." A good-natured, tolerant smile flits over the face of sober-minded, realistic, material science and philosophy, and back of it can be read, "poetic, ideal, unsubstantial." Yes, poetic, ideal, but possibly *not* unsubstantial, for the time is coming, and even now is, when the "last shall be first, and the first last," for "God hath chosen * * * things that are not, to bring to naught things that are." The idea of Pythagoras, of the harmony of the spheres, and that harmony was the world's creative essence, has passed as one of the dreams of mysticism; but there have lately been conducted some experiments on the power of tone to produce visible forms of beauty, that go far to show that Pythagoras' unsubstantial poetry and idealism were possibly more near the truth than men have been willing to admit or believe. And as this is the age of woman, it has been reserved to her to carry out and complete the experiments of Chladni in an entirely new and original way. Over a hollow receiver was stretched a thin membrane, and on this was spread a semi-liquid fluid. The human voice was the instrument, and as its tones floated over this unformed shapeless matter it was seen to suddenly spring into forms of beauty, and there were to be clearly seen lilies, and daisies, and fruits and ferns, as perfect as any pencil could trace; and shells of the sea, with marvelous clearness of convoluted forms.

In all this we have no uncertain denial of the emotional theory of the origin and object of music, although true feeling is always an effluence of all true art thought, always the aroma of all forms of beauty. The object of art is one with its origin, and if the source be low, the fountain will rise no higher. Rather, then, let us in music understand the thought of Emerson when he says that "we stand before the

secret of the world, there where being passes into appearance, and unity into variety." And this leads us back to the real question, the unity of man, to a clearer understanding of what it is, for in this we shall find the answer to our problem, the origin of music, and can then realize its potentiality in the individual.

As man looks out from the secret temple of his being he is conscious of that which he terms mind, body, universe. To the human thought there also is declared to be apart from these ideas a deeper unknown element of consciousness which is termed soul, spirit. To this soul or spirit, mind, body, universe, all seem to be external and separate. Man is thus looked upon as an aggregation of body, mind and soul; and yet not wholly so, for there surges up from the depths a dimly felt but seemingly inapprehensible sense of unity and not aggregation. Soul, conceived as the highest in man, seems hedged about by mind and body, and is even seeking the freedom of realized unity. This is a "kingdom divided against itself," for power and dominion are ascribed to each of these elements of man's consciousness. For centuries upon centuries, amid the drifting sands of Ethiopia, there has stood a colossal figure, a human head, symbol of mind; an animal body, symbol of physical strength; and in later forms we find added wings, symbol of spiritual power. Through this figure is that old civilization propounding to succeeding ages the question, "Federation or unity? and what the basis, the principle of that unity?" If we read it, as answering this question, shall we understand it as a statement and a prophecy of the so-called modern thought, evolution? But which of its two principles of genesis shall we accept as a basis for evolution—matter, or mind?

The pyramids that stand beside this ancient sphynx are a silent answer to the riddle, for they are a demonstration of mental genesis. And history is but a record of the phenomena that express the development of the *consciousness* of mental genesis, the freedom arising from mind's recognition of itself as the principle of unity of the mortal man. Herein lies the meaning of the old proverb that "the pen is mightier than the sword."

The good old poet Spenser has truly solved the question of genesis of being from this, our present lower human standpoint, when he says:

So every spirit as it is more pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight
With cheerful grace and amiable sight,
For of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

It is toward this concept of the unity and genesis of the personal man, that the world has been tending, and its realization has been foretold by prophet, poet, artist and the people's word of prophecy—mythology. As of old, men can discern the signs of the sky, but are slow to read the phenomena of mind that speak to us to-day of the incoming era of the power of mental genesis, and therefore unity; and not until this, the lower concept, is realized, can we reach out and lay hold upon, in perfect realization, that final and absolute genesis and unity, that which all prophecy, poetry, art and revelation, has also declared—the genesis as of mind Spirit. But here all logic and reason as we now know them cease, and there appears as the only basis of realization the logic and reason of demonstration of a liberty, a freedom, a power, a peace unknown before, but dimly felt, as a far-off ideal, in every true work of art—a power that works through the whole nature of man. Now it is not the conscious idea of this genesis and unity, but the unconscious striving of spirit to reveal and make it manifest, that art, and music in a particularly essential manner, reflects; and this is therefore its origin and object, and its content is all that is or can be involved in that unity. The human soul is seemingly conscious of imperfection of manifestation in all its forms and relations, and seeks to express a harmonious unity through the so-called idealized forms, for here, at least, mind is conceded the power to embody itself. All concepts, all relationships of soul with the universe as sensible or ideal phenomena, and with its fellow-man, enter into and are the ideas of art. Music is the embodiment in purely abstract thought

forms of this ideal unity of personal being. All emotional thought is therefore included, but is not the object,—the ideal *ego* is at once origin and object.

In passing it may be suggested that this presents us with a basis for an ascending scale of classification of the arts according to their several degrees of abstraction and idealization. In architecture ideality is brought into concrete special objectivity, is said to be then real; it can be gone around, measured; is wholly special in mode of thought; is serviceable, of practical utility, but it is practically inanimate, except as it necessitates the idea of a living mind as its creator, and also excepting its ornamentation, which, however, is its union with the next higher form of art—sculpture. In this we find the same spacially objective form, as in architecture, and all its lines, as also in architecture, are found in the phenomena of so-called objective nature. But there are added the rhythm and motion of organic life in all forms, and subtracted the element of the practical; that is, it is at once recognized as ideal presentation of living nature, and, in the world's estimation, plays no necessary part in the work-a-day service of humanity. In painting, a step higher is taken, and material forms, as manifestation of mind, are removed from the plane of objective reality, to objective spacial ideality. Time as a consciously realized manifestation of unity, is still lacking; but through color, more than the suggested rhythm of motion, it enters as an unconscious mode of thought. For color, like tone, is a high form of rhythmic idea. It may possibly be said that action becomes, in painting, more suggestive of the unity of past, present, and future. It is to be especially noted that the deception of sense-perception enters more prominently as a factor in this form of abstraction. In poetry a higher degree is reached. All sense forms of manifestation have a seeming objective reality in painting, but in poetry the multifarious forms of thought lose all seeming objectivity, are wholly ideal. There is no attempt to cheat the sense perception, it is simply ignored. Here the abstract thought, the innermost idea of the soul finds freer mode of manifestation, and the blind see and the deaf hear.

There is also another and important element in the poetic form, for we begin to be consciously drawn into time as a mode of thought. Poetic form involves time not as a mere basis of action, nor yet as a mere succession of ideas, or durations, but as such a relationship of moments as produces an idea of form. On the plane of human intelligence, all prophecy crystallizes into rhythmic, and therefore poetic, forms of expression; for time as duration, or mere succession of durations, is blotted out by the unity of past and future in the present, the idea of rhythm. In this prophecy and poetry approach the next, and, thus far in human history, the highest art form, music—the highest art expression of absolute truth. For in Music the soul expresses itself, its unity, its manifold forms of relation, “its passage out of being into appearance, and unity into variety, not even in ideal spacial or geometric concepts, but wholly apart from space, wholly in time, in purely abstract, purely rhythmic forms.” In painting, through color, an unconscious suggestion of rhythmic unity was present; here, on the contrary, spacial form has vanished into the unconscious. In music is mirrored man’s universe, and humanity as existent in his own consciousness.

And right here we meet an important principle of musical classification. In this idea of music, as the mirror of the unity of subjective and objective human consciousness, we find necessarily the two inseparable bases of human conception—good and evil, pain and pleasure, truth and error—and hence, however ideal the concept may be, so long as it deals with human consciousness, even music must be the reflection of the inner essential conditions of sorrow as well as joy, of pain as well as pleasure—in fact, the whole horizon of human experience. And here is the field of the Romanticist. Romantic art has for its theme the man of men, human, mortal, imperfect. The inner essential conditions of the whole gamut (diatonic, chromatic and enharmonic) of human experience, as such, is made use of—become the ideas of musical forms of thought. To make sorrow beautiful, to lift pain into an exquisite pleasure, is thus necessarily one of the objects of romantic art. And it

is because these are the most readily realized conditions of human consciousness that romantic art is always the more popular.

But we have not yet reached the ultimate thought; we have a transcendently higher step to take.

Truly has Ruskin said that "the more beautiful the art, the more it is essentially the work of a people who feel themselves wrong—who are striving for the fulfillment of a law, and the grasp of a loveliness which they have not attained"; and he might add, when attained, art is unnecessary. But this sense of imperfection in manifestation is one with the perception of the imperfection in itself of that supposedly free and self-determining *ego* called the human soul; hence man cannot stop here, but reaches out after an absolute and perfect genesis and unity, seeks the realization of the perfect idea of infinite and eternal Principle, the perfect man as the eternal reflection of the unity of soul as God. Here is the highest reach of human thought, the highest flight of the human soul. Nevertheless, it stands as mutely unconscious of that "Light that shineth in darkness" because "the darkness apprehendeth it not," as Memnon's statue in the light of earth's great luminary; but as the rays of the dawning sun of eternal truth strike full on this unconscious human soul, there issues, seemingly from the innermost center of personal being, as from the ancient statue, that which is the highest symbol to humanity of the eternal harmony, and therefore unity of God, man and the universe—Music. Such was the vision of Beethoven when he cried out: "What is all this compared to the grandest of all masters of harmony—above! above!!" The highest art is the expression in idealized, intellectual forms of the soul's concept of Spirit, the spiritual man and spiritual universe. Before we can understand the world and the dominion over it, we must first translate it back into idea; and herein is the power of music, that we are thus able to abstract ourselves in its moving forms from material phenomena, or personal manifestation, and contemplate the world and man as idea reflecting the infinite; and it is capable, on the human side, of revealing the steps in the upward toiling.

"Is it the moved air, or the moving sound
That is life's self, and draws my life from me,
And by instinct's ineffable decree
Holds my breath quailing on the bitter bound?
Nay, is it Life or Death, this thunder-crown'd,
That mid the tide of all emergency
Now notes my separate want, and to what sea
Its difficult eddies labor in the ground?
Oh! what is this that knows the road I came,
The flame turned cloud, the cloud returned to flame,
The lifted, shifted steeps, and all the way?
That draws round me at last this wind-warm space,
And in regenerate rapture turns my face
Upon the devious coverts of dismay?"

The unity of art rests therefore in this concept of the unity of the eternal Mind. Musical forms are the expression of the highest revelation of the idea of the divine unity, and the real origin of man. In this lies the explanation of Schopenhauer's statement that he who explains music will have explained the universe, and the equally sweeping assertion of Schumann that "the laws of morals are the laws of art."

And here we have the basis and field of classic art, as distinct from the romantic. Humanity is the theme of romanticism, divinity the theme of classic art. Where the one ends and the other begins is not always easy to discern, for there is the possibility of drawing the divine concept down into humanity, as well as of lifting humanity up into divinity.

If we have found any true origin of art, it is plain that the power and object of art in the development, the education of the individual, is to reveal to his consciousness the unity from which the individual springs. This is to reveal to him his real freedom; that is, the freedom to realize and express perfect and eternal Principle. And this is the realization of the freedom of Spirit. Art is thus one mode of developing a realization in man of that which really *is*, for education is not a process of unification, since unity already exists. Education is the process only of realization of unity, of man as man, and man as the image and likeness of eternal Mind, and music reveals this unity by bringing to the consciousness of man through infinite forms of thought, the infinite manifestations of man's relationship, and he knows himself as one with the universe in God.

"Nothing can be more sublime," writes Beethoven, "than to draw nearer to the God-head than other men, and diffuse here on earth these God-like rays among mortals." And to a mind thus drawn nearer to the God-head of Life, Truth and Love, all man's relationships are lifted up and seen to be relationships of immortal ideas of spirit, and the beauty and glory of classic art is to echo and reflect in human consciousness the inner essential condition of these, the eternal harmony, and hence the eternal freedom of Spirit. Thus circling the whole horizon of spiritual thought and ideas, all great art, all forms of beauty that reflect them, come laden with their effulgent aroma as a solvent for all earthly feeling; emotion and unrest, pain, sorrow, hate, all vanish into joy, peace, adoration; the "love of Love," and the repose of life—eternally unfolding—vanish into spiritual feeling as a necessary effluence of that art which deals with and reflects the harmony of the unity of immortal ideas of Mind. Thus music becomes to him who has ears to hear the language of the "kingdom of heaven within" the "rhythm of head and heart." Romantic art deals with the personal, the relative, the imperfect, the human. Classic art reaches down out of the impersonal, the absolute, the perfect, the divine. The intellectual strength and flight of wing, the sublime joy and repose of the last three sonatas, the C sharp quartette, the "Eroica" and Choral symphonies, are therefore in human thought the necessary echo of infinite intelligence, for this highest sweep of human vision could only be reflected in the breadth and power of the intellectual forms of the fugue, and the sonata, quartette and symphony. And it is significant to note that these all close in that which is the highest type of perfect harmony, the major. Thus through music the eternal Spirit is saying:

"Lo! I have given thee
To understand my presence, and to feel
My fullness: I have filled thy lips with power.
I have raised thee higher to the spheres of heaven.
Man's first, last home: and thou, with ravished sense,
Listeneſt the lordly music flowing from
Th' illimitable years."

CALVIN B. CADY.

SOME PEDAGOGICAL NEEDS IN MUSIC.

I.

Nothing has more strongly asserted itself during the past decade than the importance of fine art as an educational factor. It would be impossible in this short writing to make plain all the causes that have contributed to bring this about, and in saying this I do not take advantage of "limited space" to avoid proving what it would seem that I ought to prove. It is precisely because I do distinguish almost a complexity of causes that have put us in a position to need and take good from fine art in education, which has its practical outlet in the use and joy of beauty, that I renounce here the duty of doing it. Continued and systematic study in science has given the educational world such a strong and healthy impetus that it would be, indeed, strange if we did not feel some of its beneficent effects in that part of education which strictly limits itself to the teaching of creative and reproductive art. Science and art, so often opposed and held up one against the other as antitheses, never before tended so directly and so rapidly toward aiding each other as they are tending now. If, to the layman, it seems plain that a piano lesson has little in common with the arc light, or, to look forward, that there is no apparent relation between the opera of the future and an aluminum air ship, there still remains true the spirit of my statement that art and science never before tended to do so much for each other as now.

Science has wonderfully progressed, even in the recollection of young men ; it progresses wonderfully even in a day. In the technological schools every step in this progress is taken with the greatest care; to every new point the best means of approach are sought; from the mass of scientific observation something evolves. Everything is examined again and again; what is learned is arranged and rearranged, and in time the result has value. It may be little that comes

out of so much, but one may believe that this little is worth something.

To the casual observer, it must be evident that the curricula of our best literary and scientific schools offer to their students abundant diversity in lines of study. It is their constant aim to give greater means for carrying on special education of the broadest deepest kind. Some of the best planned courses of study show such apparent opposition in their individual items that one may not be wondered at who fails to see the logic of the grouping. But out of it all something evolves tangible in its unity and forcible in its directness, because it gathers power from various strong sources. To-day, idle playing in science does not make a scientist, but we are given, even yet, to thinking that idle playing with pretty airs makes a musician. That music study of the most limited kind has had to be the full and sufficient training of our students is owing to more than a single cause. That the majority of them can get more training than they secure is undoubtedly true, but it must not make us blind to the need we have of increasing the supply for our learners; the broadest education in music, and in much out of it, all tending to a practical objective point, is not readily to be received until there is a ready supply.

It has always seemed to me that the majority of our music students work industriously from dawn till dark to prove us a nation of fine performers, despite the fact that there can never be but comparatively few great players, from the very nature of the cause that makes them great, namely, relative excellence. From the nature of their means, talents and destinies most of our students are forced to assume the responsibilities of the pedagogue, for which they ever make but trifling preparation. And it has further appeared to me that an education which so decidedly fails of its mark is in some wise ill-founded. The very plain and logical deduction to be drawn from the fact that we have so extensive an army of music students is that as performers, a very small per cent of them can earn even a living of necessities. What is to become of them? When the orchestras and churches have taken what instrumentalists they need,

we have an astonishingly large surplus that wants, very much, to make a living. It teaches, but finds instructor life and instructor duties very uncongenial, because they reach them as unexpected destiny. We have yet to add another class to our list of art instructors; it is made up of people, who having been disappointed in the fortune of life turn to teaching their own but ill-learned accomplishments. "Probably no art is taught by so immense a number of uncalled ones as the art of tone. Every individual, diverted from his own path by some bankruptcy, some personal misfortune or natural defect, casts himself, in despair, into the * * * career of a music teacher." * Is it curious, then, that as an educational factor, which really amounts to much in itself, and gives desirable mental training in the getting of it, much is so very often absolutely without value? Not even the teaching of painting shows a poorer array of instructive talent. "Our hands are dextrous with the vile and deadly dexterity of machines," and we think not. The hand is skillful, but the thought weaves not. All the more wonder is there for us to express when we look upon art as it really is—full of beauty and pregnant with all that out of which one may draw the lessons and the uses of life. But immediately one mentions the use and beauty of art, one turns the thought directly upon the failures we all see among art followers, failures both in art itself and in life; brought on how? Ah! that is a question worth thinking upon. Instead of teaching art truly as something that may be scientifically considered, we make of it a lotus feast. There is such fascination in it, such ever increasing delight, such beautiful colors, such bright light, not of sunshine always, but light alluring and tempting, rendering all things beautiful on which we look, but not always truthful, that when one follows it all and is lost on the way, the rest, without seeming to wonder, say to one another—"poor soul"—but this makes it no easier for the poor soul or for the next victim. The list grows longer, and the people grow no wiser.

Art becomes dangerous when we subtract common sense from it. (I should like to quote, here, the first page

*Louis Ehlert.

or two from Rene Descarte's "Discours sur la Methode" but it is so long I will trust my readers to look it up for themselves). Without common sense in it, art becomes an intangibility that creates mischief with little people. Inasmuch as art is but thought seeking another outlet than words, it would seem the natural conclusion that they who wished to learn of it rightly would consider it properly in its connections, not improperly in its fascinations. For, decidedly, art can be learned improperly, can be interpreted improperly; then it becomes mischievous. I have just said art is thought; it is just this that makes art an admirable receptive and reproductive means for whatever spirit there is put into it. Even pagan art, in Egypt, Assyria and Babylon has been truthful, art in Greece was abundantly full of truth and full of sincerity. Christian art has been no more, though it may be more intense. If art is "a refining influence rather than a moral power" its full use and the full perception of its beauty lie in the proper approach to it. If art is illogically taught, art will appear illogical to its lower learners, those who wish to know of it for its beneficent and refining influence; and it will be in vain for us to try to defend it. The artist has laughed at the school master; for his own welfare he would better propitiate his kindly aid.

The history of ancient art is a story of magnificent cumulations of genius that have sunk with the lands that gave them birth. Do we possess anything in our civilization that shall make it possible for us to send on, in a line unbroken, our artistic development? Science, education, religion free from idolatry, what shall they do for us? Nothing, unless we bring them together. Reverence must never be absent from art; it cannot be, for art is moral and wise; it is, in itself, the reverence of truth and beauty.

Now I will ask, abruptly, it may seem, but this is when I should ask it—Is it right in us, proud as we are of our achievements, to spend our days infusing into any one who will pay us for the doing of it, a concentrated essence of intangibility, and give a receipt for art instruction?

II.

In America, music study has wonderfully enlarged its domain, while it seems that constantly greater numbers are coming into it. The almost feverish progress we have made in the few years past shows how much power we are gathering from it. We must now think of directing this power in the best way. It gives one a fullness of hope for our future to know that daily there increases that class of students who are unwilling to spend life merely to please, winning at the same time a decidedly comfortable living thereby. It bodes well for us that here and there are some who determine to study the art of tone as a fine art, to spend years seriously in it, to seek out for the common good those delicate threads of connection that bind art to art, and make the family one. If for a few years past it has been a promising sign that young men and women undertake the study of music as an actual employment, worthy of their best thought, it is now even a better sign that there are others striving to understand art in its relation to use in life by patiently seeking out its tendency as shown in the development of human thought. No longer as a flower alone, but as a blossoming plant of healthy growth, is it to be regarded.

Our critic must help us; but first he must have generously helped himself. Who has more to delve in, for a store of wisdom, than he? Yet, like the instructor whose evolution we noted above, here, too, is a character, who often owes his being to accident, and he rarely fails to show the birth-mark. To write well and valuably one's past must be more than a good vocabulary. I can picture the critic only as a deep student, foremost in that which he is to criticise, and scarcely less in the many themes that touch upon it, as familiar with the great paintings, statues and literatures of the world as he is with the scenes about his home. It is the history of art, rather than the tale of any one of them, that he should know. Art, he must remember, is human thought most beautifully expressed,

and it is of human thought that he must be a student. The story of civilization leads him into it; he must think, too, on what shall lead him farther onward in it. The Kalevala, the mythology of Greece, the opera, the painting, the statue, the Parthenon, the poem, are all from one source; they spring from the soul of man, and are to him symbols of all he is, and of all he is able to conceive. Thus, to comprehend the spirit, teaching and tendency of any one of the group, one must know what gave them all a being; whither they are directed.

I may be charged with putting art above its place. So far am I unable to do this that I acknowledge myself absolutely incompetent to make plain its place in man's history. I am desirous simply of showing that we need those who can teach our young men and women all the significance of art, as well as its technicalities; who can tell them understandingly that there really exists a spirit kindred in all arts; who can show them that the "Divine Comedy" and the ninth symphony are parallel lines of imaginative thought wonderfully near together. So far we have made little effort to do this, and until it be done the national art practice will not thrive. Our greatest pedagogical needs lie here and hereabouts. In the very nature of our condition we shall learn enough music. The thought of what some American cities are absorbing is remarkable. Even ten years ago it would have sounded Utopian to promise New York what it now possesses in security, and what it is said to have in the near future only heightens the brilliancy.

We have learned that there is something else in music than fiddling in an orchestra, playing the cabinet organ in a drawing room, or teaching others to do either. So we have already somewhat turned our ideas to the constructive theory of music. Now we have yet another step, namely: To bring the college and music school nearer together. We have been, and are yet unable to educate a musical critic. It is only of late that we have been able to give one a fair start in life. I feel very generous in admitting even this. To be able to do this is the full substance of our needs. To be able to accomplish this means much, and the effect of it

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done will run out into the finest fibers of the social organization. We are not yet true patrons of art or learning, despite our money, our travel and our foreign tutors. In the general rush for a living—for a particularly good living—the artist soon finds a place, and though his hands are a trifle whiter and his frame less robust than some of his companions, he hurries on wonderfully well, and sometimes gets a big slice of the success they are all after.

I make no mis-statement in saying we teach music in a hit-or-miss fashion. Some do not, and many do. There is not a music school in America that could not make a glowing name for itself by adding to its work, as obligatory for each student, such study of pedagogy as would make them at least intelligent in the field of labor they are about to pursue. I do not know of a single school that has distinguished itself in any degree by its superior manner of educating instructors who have actually been taught how to instruct. That we shall have such schools goes without saying. If we have had them for long they certainly do not get their just meed of reputation. We should know more about them. The first lesson given by the graduate music student is the most unique experience in his possession, only because his own preceptor failed to see what good results are the natural out-come of hospital practice over in the medical school.

To our young men and women who wish earnestly to employ themselves, music is a rich field that needs the best it can receive. Whoever will seek broad education in and out of music, whoever will endeavor to keep in hand some of the common threads of tendency that join music and the development of thought, whoever will seek with care and patience the use and place of art in daily life, will discover that music offers them no little as a beautiful inheritance, no little as a sacred trust. It is full of unexplored ways; they should be made known to us. It is full of truth; we should constantly know more of it. It is full of beauty; we should see it all. It is a world full of thought and inspiration; we should be taught not to lose our way in it.

THOMAS TAPPER.

WINTER WEATHER.

I

"Ho! Ho!" the north wind laughed, "Ho! Ho!"
And fiercely shook his mighty hoary head,
While swift before him clouds of snow
In terror softly fled.

Before the fire the children chirped, "Behold!
Next winter—or at least the winter after—
We shall ourselves be old.
Oh, hasten, time! We'll be so wise and happy when
Thy slow revolving days have made us old—and men!"

II

"Ho! Ho!" the north wind sighed, "Ho! Ho!"
And shadowed were his dark mysterious eyes
While at his touch the rivulets
Took on an icy guise.

Before the fire the grandsires bent. "Alas!
Alas!" they mourned; "how brief was spring!
And summer's glory as an hour did pass.
Earth's wisdom at our lips hath turned to ashes sad.
Oh, would that we were young again—and glad!"

ELIZABETH CUMMINGS.

THE "RITTER VOM GEISTE."

That invisible and fanciful organization which to Robert Schumann was a living reality, the *Daridsbund*, containing three members, Florestan, Eusebius and Raro, had in reality been in existence and active operation long before their originator evolved it from the mystic romanticism of his brain. Their humorous battle against the Philistines, so gallantly fought in the Carnaval, has ever been fiercely and earnestly waged between ability and stupidity, talent and mediocrity; and the forerunners and creators of every real and decided progress and innovation in our art have, like the western pioneers, become the martyrs of the advance guard.

Great men are necessarily ahead of their age; the new path which they hew out for themselves is apt to be lonely and stormy; few care to follow; misunderstood and misinterpreted, the men of genius, urged on by the consciousness of their ability, continue their work steadily, and unlike Heine, who declared that he would willingly give all his expectations of posthumous fame for one good dinner during his life-time, they have to wait for posterity to plant the roses on their graves, which more fittingly should have been bestowed upon the living. And this posterity is a keen and merciless judge, and, after all, usually quite correct. Often there is a powerful or charming personality about a man of lesser ability, which dazzles and bewilders his surroundings; that judgment which calm reason would unhesitatingly pronounce is colored and perverted by the powerful influence exerted by qualities entirely outside of his artistic capacity. A striking example of these correct *post-mortem* verdicts is furnished by Moscheles. During his prime he was, by the musical world of the day, considered Mendelssohn's peer. A new sonata or symphony from his pen was greeted with the same expectancy and respectful consideration which the younger master commanded, and yet how quickly he was assigned to the more fitting company of

Hummel, Field, Thalberg and Dussek, all of whom are "good seconds!" Cases like Mascagni's, who, like Byron, awoke one morning to find himself famous, are extremely rare in the history of music. Liszt's compositions were not at all relished by his contemporaries; Bulow and Tausig bore the brunt of many a hard fought battle in his behalf, and the Leipsic conservatory for many decades closed its doors persistently against what was considered the pernicious influence of his works. It took many years before Chopin, after having with difficulty secured a publisher, succeeded in introducing his music generally, and Schubert was cautioned by Diabelli not to bring him too many songs. Most of the artists who flourished during the beginning and middle of this century played only their own compositions, fitted to the specialties of technique in which they happened to excel, like the dress coat to their bodies. The interests of the composer would in many instances be just as well served were some of the pianists of the present day to follow the same plan. And yet in spite of these drawbacks, art and artists have flourished, and this is due largely to the existence of the "*Ritter vom Geiste*,"* the society alluded to at the beginning of this article, which elects no officers, has no by-laws or regular meetings, but yet is a powerful reality. It embraces men of all climes and of all periods; the members come and go; those who noiselessly vanish to join the great majority are speedily supplied by the ever changing replacement of living personalities.

There is no admission fee, and yet there is, for to be a "*Ritter vom Geiste*," one must have produced some work in the realm of art which will secure a membership; and whatever one member creates vibrates in the heartstrings of the others, though scattered all over the universe. It is not necessarily greatness which secures this tacit admission, but rather that indefinable mixture of qualities which perhaps includes among others, originality, some learning melodic inventiveness, musical *esprit* and *chic*. Some very short and unimportant compositions, like a good story which you hear at a hotel table at Calcutta, and again at a London club, have gone around the world very quickly. The great

*"Knighthood of Intelligence."

composers are the charter members; they belong any way, it is not necessary to single out particular works; it is hardly essential to mention the two giants, Bach and Handel, who stand out like the Pillars of Hercules, followed by that great trilogy, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven; then Schubert, whose "Hark, Hark, the Lark," "Wanderer," "Erl King," A minor sonata and the second movement from the C major symphony alone would have entitled him to undying fame; afterward the romanticists, starting with Weber, and quickly followed by Schumann and Mendelssohn. Liszt again occupies a place of his own. Like John the Baptist, he considered himself simply the forerunner of one greater than himself—in his case the great regenerator of music, Wagner. (It may however be mentioned that Liszt did not affect the diet to which the great prophet is reported to have confined himself while in the desert.) The puissant individuality of both masters, Liszt and Wagner, too powerfully dominates the present age to admit of a fair estimate of their work and its influence. It will take later generations to decide. But there was one composer who lived long ago, a favorite of Philip II of Spain, considerable of a courtier, who belongs to the vast organization—it is Scarlatti. We see the man portrayed in his compositions, a bright and charming character, using his profound learning merely as an incident, and not at all as a braggart. A cat meanders across the keys of his clavichord, and straightway he produces a fugue, using as a theme the tones she happened to strike. He amuses himself by introducing all sorts of tricks, and some of his works fall little short of a clever sleight-of-hand performance. There is but little sentiment about him; it is mostly a succession of boyish pranks. And yet we find in his compositions that perfection of form and content, coupled with grace and melodiousness, which at once stamps him a genuine Ritter. Liszt created some themes which seemed forced from him by thrilling events. No one can hear the "Cantique d'Amour," "Liebstraume," the E major theme in the "Preludes," "Harmonies du Soir," and his songs, the "Loreley," "Mignon," and "Es muss ein Wunderbares Sein"

without deep emotion. And again, what kaleidoscopic change from these profound works in which tortured nature seeks and finds an outlet to the dazzling and glittering radiance of the "Au bord d'une Source," "Feu Follets," and "Gnomenreigen." And if his intimate friend, Lassen, had only given to the world that one little strain of the "Fatherland," it would have been sufficient to rank him high. Great names are those of Verdi, Gounod, Rossini, Berlioz and Brahms. Verdi's "Aida" has taken a deep hold upon the present generation. In Gounod and Rossini we find a delightful vein of playfulness. The former master's "En Printemps," "Funeral March of the Marionette," and "Dodelinette," are happy evidences of remarkable versatility, and Rossini left a large number of smaller piano pieces and songs, which exhibit him in a different light from the Rossini of the "Barber of Seville," "Tell," and the "Stabat Mater." Thalberg never belonged to the society; that calm unemotional dignity which pervades his compositions and characterized his performances neither created nor left any deep emotion or impression; he dealt largely in second-hand goods, taking a somewhat threadbare and well worn melody, and brushing it up, often ornamenting it so profusely that it would really seem new once more, but only for a short time, for the artificial gloss speedily wore off. What a contrast to Henselt, in whose works everything pulsates, with high aspirations. Who can resist his lovely Romances, the "Ave Maria," the divine "Larghetto" from the concerto, Opus 16?

He also had several strings to his bow, and did not weary the world with one continuous plaint. The "Spring Song" and that daintiest of seeming trifles, "If I Were a Bird," are in striking contrast to the pathetic character of the above-named compositions. Dvorak and Rheinberger are living forces. Raff dropped out a few years ago, and, in him the society deplored the loss of a consummate master who could do many things well. He excelled in every form he essayed; the "Lenore" and "Im Walde" symphonies, piano concerto, Opus 185, "La Fileuse," "Gigue con Variazioni," Opus 91, and "Cavatina" for the violin attest his wonderful wealth of resource.

Like a mountain peak, which rises in solitary grandeur above its surroundings, so does the exquisite greatness of Chopin elevate him far above the common throng. There was but little development in his art. Like Minerva of old, he was ready to at once pick up the gauntlet and fight the brave battle. With him the promises of youth and the realization of age seemed simultaneous. The master hand which before maturity could produce the etudes, Opus 10, and both concertos, Opus 11 and 21, never penned more exquisite measures later on; the only perceptible change we notice is perhaps a gradual deepening of intense emotionality which often end in morbid and doleful strains. In some of his works we seem to be admitted a little to the confidence and intimacy of this most exclusive and difficult of masters; thus the Romance of the concerto, Opus 11, and Larghetto, from the F minor concerto, give us a glimpse of his inner life. The most profound sentiment prevades the nocturnes, Opus 27, No. 2, 37, No. 2, and 15, No. 2; while the C minor nocturne, Opus 48, No. 1, with its spasmodic melody, syncopated rhythm and marvelously effective middle part, portrays a veritable tragedy. The pianistic world is at present decidedly in the constellation of Chopin, and yet how seldom do we hear correct interpretations of his works by even those who claim to have made a special study of them. It is not so much the emotional nature of the executant which is indispensable, as a complete mastery of the means necessary to produce certain sensations in the listener. This presupposes considerable culture of the receptive faculties on the part of the audience. The artist is often held responsible for the shortcomings of others in that very respect.

Chopin covers a wide range of emotions in his works; there is a world of difference between the *salon* character of the nocturne, Opus 9, No. 2, the ballade, Opus 47, and polonaise, Opus 22, and the tearful eloquence of the etude, Opus 25, No. 7. Nor does he lack heroic virility; the A flat polonaise and B flat minor scherzo, portions of the Allegro de Concert and the etudes, Opus 10, No. 12, and Opus 25, 11, exhibit the *Seladon* of the Paris *salons* in a different vein.

EMIL LIEBLING.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LILACS.

Purple and pink and iris
In a glittering shimmer of rain,
The lilacs glow and tremble,
Like clouds in a sunset flame.
Each bud on its stem low bending,
Each stem so heavy with flowers
That we wonder if God's world can rival
The lilacs that blossom in ours.

MARY JOSEPHINE ONAHAN.

THEODORE THOMAS IN CHICAGO.

The location of Theodore Thomas in Chicago for a term of years does not mean quite the same that it would a few years earlier in his career. He has now arrived at an age when a man's character is fixed, the traditions of his work established, and his national reputation such as to leave the question of his actual residence a matter of comparative indifference to all but the city itself where he resides, and where naturally he carries on his more immediate activities. To New York it means the loss of her most celebrated orchestral leader. To Chicago, the gain of one of the most distinguished orchestral leaders in the world; the gain, moreover, under conditions insuring here for three years a permanent orchestra, a regular series of orchestral concerts of the highest possible class, and the production of musical novelties in masterly grade of finish. It is known to the reader, undoubtedly, that a committee of wealthy gentlemen formed themselves into the Chicago Orchestral Association, and, having made a subscription of \$50,000 per year for the term of three years for establishing orchestral concerts, invited Mr. Thomas to accept the leadership. As the gentlemen were mostly personal friends of many years' standing, and as the temperatate of New York was not quite what he regarded as his due, Mr. Thomas accepted, and last May removed to this city his household goods and vast library. An orchestra of eighty-six players has been

engaged, and the first three of the season of symphony concerts have been given before this number of *MUSIC* goes to press. It is too soon to speak of the quality of the playing. The first concert was given after about two weeks' rehearsal; but to bring the body of tone up to the Thomas ideal will require some months.

It is understood to be Mr. Thomas' intention to bring the technic and interpretations of this orchestra to a higher standard than he has ever before reached, both for gratifying his own ideal, and for the sake of American reputation in the eyes of foreign visitors to the exposition.

The public benefits of Mr. Thomas' residence in Chicago, at the head of a great orchestra, may perhaps not be so fully realized as would have been expected, owing to the great expense incurred, and the natural desire of the management to make the season as nearly self-supporting as may be. This, however, will not be easy. Even in the Auditorium, with its 4,000 seats at disposal, the income will not reach the paying point. Two concerts a week for twenty weeks may be expected to bring in about \$86,000, if the public fully avails itself of the opportunity. This is on the basis of 1,000 seats at 50 cents, 1,000 at \$1.00, and 1,400 at \$1.50, at each concert. But the orchestra will cost about \$150,000 per year. This leaves a deficit to be made up from outside engagements. The Auditorium itself is entitled to rents amounting to at least \$10,000 from the resources above mentioned.

Undoubtedly there will be other series of concerts given, of a more popular character. These, however, will have to be at lower prices than the fashionable symphony concerts, and here again there will be great danger of undermining the standing of the regular concerts by offering the same orchestra at a more popular price. Thus the problem of the management is far from an easy one. It is well that it should have fallen into so capable and experienced hands as those of Mr. Milward Adams, who for so many years has enjoyed the confidence of Mr. Thomas, and has shown over and over again his comprehensive grasp of the secret of success.

In another department of work Mr. Thomas' removal to this city will be of great importance, as he has been made the musical director of the Columbian Exposition, with Mr. Tomlins as his nearest coadjutor, and he is understood to be engaged in preparing plans for that great event, upon a scale proportionate to its public importance. And it is very little short of certain that the musical display will be of a higher grade and more ample here than was ever before known in an international exposition.

There is one element in Mr. Thomas' present rank, so universally recognized throughout the world, which every one may contemplate with pride. Everything has been accomplished without sacrificing his musical ideal in the least. On the contrary, everything that he is, and everything which his position contains, is due simply and solely to his having possessed an artistic ideal of exceptional strength and clearness, and to his having lived quite up to it in every musical undertaking he has ever been in, wholly regardless of temporary popularity. It is this which makes his name the most valuable trade mark possible in an American musical enterprise.

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI.

Through the kindness of Mr. C. F. Tretbar, the American manager of Paderewski, the coming pianist, MUSIC is enabled to present its readers with an elegant Albertype portrait, of a size suitable for framing. In order to make use of it for this purpose it is only necessary to detach it from its fastenings, and, trimming it close to the picture, have it mounted upon board and framed in any style desired. The picture itself is well worthy such treatment, and there is every reason to anticipate a genuine sensation in his playing, such as will render a memento of this kind of lasting value. A London writer, Mr. Frederick Buffen, gives the following sketch of this remarkable artist:

Ignace Jan Paderewski first saw the light at Podalia, a province of Russian Poland, on the 6th of November, 1860, and at the early age of three began to play the piano. At

seven his father placed him under the care of a local teacher, Pierre Sowinski, and with this master the young Ignace remained for four years. In 1872 he went to Warsaw, where the foundation of his knowledge of harmony and counterpoint was acquired from Roguski, but he subsequently pursued this branch of his studies under the late Frederick Kiel, the eminent teacher and theorist of Berlin.

Shortly after this date Paderewski undertook his first *tournée*, which extended throughout Russia, Siberia, Servia and Roumania, during the course of which he performed nothing but his own compositions. At eighteen years of age he was nominated professor of music in the Warsaw Conservatory, and it is no secret that the money earned in this capacity was devoted to the acquisition of general knowledge after the hours when his musical duties had ceased. In 1884 he held a professorship at the Conservatory of Music in Strasburg, but during that year he abandoned teaching and resolved upon the more fascinating career of a pianistic virtuoso. Paderewski accordingly removed to Vienna, and placed himself under his fellow-countryman, Theodor Leschetizky, the well known successful trainer of pianists, and husband of the no less famous pianiste, Annette Essipoff; and at the expiration of three years' hard study he made his *début* before the critical Viennese public in 1887, and was at once proclaimed to be one of the most remarkable pianists of the day—a verdict which has since been made superlative in all parts of the world.

From this date he paid several visits to the principal towns throughout Germany, always with increasing success, and in the autumn of 1889 he made his first appearance before a Parisian audience, and, as my readers are aware, became the “lion” of the Paris season.

The first performance in England was given at the instigation of the Mr. Daniel Mayer at St. James' Hall, on the 9th of May, 1890, since which date he has appeared at a large number of concerts and recitals in London and the provinces, his performances being uniformly marked by a crescendo of success and enthusiasm, and by increasing audiences.

Paderewski has composed a large number of pianoforte pieces, many of which have attained great popularity, a concerto in A minor, for piano and orchestra, conceived in a broad and lofty style, and evincing great originality of subject and treatment; a suite for orchestra in G; a concerto for violin and orchestra in G minor, and over eighty vocal pieces in the German, French, and Polish languages.

Paderewski married at the early age of nineteen; although he lost his wife through illness, he has a son living. Paderewski is exceedingly natural in his manners, kind-hearted and unaffected in the last degree, and possesses, one of the rarest qualifications among great players, that of being a wonderfully good and patient listener. I may add that his memory is so vast that he is enabled to perform without book a repertoire which covers a range of compositions of the ancient and modern writers practically without limit.

"Since Franz Liszt and Anton Rubinstein, admittedly the pianistic giants of their time, no artist has appeared to create the same stir in the artistic world as Ignace Jan Paderewski, and it is highly gratifying to know that his transcendent ability is meeting with that recognition and reward which only the most highly gifted can command."

The closing paragraph may well be taken as the key note of all the newspaper notices of his recitals in London "Never since Rubinstein," is the refrain, some applying it to the size and enthusiasm of the audience, others to the interpretations, others to the great power of the artist.

THE PRACTICAL TEACHER.

Under the caption of "The practical Teacher" will be conducted from month to month, a department devoted to discussions of immediate practical questions. In the course of almost every teacher's work troublesome cases arise, which at times take on the complexion of what doctors call "chronic," where medicine seems to produce no particular effect, but where the treatment drizzles along month after month, and year after year, without any perceptible gain.

Other "patients," shall we say? fall temporarily into this condition, but after some time revolving without progress, like a chip on an eddy, drift out again into the main current of progress, and go on bravely. There are little questions of expediency, leading to suggestions of material for study and methods of overcoming particular types of inertia, which may be offered by older teachers as possibly efficacious in this, that or the other case.

In the course of the publication much attention will be given to methods of teaching children. Quite a number of writers will take up aspects of this part of the teacher's work. The department as a whole will remain in the immediate charge of the editor, for the present, but it is not intended to limit the contents to his ideas. Many writers will contribute. All contributions not by the editor will be signed with an initial or with some mark of distinction. What we most desire is freedom of discussion and suggestion.

In *Music Review* for October (Chicago, Clayton F. Summy,) Mr. C. B. Cady begins a laborious and painstaking work, which is quite German in the thoroughness of its conception and the research necessary for carrying it out. It is nothing less than a thematic *resume* of the studies and pieces appropriate and useful for teaching, from the beginning to the end of the course. Owing to the alphabetic arrangement of authors adopted, combined with the graded system, his work will not be fully available for teachers in all the grades for some time. The seven pages in the first issue include three grades by authors from Armand to Beaumont. The author has prefixed a statement of the principles on which the classification have been made. The work differs from other attempts at the same thing in giving the musical illustrations of themes and difficulties. In another place will be found an offer whereby subscribers to *Music* may also possess this work of Mr. Cady's at less cost than the regular subscription to *Music Review*, which is \$1 per year. Mr. Frederic Gleason is managing editor. It is an octavo, monthly, sixteen pages per issue. (See Bulletin of *Music* for December.)

SAID Ebenezer Prout, of the Royal Academy of Music, London: "There is something fascinating about musical theory. We all set out with different ideas and principles and names, but when it comes to the point the seventh comes down and the leading tone goes up, and our results are practically the same, you know. Ah, it is delightful, and I wouldn't have it changed for anything in the world." Happily there are men in the musical profession who could not mistake such ideas as Mr. Prout's for evidences of a true scientific spirit. What we want in music theory is just the change Mr. Prout would not have. We want an exact science. Time will surely develop it. J.

MULLER HARTUNG, the ex-hofkapellmeister at Weimar, has written a theory of music. At Bayreuth he recently stated that he was in a position to explode any theory of music that had ever been conceived. Were his own doctrines included in this remarkable statement? We advise all young theorists to submit their newborn ideas to the Muller-Hartung test. Let there be light. J.

DR. S. JADASSOHN, the Leipsic theorist, and the author of text books on harmony and counterpoint, has made no arrangements to locate in New York city. The doctor informed us that although he had received a good offer from New York, he had decided to remain at his old post.

J.

FERUCCIO BUSONI, late professor of piano at the Moscow Conservatory and the winner of the Rubinstein prize for composition, has been added to the faculty of the New England Conservatory of Music, of Boston. J.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

TOUCH AND TECHNIC, VOL. III. A COMPLETE SCHOOL OF ARPEGGIOS. By Dr. William Mason. Op. 44. Philadelphia: Theodore Presser. pp. 32, sheet music size. \$1.

The appearance of a new volume of instructions from one of the first masters of the pianoforte in the world is necessarily a matter of interest to all enterprising teachers. Much more is this the case when it contains so much that is new and significant as the volume now in question. Dr. Mason, a pianist and a teacher by heredity and inherent gifts, as well as by study, cultivation and experience, is author of a singularly original method of combining exercises and different uses of the fingers, in a system of daily practice, which has now been tested in many of its points for thirty years. This system, as a whole, will be considered in detail in a later issue of this periodical. Some of its features will be regarded by many teachers with question; but there are many who have tested them practically in teaching, who agree with the eminent author, that when properly used they "secure the highest possible degree of flexibility, responsiveness and versatility in the fingers, and at the same time educate the ear to all shades of tone-color, and secure a reposeful and exact rhythm and clear accentuation in all degrees of speed. These, I believe," he adds, "are the qualities through which musical interpretation upon the pianoforte comes to expression." The present volume begins with a statement of the general plan of the system, as a whole, in which the present volume constitutes but one of four leading elements. It introduces a method of practice, by which is meant the general plan of combining different kinds of exercise, and different kinds of touch upon the same exercises, the whole having for object the technical qualities above enumerated. Then follows the exposition of the arpeggio system, with its metrical treatment. Here we have several elements which to the great majority of teachers will prove novelties. Dr. Mason is the author of a system of permutations founded upon the diminished chords, which by no less a judge than the pianist, Joseffy, has been called "a complete summary of four-note arpeggios." Beginning with the C position of the diminished seventh, he treats it from a keyboard standpoint, with meter, rhythm, accentuation and varieties of touch. The practice-forms in this part of the work, while available for beginners, or at least within the second grade of instruction (the author and the editor would use them in the first grade), nevertheless contain elements of higher playing, reaching in some of the forms to the excessively rapid speed of more than 1,200 tones per minute. This is about twice as fast as a

good tempo for the Chopin Impromptu in A flat, opus 29. By *meter* Dr. Mason intends the grouping of pulsations, by means of accents, and by *rhythm* the rate at which the tones in the music move, as measured against the background of pulsation and meter. The treatment of these exercises brings into view both these elements. The same arpeggio, commencing in quarter notes, at the rate of perhaps 70, is played with a strong accent, in common time. After one or two repetitions the speed is exactly doubled, *i. e.*, it is played in eighth notes, the accents now falling upon one tone in eight. After a few repetitions of this, it is exactly doubled again, giving rise to sixteenth notes, the accents falling upon one tone in sixteen; again the speed is doubled, the exercise being in thirty-second notes, eight tones to each pulsation, the accent falling upon the first tone of thirty-two. This combination of rhythm Dr. Mason calls a "Rhythmic Table." He expects to accomplish by means of it a more exact sense of time, a greater amount relatively of slow practice, and the proper method of hand treatment in rapid playing, whereby a high degree of speed will be much sooner attained than by the usual method. There are other graded tables of rhythm, similar to the preceding, but commencing with three-part measure, and passing to nines, eighteen, or twenty-sevens.

Even more ingenious is his method of forming new chords from the diminished seventh. Through the simple device of moving one finger a half step or a whole step up or down, no less than twelve other chords are formed; and by moving two fingers at a time a semitone or a whole step from the original position, twelve more are formed; in addition to these there are four derivatives made by moving three fingers. Thus he secures from the C position no less than twenty-nine derivatives, and a like number from any other position of the diminished chord. Many of these derivatives after being practiced in detail are played in rotation, changing the chord at each accent, or at both ascent and descent, or at every octave. Meanwhile rhythmic complication is added, the meter of nines, for instance, requiring nine times up and down the form before the ascent returns to the starting point. Hence the system affords a most exhaustive opportunity for mastering arpeggios, and at the same time does this without tiring the pupil, and with the positive and inestimable advantage of absorbing the attention to a degree unknown to other forms of exercise. Thus certain mental habits are formed by the exercise which are not commonly reached in technics. These arpeggios are practiced with hands singly, in direct motion (*i. e.*, where the hands play toward the strong fingers) and in reverse (the hands playing toward the weak fingers). Then with both hands together. Later there are triad arpeggios, and the broken chords. Although the book is small, it contains an exhaustive school of arpeggios. It covers the whole ground from the beginning to the daily practice of the concert pianist. Every teacher, whether previously acquainted with Dr. Mason's system or not, should get this volume and study it carefully, for there is no other work in which a greater number of practical suggestions and directions for piano practice from an authoritative source are brought together. The explanations are generally clear.

THE SEPTONNATE AND THE CENTRALIZATION OF THE TONAL SYSTEM. A new view of the fundamental relations of tones, and a simplification of the theory and practice of music. By Julius Klauser. Milwaukee: William Rohlfing & Sons, 1890.

It is not possible within present limits to fully review this remarkable work, which is perhaps the most original and suggestive of any theoretical work upon music that has appeared since Moritz Hauptmann's "Harmonik und Metrik," in 1851. Mr. Klauser's theory, briefly stated, is that the tonal system consists of a septonate, or family of seven primary tones, the tonic lying in the center; together with their primary intermediates (sharps and flats) and the secondary intermediates (double sharps and flats), numbering in all twenty-seven tones within the compass of an augmented seventh. In C this would be the primary tones between G below and F above, to which compass the sharps would add F sharp, and flats F flat below. Such a complete septonate he calls a "tone-stratum," which is repeated over and over in the octaves above and below. Within this narrow limit he creates melodies which awaken the tonal sense to such a degree that his pupils are able to write whatever they hear with the same certainty that they write the words of ordinary conversation, and, conversely, are able to sing whatever they see written with the same certainty that they pronounce the words whose printed images stand upon the page before them. Within these limits, moreover, he finds all the keys brought together to such a degree that he is able to teach modulation, after chord formation and relations have been attended to.

Mr. Klauser's view has many facts to recommend it, and if fully mastered would seem to afford an important simplification of all existing bodies of musical theory. It has also two very important and unusual merits in a theoretical work upon music. It recognizes the truthfulness of the natural ear, and the validity and fundamental character of the musical combinations approved by it. These, he says, are the people's song and the dance—the latter being folk song with warmer rhythmic incitation. Everything beyond these two types, he says, must be prepared by cultivation. The excellence of these folk forms arises from their following what he calls the "key-track," or "the line of least resistance," *i. e.*, the lines of tone crystallization as established in the nature of tone itself. He does not fail to discriminate between the simple and intuitively apprehensible musical combinations which follow the key-track, according to the folk song pattern, and the labored productions of schooled writers who diverge from the key-track at every opportunity in search of what they suppose to be originality—the result being a music which has in it no one single element of a true musical expression.

The most noticeable merit of the work is the keen and truthful perception which it everywhere discloses. In this respect it is a good example of what we may expect in the future when our younger school of musicians comes into greater activity, with the benefit they enjoy from their heredity and more favorable environment. Mr. Klauser will be recognized as a son of the celebrated Karl Klauser, who for many years occupied so prominent a position at the head of the musical department of Miss Porter's school, at Farmington, Conn.

The principal defect of the book is the large amount of apologetic or controversial matter which intervenes between ideas which naturally follow and depend upon one another. There are also many digressions, all of a useful character, but not exactly helpful to him who desires to find out in the shortest possible time the nature and compass of the new theory, and the practical modification it ought to make upon his teaching.

CHARLES AUCHESTER. By Elizabeth Sheppard. With an introduction and notes by Geo. P. Upton, author of "The Standard Operas," etc. In two volumes, 16mo. Price, \$2. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

"Charles Auchester," it will be remembered, is the pleasing and somewhat "gushing" novel, dedicated to the glorification of Mendelssohn, written by an English girl at the age of sixteen. The author was herself of Jewish descent, and of remarkable talent. Several celebrated musicians are suggested in the leading characters of the work, and it is one of the regular duties of the musical editor to explain to "Constant Reader," about once in three months during the term of his official life, the names of the musicians concerned. This task, the delightful writer and veteran musical critic, Mr. Upton, has here done, once for all. The volumes are printed with that consummate art in which no publishers excel Messrs. McClurg & Co. The printing is done in Cambridge; the binding in Chicago. Result, perfection. There are two portraits of Mendelssohn, both unusual. The one in the first volume represents a face not unlike that of Raphael's archangel Michael. It was made when the boy was twelve. In the second volume he is represented as seated at the keyboard, his boyish figure, long hair and feminine aspect extremely noticeable. It would have been well to have added one of the fine portraits of this lovely face in its maturity, when it fully exemplified the fine spiritual qualities which so impressed Charles Auchester. Works of this kind are not history, but they sometimes perform a higher use. An enthusiasm for any pure spirit in one's province of effort is worth much for example, incitation, and elevation. Miss Sheppard's charming book has served this purpose for many musical students with the character of Mendelssohn; and although maturity may have brought them into relations with other and greater spirits than his, the Mendelssohn love is one of the orderly steps in musical development.

A NEW MUSICAL GAME. An educational game of composers, musical literature and the elements of criticism. Designed and practically developed for the use of musical students and amateurs, by W. M. Derthick, author of "The Manual of Music." Chicago, 1891. Sold only by subscription. Address the Manual Publishing Co., 415 Dearborn street.

It is doubtful whether any game or semi-playful exercise of solid knowledge has ever been attempted in any department so extensive as this new game of Mr. Derthick. The author is a man with a singular knack of divining what the public ought to have, and what it will

glad to get when once its attention is called to it. This he proved by many collections of music, and more lately by his wonderfully comprehensive encyclopedia of musical knowledge, the "Manual of Music." The latter work having reached a sale of more than 20,000 copies, despite its expensive character, it is not necessary to make here any further introduction of the author. The new game is truly a marvel. It consists of a collection of ninety-six cards, played somewhat after the manner of "Authors." The cards are divided into groups, or suites, each one devoted to a single department. Nothing will give so good an idea of the ground covered as a list of the topics and classes. It begins with class A, "The Antiquities of Music." There are eight cards, definition of music, its beginnings; ancient Egyptian music, Hindoo music, Greek music, Early Christian music, St. Ambrose, St. Gregory, Hucbald. Class B relates to mediaeval music, mediaeval secular music, Guido, Franco, Dufay, Okeghem, Willaert, Gombert, Luther, Lassus, Palestrina. Class C, opera, characterization of opera, definition of qualities in opera, Peri and "Eurydice," Monteverde "Tancredi," Lulli "Armide," Scarlatti "Teodora," Gluck "Orpheus," Mozart "Don Giovanni," Beethoven "Fidelio," Weber "Der Freyschuetz," Rossini "William Tell," Meyerbeer "The Huguenots," Donizetti "Lucia," Gounod "Faust," Verdi "Aida," Wagner "Tristan and Isolde." Class D relates to oratorio, definition of oratorio, Cavaliere and "Representation of Soul and Body," Bach "Passion Music," Händel "Messiah," Haydn "Creation," Mendelssohn "Elijah," Beethoven "Mount of Olives," Spohr "Last Judgment." Class E, symphony, definition of qualities, Haydn "Oxford," Mozart "Jupiter," Beethoven fifth, Mendelssohn "Scotch," Schubert in C major, Liszt "Les Preludes," Saint-Saens "Danse Macabre." Class F, concerto, definition of qualities, Beethoven "Emperor," Paganini E minor, Saint-Saens second, Chopin in E minor, Mendelssohn in G minor, Schumann in A minor, Liszt in E flat. Class G, sonata, definitions of qualities, Haydn sonata in E flat, Mozart in C minor, Beethoven "Appassionata," Schubert in A minor, Schumann in G minor, Weber in A flat, C. P. E. Bach sonata in F minor. Class H, chamber music, definition of qualities, Rubinstein trio in B flat, Brahms quartette in C minor, Beethoven E flat quartette, Grieg G minor quartette, Saint-Saens quintette for piano and strings, Schubert quartette in D minor, Schumann quintette in E flat. Class I, songs, definition of qualities, "Erl King," "Home, Sweet Home," "He, the Noblest," "The Lost Chord," "Adelaide," "Palm Branches," "Non e Ver." There are also unclassified general cards upon the following topics: General principles of musical form, the history of music, value of literary explanations of music, the classical defined, romantic, principles of the beautiful, nocturne, étude, fantasia, fugue, song without words, the "Te Deum," requiem, mass, madrigal. This long list of titles has been given in full, because it is necessary in order to have any proper conception of the ground covered by this playful encyclopedia. All the specific works are provided with qualitative analyses, in which their various excellencies are stated upon a grade of 10. In addition to these analyses, each card is furnished with an amount of matter relating to its history or place in art, equaling a full half of one of the present pages. The general

cards contain matter nearly equal to one page of the present measure. The matter has been carefully prepared by eight or ten of the best known musical writers in the country, among whom are such names as those of L. C. Elson, Van Cleve, Fillmore, Gleason, Cady, Liebling, Goodrich, De Campi, etc., and the editor of *MUSIC*. Every card is as compact as it could well be made, so that in point of condensed information these cards represent the cream of a large volume.

Mr. Derthick has not only planned this game, but has devised ways in which it can be played for pleasure, and at the same time for intellectual improvement and advance in knowledge. At first the players call the cards from one to another by their titles merely; later a card is not surrendered until certain questions concerning it are answered. This exercise is so carefully graded that in the general course the pupils will have forty exercises before fully mastering the information upon the cards. In the so-called "normal course" the questions are so planned as to elicit it in twelve exercises. Hence the game is available as a method of study. It is also capable of being played by a large company together, whereby it is completed sooner. By the mere handling of these titles it can hardly fail that the players acquire a considerable amount of information of a kind necessary to intelligence in music, but not commonly provided by lessons. In short, in spite of the formidable nature of the list of contents above, the game is so cleverly planned as to bring the players *au courant* with it all without any very severe study, and with no small amount of exhilarating competition. In fact, the method of enumerating points and credits is one of the cleverest features of the game, and affords great latitude for a bright player. The only possible drawback to the game is the high price at which it has to be sold, but this, we are persuaded, will not stop it, since there are certain extras included with the cards, which render the bargain more attractive.

TECHNICAL EXERCISES FOR THE PIANOFORTE. By O. R. Skinner and John R. Gray. (As used in the Bloomington College of Music, Bloomington, Ill.) Sheet music size, pp. 150. Schirmer. Price, \$2.50 net.

Upon many accounts this volume of technical exercises for the pianoforte is unusually interesting. The authors are at the head of one of the largest music schools in the country, and are both players of rare ability, one from Berlin, the other from Leipsic. The interest lies, first, in the comprehensive character of the material, and the treatment proposed in carrying it out in daily practice; and, second, in the struggle between old and new ideas in the work. The classification of the material is upon the old German plan of "exercises with the hand fixed" (five-finger positions, one or more of the fingers holding tones); then "with the hands moving," "scales," "arpeggios," etc. The arpeggio treatment is unusually full, and great attention is given to contrary motion. The new ideas in the book are mainly in the direction of fuller and more varied rhythmic treatment of exercises, and in carrying out all the exercises in many or all different keys. The latter point is the strong point of the whole system. It

cannot but prove true that the pupil learning to carry out every exercise in many keys will have a command of the tonal system and the keyboard for the purpose of transposition, wholly unusual in average piano pupils. It may be said of the work, as a whole, that any teacher wedded to the usual idea of piano practice will find this vast collection of material a great addition to his resources, and, if he uses it thoroughly, his pupils will not fail to get what is called technique and command of the keyboard.

The weakness of the system is in the radical idea of touch, which is intended to be "from the knuckle joint, with a high up stroke, firm and precise down stroke, avoiding all in-and-out motion of the finger. The same principle should be applied to the arm movement. Consider the elbow the knuckle joint of a huge finger." (Page 32.) This method of restricting piano practice to these two types of touch is very much less productive than the method of varying the touch, as recommended by Dr. Mason, and as elsewhere referred to in the present number. It will result in a colorless tone quality and monotony of playing. Besides, the fingers will not gain power with anything like the rapidity that they will when a great variety of touches is employed in the daily practice. The "in-and-out" motion of the finger is precisely what is sought by Mason, and experience shows that brilliant playing comes sooner in this way of search. In fact, it may be laid down as a rule that any difficult legato finger passage will come with greater clearness and lightness, as well as brightness of tone quality, if about a third of the practice upon it be in what Mason calls the "elastic" or finger staccato touch—varying the force according to the slowness or rapidity.

The vital point at issue is the ideal of touch. What is the secret of making a good tone? It may be asserted without fear of successful contradiction that the vital quality in touch, that which renders the tone appealing and striking, is expressed through the last joint of the finger, *i. e.*, its point. If this be held in the inert condition which the directions in most systems of practice seem to require, the resulting tone will be dry and uninteresting. If the finger be held nearly straight, attacking with the flat fleshy ball of it, and a good legato maintained, the tone will be soft and song-like; if the point of the finger be alive, moving toward the palm of the hand at the moment of attack, the resulting tone will be bright and lively in quality. This is exactly the difference between the touch of such a player as Joseffy and an ordinary piano player whom no one cares to hear. Of course there is a great deal more in Joseffy's playing than merely touch; but the appealing something finds its way out through the live point of the finger, and never through the hammer finger, except in hard and brilliant passages.

These strictures upon the work of Messrs. Skinner and Gray are made with the more freedom because there is nothing to hinder these able authors from modifying their teaching in respect to touch, in a later edition. One might also regret that when they were availing themselves of part of the idea of rhythmic treatment of exercises, which had its origin in the most eminent of American teachers, they neither gave credit nor made their assimilation with sufficient comprehensiveness.

It is also proper to say that the present, like all current systems of technics, is inadequate in respect to the relation of the arm to playing. The arm touch from the elbow, described in this work, is that which Rosenthal uses; but there is a movement of the full arm, from the shoulder, which almost every artist now uses for certain effects of strength or for soft fullness; these motions no instruction book takes into account. In this respect Dr. Mason is far ahead, because he begins with a light wrist, and from the earliest exercises prepares the hand for octaves, by his two-finger exercise, in which the loose wrist is the strategic point. Nevertheless, even he will not play three pages consecutively from one of his own pieces without using methods of touch which he has nowhere described in his books.

PIANO TOUCH AND SCALES. F. H. Shepard. (G. Schirmer.)

A remarkably suggestive and helpful little pamphlet, of which the part relating to the manner of using the fingers is thoroughly sensible and clearly put. The author lays much stress on the important question of exactly how and when the fingers must be raised and put down, and how the legato touch can be acquired by letting the dead weight of the hand and arm rest loosely on the keys. Whether one agrees with him in every detail or not, what he says is well worth reading by every piano teacher and player.

A. F.

CONCERT ETUDE. Arthur Whiting. (Boston Music Co.)

A musical effective piece for concert playing, and a first-rate study for advanced pupils in the practice of octaves and chords. This may be put by the side of Mason's "Toccata" in A flat major; they are two of the best pieces of the sort for a long time.

A. F.

SICILIANA ALL' ANTICA. Theodore Leschetizky, Op. 39, No. 6. (Bote & Bock.)

An entirely charming piece; of some difficulty, but very grateful and effective. It has all the elegance that one finds in Leschetizky, with a flavor of its own.

A. F.

CAPRICE. J. J. Paderewski. (Op. 14, No. 3.)

This is a companion in the same opus number with the well known Meneut, and without having the popular quality of that, it is interesting even as a concert piece, while as a study it is of absorbing interest to the player, and useful to a high degree.

A. F.

SCALES, KEY RELATIONSHIP, INTERVALS AND CHORDS. Preparatory to work in harmony. By O. R. Skinner, Bloomington, Ill. 12mo., paper, pp. 35.

The scope of this little pamphlet is sufficiently stated in the title. It belongs to the category of ready manuals for teaching, rather than to those in which niceties of expression and pedagogic *nuances* are brought to the front. The instruction in Greek modes is unnecessary. We know nothing whatever of the real effect of Greek music. The

modern scale is an entirely different matter, owing to the tuning and temperament. Greek scales have nothing whatever to do with our music, and it is a waste of time to lay the burden of it upon the memory. Occasionally an undesirable form of expression occurs, as when he says that the chromatic tones of the key are obtained by "chromatic alteration of the principal." Moreover, in place of five chromatic tones there are about twenty. This is true from the standpoint of notation, no less than from mathematics.

NEW PUBLICATIONS OF THE OLIVER DITSON COMPANY.

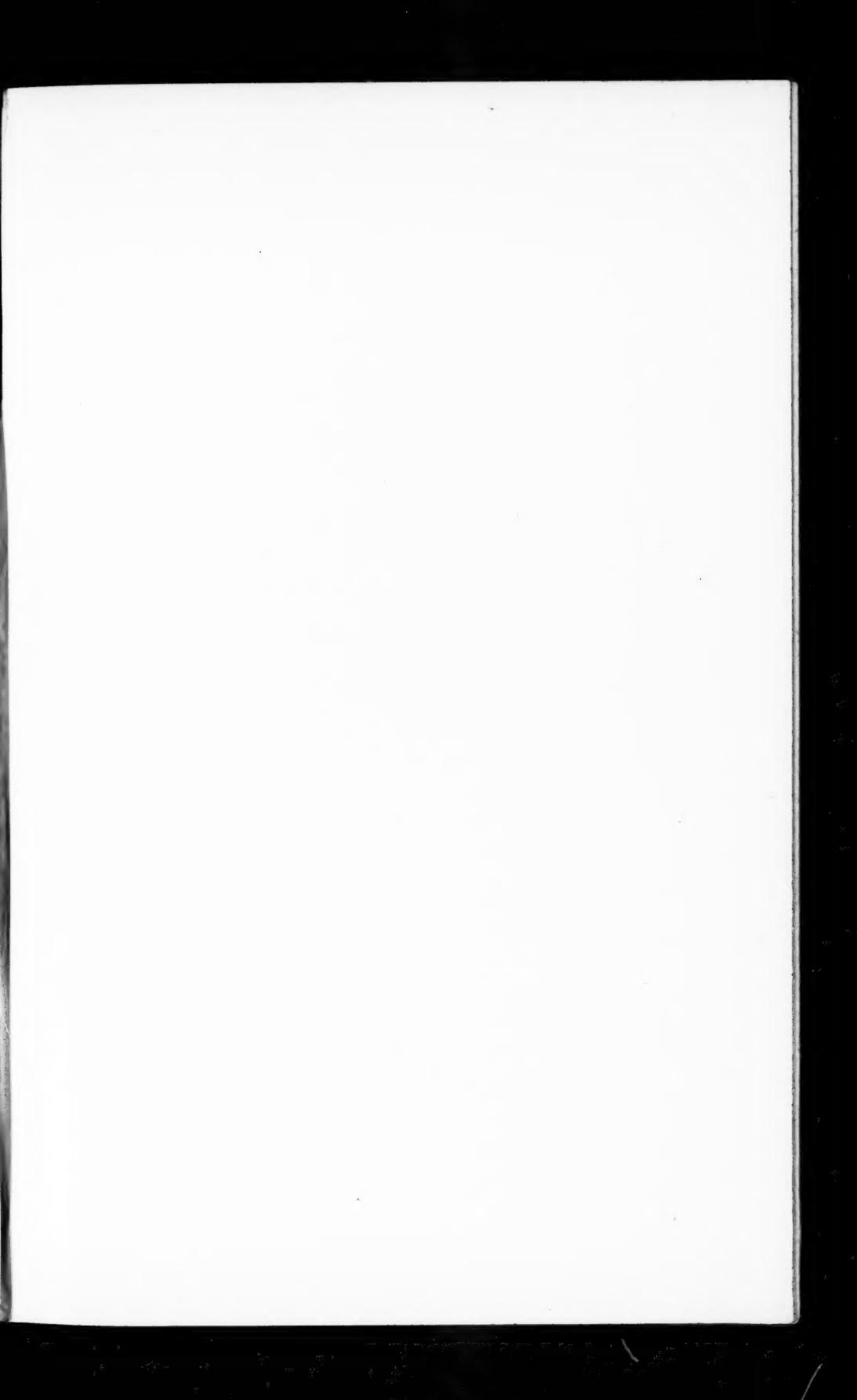
PIANO CLASSICS. Vol. 2. Boards, pp. 143. Price, \$1. A collection of thirty-one pieces, mostly by modern French composers, all pleasing, in their several ways, and all within the limits of the fourth grade. The composers represented are Thome, Durand, Godard, Bachmann, Scharwenka, Meyer Helmund, Moszkowsky, etc.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLASSICS. Boards, pp. 128. Price, \$1. A collection of easy pieces for the young, by the best authors—a somewhat flexible term, extending in this case from Sydney Smith and Koehler, to Gurlitt and Schumann. A part of the pieces are not fingered—an omission to be regretted, but due to the persistence of the so-called American fingering in remote parts of the country.

POPULAR PIANO COLLECTION. Vol. 2. Boards, pp. 128. Price, \$1. Light pieces by modern composers, mostly within the third and fourth grade of difficulty. As collections of this kind are based upon the selling qualities of the pieces as tested at the counter, there is nothing more to be said.

All these collections serve an important use to teachers as reminders of pieces in the several classes, which otherwise they might not happen to recall at the moment of need..







WILLIAM MASON, Mus. Doc.

From an Etching by "Childe Hassam."

(Position at the Pianoforte.)

MUSIC.

DECEMBER, 1891.

THE MUSICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY.

It is fortunate for the musicians and musical students of Chicago and of the west that a liberal portion of the munificent bequest for the endowment of the Newberry Library, left by the late Walter L. Newberry, has been applied to the equipment of its musical department. It is equally fortunate that the administration of this noble trust was placed in the hands of two gentlemen, Mr. E. W. Blatchford and Mr. W. H. Bradley, both of whom realize the importance of this department, and share a mutual pride in its almost phenomenal development. Again, it is fortunate that the accomplished librarian, Dr. W. F. Poole, though his favorite studies have led him in other directions, is ambitious to place this department in the front rank, and has given to it special as well as expert consideration. To these concurrent circumstances is due the fact that the Newberry Library to-day boasts the largest, richest and rarest collection of musical scores, periodicals and literature, to be found in the United States, though it is still incomplete, and only the nucleus of what is destined to be one of the finest libraries in the world, if nothing intervenes in the policy which has been marked out. Unstinted generosity on the part of the trustees, valuable suggestions by the librarian, and outside expert services in making the purchasing lists, all three factors working harmoniously together,

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have conspired to bring about this happy result. Already the fame of this musical collection has transcended local limits, and made it known among the scholars and *connoisseurs* of Europe. It is a pleasant incident of this musical literary development that it occurs at a time when Chicago is enjoying a genuine musical "boom" under the auspices of the new orchestra organized by the eminent conductor, Mr. Theodore Thomas, the powerful influences of the Apollo Club, and the impressive musical scheme of the World's Fair. In this gratifying and healthy condition of musical progress, the musical department of the Newberry Library is destined to play no unimportant part.

The original list of the books needed for the library was begun nearly a year before its organization, and was prepared after a careful catalogue and bibliographical research among the publications of all countries. When completed it was submitted to music scholars in this city for suggestions, and then was sent to Theodore Thomas and Professor John K. Paine, of Harvard College. They not only enthusiastically approved it, but the latter wrote to the librarian: "That is the best list of musical works I have ever seen. If you get them all, you will have the best musical library in the country. I find absolutely nothing to be added to it, but I find a number of books in it which I should like to see Harvard Library get." Mr. Paine's condition has been more than satisfied, for the original list not only has been secured, but numerous others have since been filled. Three or four libraries have been bought entire, and scarcely a week passes that new and valuable invoices are not received from the buyers in London, Paris, Vienna, Leipsic and Berlin.

The contents of the library may be generally classified as follows: Scores of operas; oratorios; cantatas; symphonies and chamber music; psalmody and hymnology; biographies; histories; dictionaries and lexicons; science and technic; instrumentation and history of instruments; literature; songs and ballads; letters and collected writings of composers; theme catalogues, periodicals and papers; librettos; special and first editions; rarities, curiosities and miscellany.

To make anything like a detailed enumeration of the works in these various sections would far transcend the space at command in this article. The writer can only hope to call attention to a few of the more notable titles in each, which may serve to indicate the general extent and richness of the library.

The gem of the collection is the original edition of Jacopo Peri's opera, "Euridice," printed at Florence in the year 1600—the first opera ever publicly performed in the world. Three years prior to this, the same composer wrote the opera of "Dafne," set to a poem by Rinuccini, and written in what was believed to be the style of the ancient Greek tragedy. "Dafne," however, was performed only in private, but its success was so great that the composer was induced to write the music for Rinuccini's poem "Euridice," and it was publicly performed upon the occasion of the festivities attending the marriage of Maria de Medici, of Italy, to Henry IV, of France. There is every reason to believe that this copy is unique. Burney, in his history (1780), speaks of seeing the first edition of this opera in Florence (where this copy was purchased), and expresses his belief that it is the only one in existence. If the edition owned by the library is not the one seen by Burney, there may be another in existence, but its locality is unknown. There was a second edition printed in Venice, in 1608, of which the British Museum has a copy, and other examples of it are known, but we are warranted in believing that the copy of the original Florence edition of 1600, acquired by the Newberry Library, is the only one in the world that is known to-day. It is a matter for congratulation that this prize was snatched away from the British Museum, which was in negotiation for it, and was secured by the enterprise of Chicago business methods, as compared with the slow processes of English transactions in library purchases. The opera is bound in vellum, and is in an admirable state of preservation. Accompanying it is "a book of the opera," containing Rinuccini's poem, which is also in perfect condition, and, with its careful printing and artistic embellishment, puts to shame the cheap and tawdry librettos of the

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present day. As befits such a rare treasure, it is preserved in an elegant case, specially made for it, and is kept in a secure repository. It may be seen by any one, however, upon special application to the librarian. As a matter of curiosity, I make the following extract from the poet's dedication to the queen :

"It is generally imagined that the tragedies of the ancient Greeks and Romans were entirely sung; but this noble kind of singing had not, till now, been revived, or even attempted, to my knowledge, by any one; and I used to think that the inferiority of our music to that of the ancients was the cause; till hearing the compositions of Jacopo Peri to the fable of 'Dafne,' I wholly changed my opinion. This drama, written merely as an experiment, pleased so much that I was encouraged to produce 'Euridice,' which was honored with still more applause when sung to the music of the same composer, Jacopo Peri, who, with wonderful art, unknown before, having merited the favor and protection of the grand duke, our sovereign, it was exhibited in a most magnificent manner at the nuptials of your majesty, in the presence of the Cardinal Legate and innumerable princes and nobles of Italy and France," etc.

Peri himself in his preface, after giving the list of eminent personages present at the performance, and the list of those who sang, informs us that "behind the scenes Signor Jacopo Corsi played the harpsichord; Don Garzia Montalvo the chitarone or large guitar; Messer Giovanni Battista dal violino, the lira grande or viol de gamba; and Messer Giovanni Lapi a large lute." These four were the entire band, the pioneers of three centuries of opera performances. That the only copy left of the original edition of the music they played for the marriage of their most sacred majesties, 291 years ago, should have been preserved so long, in the fair city of Michael Angelo, Dante and Savonarola, and then by a happy chance have found its permanent resting place in this new city of the west is certainly matter for congratulation. It was one of its earliest acquisitions, being part of the library of Count Pio Resse of Florence, which was purchased entire, and here it is destined to remain to tell the story of the genesis of opera.

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There are many more rarities in this remarkable library, a few of which may be enumerated. The veteran of the collection is the "Musica" of Boethius, the learned musical writer of the Romans, born about 475 A. D., and put to death in 525 by Theodoric, the Arian, upon suspicion of being one of the orthodox adherents of Justin. A man of profound learning, great scientific attainments, thoroughly versed in language, philosophy and logic, he was also one of the most scientific writers on music of his time, and his work, based on the system of Pythagoras, contains the most valuable exposition of the music of the ancients in existence. This volume was printed in 1491. Other curious works are the sacred songs of Francesco Soto, the friend of St. Philip Neri, the founder of the oratorio (1588); the madrigals of Alessandro Spontone, chapel master at Bologna (1585); the three most important treatises of Zarlino, the great musical theorist of Chioggia, whose works are now very rare and costly, viz.: "Dimostrationi Armoniche" (1571), "Le Institutioni Armoniche" (1588), and "Sopplimenti Musicali" (1538); the canzonets and madrigals of Brunelli, chapel master to the duke of Tuscany (1614); the canzonets of Cazzati, chapel master of San Petronio at Bologna (1668); the motettes of Cifra, Palestrina's pupil, of whose music Milton was so fond (1638); the canzonets of Giovanni Battista, of Gagliano (1623); concerted pieces with organ, by Vincenzo Pellegrini (1619); the great work of Meibomius, "Antiqueæ Musicæ Auctores Septem Graece et Latine" (1652); beautifully preserved originals of the famous Jesuit, Athanasius Kircher's, works, the "Musurgia Universalis" (1650), and the "Phonurgia Nova" (1673); a quaint and rare little brochure, the "Ars Magnetica" (1641), containing the music popularly supposed to be an antidote for the bite of the tarantula, which shows that the therapeutic value of music, now so generally discussed, was practically considered centuries ago; the "Tesoro Illuminato" of Aijquino Bresciano (1631); the "Historia Musica" of Andrea Angelini Bontempi (1692); "Canto Harmonico," by Andrea da Modena (1690); Padre Martini's "Storia della Musica" (1757), dedicated to Maria Barbara, queen of Spain,

and his "Essemplare di Contrapunto" (1760), works which are fairly sumptuous in the matters of typography and artistic embellishment; a fine original of Mozart's and Haydn's text book, Fux's "Gradus ad Parnassum" (1725); the violinist Tartini's "De Principi dell' Armonia Musicale" (1767); Rameau's "Génération Harmonique" (1738); Gerbert's famous "De Cantu et Musica Sacra" (1774), and "Scriptores Ecclesiastici de Musica Sacra" (1784); and a magnificent vellum edition of Marcello's settings of the Psalms, issued in Venice in 1803, besides the Milan five-volume edition of the same work with Mericke's piano accompaniments, revised by Cherubini.

In scores, the library is peculiarly rich, as its collection includes all the important operas of the English, French, German, Italian and Russian schools, with orchestral scores of the best known; both the piano and orchestral scores of the Wagner music dramas; all the principal oratorios and cantatas; the standard symphonies (this list having been revised by Theodore Thomas); the publications of the Bach-Gesellschaft, the English and German Händel societies, and a complete set of the Breitkopf & Härtel editions; the nineteen volumes of the English Antiquarian Society, which are rich in old English music; the "Musica Antiqua," compiled by George Third's organist; the "Publikation Älterer Praktischer und Theoretischer Musik Werke vorzugsweise des XV und XVI Jahrhunderts," issued by the Gesellschaft für Musikforschung in Berlin, and many others. The editions of piano and organ music, and the collections of songs and ballads are also very complete.

The science of music is represented by the works of Marx, Lobe, Richter, Helmholtz, Ouseley, Jadassohn, Hauptmann, Taylor, Cherubini, Berlioz and numerous others. In the bibliography of church music will be found the standard works of Wackernagel, Clements, Gevaerts, Winterfeld, Herculeus and others. There is an unusually full line of biographies, as well as the collected writings of Berlioz, Cherubini, Wagner, Liszt, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Hiller and other composers, besides their letters, Histories in the ancient, and in nearly all modern languages,

are numerously represented. Works treating of instruments and their manufacture and use, many of them sumptuously illustrated, abound on the shelves. The collection of dictionaries and lexicons is unusually large, embracing the works of such famous compilers as Busby, Rees, Moore Hiles, Smith, Jousse, Stainer, Brande, Browne, Grove, Rousseau, Choron, Fétis, Escudier, Coussemaker, Castil-Blaze, Forkel, Reissmann, Koch, Ambros, Riemann, Gerker, Bernsdorf and Mendel, besides those of many of the most eminent Spanish, Portuguese, Italian and Flemish lexicographers.

The periodical collection of any musical library is one of its most important features, both from the historical and critical point of view, as it must contain the current records of the condition and progress of the art, and thus becomes the authoritative source of original research. In this department of the library, therefore, unusual care has been devoted with reference to making it thoroughly representative and cosmopolitan. It includes complete files of the "Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung," Chrysander's "Jahrbücher für musikalische Wissenschaft," Eitner's "Monatshefte für Musik Geschichte," the "Signale für die musikalische Welt," the "Bayreuther Blätter," the "Berliner Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung," Schumann's invaluable "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," Hiller's "Wochentliche Nachrichten," the "Musikalisches Wochenblatt," Scudo's "L'Année Musicale," Escudier's "L'Art Musicale," the "Harmonicon" (the most scholarly of the old English musical magazines) the London "Quarterly Musical Magazine," the London "Musical World" and "Musical Times," the "Gazette Musicale," founded by Ricordi, of Milan, in 1845, the entire Hofmeister series of catalogues, Dwight's "Journal of Music," the "Musical Herald" of Boston, Wilson's valuable "Year Book," and a large collection of analytical programmes. In addition to these and others, subscriptions have been made for all the best periodicals in various countries, and also for numerous publications which may not be classed as strictly periodical.

The summary which I have made is far from being exhaustive. It represents but a few books in each department,

but it may serve as an indication of the extent and quality of the library. The ample endowment and the generosity of the trustees in its application have been of special service to its phenomenal growth by offering the opportunity to acquire several libraries entire, thus securing a great number of rare and valuable works at one purchase, instead of waiting years, perhaps, to trace out and find each individual work—a process whose tediousness is well known to all book hunters. Among libraries obtained in this manner the most valuable was that of Count Pio Resse, of Florence, Italy. Though it contains but a few hundred volumes, each one of them is rare and famous, and several of them it would be difficult to duplicate. Another exceedingly valuable library is that known as the Main collection, which includes a complete chronological list of psalmody and hymnology, beginning with Ravenscroft, Sternhold and Hopkins, and other psalm books brought over by the Puritans, and coming down to the present time. The library of Dr. Julius Fuchs, recently of Chicago, has also been secured, and is of special value, as it includes a large number of rare scores, with the addition of the individual parts for orchestra, and a specially good collection of recent German and French works on the science of music. Still another excellent collection of vocal music is the library of the defunct Beethoven Society which, by the intervention of Mr. Carl Wolfsohn, its leader, and Mr. John G. Shortall, was donated by the Public Library to the Newberry. Negotiations are in progress for other private and public collections. There is not a week, indeed, in which large orders are not sent out to the buyers, and meanwhile every work, as soon as published, is added to the already large catalogue.

It is not idle boasting to claim that the musical department of the Newberry Library within a very few years will be one of the richest in the world. It is already superior to any in this country. When the new library is finished, it will have rooms to itself, and they will be provided with musical instruments of various kinds, and with all the equipment necessary to lectures and class study, as well as private investigation. All this wealth of learning is open to the free

use of scholars and students at the library, under very mild restrictions, for whatever period their line of research may require; so that it is now possible to study musical history from its original sources in nearly every department, without crossing the ocean, or even approaching the seaboard. And all this has been accomplished in a city scarce half a century old, in little more than two years of time! Here is certainly an occasion for local pride and congratulation. To the student of music and to all interested in the divine art, it offers an inviting field for research. To the trustees and librarian it must be a gratifying and satisfying achievement.

GEORGE P. UPTON.

THE OLD AND THE NEW MASTERS.

Who is not familiar with that tone of unqualified and exclusive reverence, that final falling inflection, in vogue with musicians and laymen alike, when speaking of the "old masters"? As if, forsooth, they were the only masters; as if these ancient and venerable apostles of music had reached and exhausted the highest, the ultimate possibilities in her service, and all their successors were necessarily but feeble imitators, or impudent innovators! What justification is there, if any, for this prevalent impression, thus finding unconscious utterance?

With all due respect to the abilities and attainments of our predecessors, and all proper gratitude for their labors and achievements, we cannot but know, if we will look about us impartially, and think candidly, that the world moves on, in art, as well as in ethics, philosophy, science and mechanics. History may, indeed, repeat itself in seeming, but though it appears, at a casual glance, to be traveling eternally the self-same circle, a closer examination shows it to be a steadily if slowly ascending spiral.

In every age of the world's history, and in every department of its productive activity, whether material or spiritual, there always have been and always must be the old and the new masters; the new rapidly becoming the old, as those still newer press to the van of progress, and gradually crowd into the background their predecessors. Each class is precisely as good and great as the other, and for precisely the same reasons. Each represents the best of its time and generation. Neither made its epoch, but was made by it. Every manifestation of what we call genius, whether it be in a single meteoric flash of isolated power, or come with the collective luminosity of a constellation of brilliant planets, as in the first quarter of our own century, is the embodiment

of a new revelation; or, more strictly speaking, is the personified evidence of a new step in human evolution. It marks a stage of development always a half century or more in advance of the mass of mankind, but which the race, or at least the struggling, progressive part of it, slowly climbs to, passes and leaves behind; as a bright sea shell is tossed high upon the beach by some taller-crested wave, and lies gleaming there for a little space, far in advance of the foam-flecked waters, till others of its kind are flung beyond it by the ever climbing billows, reaching and whelming it from sight.

Where are now, for instance, the gifted and famous minnesingers, or traveling bards of the Middle Ages; Horand, the harpist, Volker, the fiddler of Alsey, Tannhäuser, Walther von der Vogelweide, with a host of others, at once creative and interpretative artists, known, admired, beloved, throughout the length and breadth of Europe, as Patti, Rubinstein and Sarasati are to-day? Mere empty names to the few ears that ever hear them. The very gods they served and sang of are vanished into the mists of an obsolete mythology. They were great and worthy men in their time, as earnestly devoted to their work, and as useful in preserving and promoting true musical art, as any of their successors. The music they made would undoubtedly seem to us childishly simple, pitifully primitive, but it was the best then known. It marked the then high-water line of progress, and these early minstrels were no doubt soundly abused by the conservatives of their time as unwarrantable modern innovators.

Every strongly original writer has this to meet. He comes as a radical, a revolutionist, a destroyer of precedents, a foe of established orders. He resolutely insists upon, and finally, if strong enough, compels the recognition of a new point of view, considerably beyond the conservative, hitherto orthodox horizon. And that horizon, perforce, though reluctantly, expands to include it. At first he is opposed, abused, condemned, as an irreverent, impertinent, altogether dangerous crank, then slowly he finds appreciation among a few advanced spirits, and later with the rank and file,

becomes a favorite and representative man of his time, the popular idol—this latter usually just after his death—and finally the venerable classic for a following generation. But the race and the art move on. His works are crystallized, they cannot expand, or advance to meet changing conditions, and before very long they are fossilized and laid on the shelf, as valuable historic studies, but interesting chiefly to the antiquary.

The conservative school in every age reaches always backward, clinging with desperation, as needless as it is vain, to the manifestations of former greatness, as if antiquity were the chief criterion of worth; despairingly assuring us that art is degenerating, dying, because the old-time favorites are falling into neglect. As well tremble for the life of the forest, when the venerable but decrepit oak, which was the pride of former centuries, falls, to make room for the younger, healthier growth. Trees come and go with their generation, each has its day, flourishes and perishes, but the forest's life is perennial, eternal. Its surge-like harmonies will make response, in undiminished grandeur, to the Titanic organ peal of ocean, so long as breezes blow and billows roll. So the vitality of art is perennial, eternal. It is a fundamental, indestructible element in human life. The love of beauty, the craving for sympathy, the desire for self-utterance, the longing to perpetuate our fleeting feelings and experiences in fitting and enduring forms, will last as long as there are hearts to feel, brains to conceive and hands to execute. And art will echo nature, as the forest echoes ocean, and will have its few active and its many passive devotees, precisely as to-day, long after the most aggressively modern champions of the advance movement in our time have been forgotten, as completely as are now the composers and compositions of Athens.

Palestrina was a revolutionist in his day, but is now virtually obsolete, even for the severest classicists. Gluck was as radical an innovator as Wagner, yet it is only occasionally and with difficulty that one of his works can now be briefly recuscitated. Beethoven was a madman, even to many of the best musicians, as late as 1805, when, as that musical

veteran, Prof. Haupt, himself told me, the fifth symphony was rehearsed in Berlin for the first time, and the musicians in the leading German orchestra dashed the music from the racks, declaring it was crazy, and could never be played. Now this same fifth symphony is considered a model of form, of symmetry and lucidity, and its composer is the cherished idol of conservatives and classicists.

It is not unreasonable to assume that our children will live to see Chopin and Schumann studied as antique models of classic form ; and that theirs may hear the orthodox conservatives bewailing the decline of Wagner's popularity, as that of a dear, safe old master, the representative of that better time gone by, when clarity of outline, logical thematic development, and intelligible harmonic progressions were considered of more importance than the feverish striving after a fictitious originality of "these moderns."

"Other times, other customs," says the German proverb, and fashions change in art, as in dress, but it is, and must be, after all, the human form which is clothed, in the bodily or spiritual sense, and to which the new habiliments must fit themselves, with more or less appropriateness and grace.

This leads me to a brief consideration of that much vexed question of form. The late Eugene Thayer, in one of the last of his able contributions to the *Etude*, asserts that "a good gavotte is better than a poor sonata." I would go a step farther, and maintain, that so far as the mere form is concerned, it is precisely as good as a good sonata. Who shall dare say that any one form is better than any other? Form is but the outward dress of an idea, and the best form is always that which best expresses that which it is intended to convey. We may have our individual preferences, based upon temperament or training, but all we have really the right to demand of any production is that it shall be a good specimen of its kind, and shall clearly, adequately embody the thought of the composer. You may have personally a passion for old armor, but it is, for all that, the most ridiculously unsuitable apparel for a dryad or a mermaid. Just so, you may have a fancy for the fugue

form, but if you are wise, you will hardly use it for a love song or a serenade.

Many forms have had their time of being fashionable, and because that time happens to have been a hundred years ago, instead of to-day, does not establish any superior claim to our reverence. Neither does a great name, when in a sense identified with a certain form, bestow upon it any pre-eminence of intrinsic merit. Horace wrote odes, Tasso is noted for his sonnets, and Shakespeare achieved his greatest triumphs in his tragedies. But that does not in the least tend to demonstrate that either the ode, sonnet or tragedy, is the only perfect, or even the best form of poetical utterance.

It would be as absurd for men of letters to dispute about the relative excellence of the epic and the drama, as for farmers to quarrel over the comparative value of the horse and the cow. Each has its place and uses, and must be judged by the criterion of its own particular species, and its fitness for the purposes which it is intended to subserve. Bach wrote fugues, and Beethoven sonatas, partly because they chanced to be most in vogue at the time, and partly because they happened to prefer them, and to express themselves most easily and effectively through them; not because they are in any respect superior, as mere modes of expression, to the ballade, the fantasie, and the other more modern forms of later writers.

There is much talk nowadays, among a certain class of musicians, about the "purity of classic form and the model structure belonging to the classic composers." I am always inclined to suspect a certain lack of real discrimination in persons adopting this tone aggressively. The attitude of unquestioning reverence, with hats off, before a long established authority, is a very safe and decorous one, for those consciously deficient in independent critical judgment.

Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as "classic form," in the sense in which that term is usually understood. There is a hazy idea in the minds of most students and many musicians, that the fugue and the sonata are eminently classic, whatever may be the diversity of opinion about

other forms. When asked why, they are sadly put to it to bring to light these two sorry reasons: Firstly, because they are old; and lastly, because Bach wrote one and Beethoven the other, and these two "Big B's" are supposed to establish authority in all things musical. It is hardly worth while to point out the obvious fact that the fugue and the sonata are no older than a dozen other forms for the expression of musical ideas, to wit: The *suite*, *toccata*, *prelude*, *gavotte*, etc., which we are never specially called upon to reverence as classic. Bach wrote fugues, and Beethoven sonatas, to be sure, but I have never heard that Bach's partiality for the *gigue* (jig), and Beethoven's voluminous *variations*, had succeeded in establishing these two forms as classic. On the contrary, the *gigue* is popularly regarded as the most undignified, and *variations* as the most frivolous, of all the forms of musical expression. Let us have other reasons, then, if they exist, for the ultra-classic claims of the fugue and the sonata.

No two musical epochs ever did or ever will maintain the same fixed standard for any single musical form ; and it is impossible to find, even among the different works of the same composer, a strict conformity to any given model. No two sonatas of Haydn or Mozart, who will be generally admitted as masters of form, are precisely alike in construction ; and in Beethoven, who is now studied as a classic, the divergence is antipodal. Compare, for instance, the three most familiar sonatas from his pen : The "Pathetique," the "Moonlight," and the "Opus 26," in A flat, which have scarcely a single movement in common, either in character or outline. Even the order of succession of the different movements is not the same in any two of these works ; while two of the three cited are in reality not sonatas at all, according to any authorized definition.

Bach was accused by his contemporaries of being unable to write a fugue, and Beethoven's ninth symphony, the crowning masterpiece of his life, contains no symphonic allegro, upon which the name of the form symphony depends.

In the face of these facts, knowing, as we do, that forms fluctuate like shadows from a dying fire, and shift like clouds

on a wind-swept sky ; that no two masters, ancient or modern, have ever agreed concerning a single one of them, why not be candid with ourselves and the public, and drop our learned cant about classic forms and classic writers ? The only thing in art which is of lasting importance, or enduring vitality, is its distinctly human interest, the active, sentient life which it embodies and bestows. For that we should prize and cultivate it, and should rank those artists and art products highest, no matter to what age or school they may belong, which give us most of this essential element. If embodied in beautiful and attractive forms, so much the better, but who cares whether the type be ancient or modern ; Greek, Roman or Anglo-American ?

In a general way, however, we know that the race progresses, and that the power of self-utterance increases, as the thoughts and emotions to be expressed become deeper and more complex. Then why not frankly admit, what most of us secretly feel, that the music of the eighteenth century was, as a whole, superior to that of the seventeenth, and to any preceding ; and that the nineteenth century has radically improved upon the eighteenth in music, as in literature, science and morality ?

EDWARD BAXTER PERRY.

THE RITTER VOM GEISTE.

II.

One of the distinguished traits of the truly great Knights is their versatility. The composer of the Freischuetz could create the idealized dance form in his "Invitation to the Dance" and Mendelssohn, the most protean of composers, on whom Apollo seemed to have fairly showered all the gifts in his possession, gave to the world "St. Paul," and the "Spring Song." Beethoven, after solving the great problems and portraying the whole gamut of emotion and passion in his symphonies and sonatas, could unbend, and present to us the charming little bagatelles, and the humorous Rondo, Opus, 129, which is rather a remarkable piece of programme music, describing as it does his rage at having lost a farthing. And Bach, the most profound of musical savants, who rivaled the boldness of the most advanced votaries of the "music of the future" in the harmonic progressions of the Chromatic Fantasie and the G minor Fantasie for the organ, mingled with the rest of the world in his Gavottes, Sarabandes and Gigues. Robert Schumann, that most fanciful and divine musical crank, whose works embody the peculiar flavor of the untranslatable German idiom, *Innigkeit*, and who was ever in his dissatisfaction hunting that fantastic chimera of the one tone which pervades the universe, and which forms the motto of his great Fantasie, Opus 17, occupies a separate niche in the Walhalla of the Knighthood. The dark and turbulent windings of the musical phrase in the first Kreisleriana are beautifully contrasted by the second number; the fifth is a veritable ghost story; and the seventh, which is ushered in by three diminished chords, portrays the unhappiest of moods. Only toward the end do the clouds break away. This song awakens the deepest emotions of the human heart. To have heard Niemann sing "Ich Grolle Nicht" represents a valuable musical reminiscence

for life ; the inspiriting strains of "He, the Noblest," and the grand descriptive force of the "Fruehlingslied," are irresistible ; the Fashingsschwank and Humoreske present delightful stories of men and their times, and passing events to him who knows how to read between the lines, and command the magic "open sesame." In close sympathy with him is Robert Franz, who drew his inspiration from Bach and German folklore; in his "Dedication" and "Er ist gekommen" he shows his mettle.

To the same mode of musical thought belong Kirchner, Bargiel and Jensen. A little "Albumblatt" by the first, and a "Marcia Fantastica" by the second, gave evidence of delightful and quaint melodic instinct. Sad, indeed, was Jensen's life; the angel of death hovered around him for a long time, until life's fitful fever had burned out, and the weary spirit found welcome relief. His life-long friend, Kuczynski, a banker and musical Mæcenas in Berlin, whose generosity enabled Jensen to prolong his life by living in congenial climes, has published a series of letters from him which tell the most pathetic story of patient suffering and artistic aspirations. They are very unlike Mendelssohn's letters, which read as if they had been written with a view to ultimate publication, and give the outpourings of a richly endowed mind and passionate soul. Generous in his estimate of others, he exercises the greatest self-criticism. In his case, as in many others where true merit was concerned, there existed no petty jealousy. Hans von Buelow after examining Jensen's Opus 1, a collection of songs, wrote for a leading German musical journal a glowing account of their superiority, recognizing their worth instantly with correct instinct; thus Schumann introduced Brahms to the world, and Brahms in his turn enabled Dvorak to obtain that recognition and hearing which his talents warranted. Genius is a good deal like a flower; it needs plenty of sunshine (whether as much water is a matter of reasonable doubt). There is a double charm about Jensen's musical phraseology; it shows itself in his song, "Marie," with its quaint ending; and singularly enough, I came across the same peculiar harmony which gives to the song its characteristic flavor in a menuet from one of

Haydn's quartettes. Thus history repeats itself, and the world moves in a circle. The wedding music, which is dedicated to his benefactor, is very happy, and charming, though rather superficial. We find Jensen at his best in compositions like the "Galatea" and "Enchantress," where he can give full sway to his imagination. Though often Schumann-esque, he yet preserves quite a distinct individuality. His descriptive powers show to superior advantage in the "Wanderbilder"; in these we are brought in contact with a most refined and highly sensitive musical organization.

In close touch with the preceding is Stephen Heller, who may well be termed the *caseur* of the pianoforte. He writes song transcriptions which rival those of Liszt's in happy invention; has not only the audacity to write another set of variations on the theme of the andante from Beethoven's sonata, Opus 57, but the ability to carry such an undertaking to a successful ending; he gives us in his Freischuetz études all the pertinent points of the opera, and elaborates a theme of Schumann's in a manner which approximates that master's Symphonic Etudes. In short, he could assume the personality, and reproduce the striking traits, of each master. In a similar manner he writes studies *a la* Chopin, and two most charming caprices on themes from Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" overture, and "Midsummer Night's Dream" music. In one of his best works we find a most expressive "Warum," fully as suggestive of the unsolved question as Schumann's. Entirely different are the characteristics of his great contemporaries, Moscheles and Hiller, both pianists of first rank, and writing in the largest musical forms; the former is fast retiring into the twilight of semi-obscurity, retaining his hold upon the present age principally by his studies, Opus 70, and the G minor concerto. As soon as a composer's works are only cultivated on account of their pedagogic worth, their death knell has sounded. Hiller's F sharp minor concerto contains many beautiful episodes; a charming little piece, "Zur Gitarre," is more generally known. Those must have been great times in Paris when he, Chopin and Liszt, all of them in the hey-day of youth, full of life,

esprit and gaiety, frequented the boulevards and played boyish pranks on that most sedate and dignified of Philistines, Kalkbrenner. Chopin, most beloved by the gods, died young. Hiller lived to see himself passed by later generations, and Liszt, after becoming the victim of the most absurd hero worship by all the piano maniacs who made the pilgrimage to Weimar, the pianistic Mecca, in the vain hope of imbibing some of his greatness, died in the fullness of his years; and with him, not even excepting Wagner, passed away the most remarkable and central figure of the musical life of the present century.

The present age runs to the condensation of matter. The day of the novel in three volumes is gone, the public is in a hurry; life has become too short for the work to be done; science is introducing abbreviated compends, and time and labor-saving methods; this is the day of the lawyer's digest; newspapers bring an epitome of passing events, the brief essay has taken the place of long-drawn-out discussions, and even the gentle cow is being displaced by the condensed milk factories. Thus our modern Ritter vom Geiste gain a speedy admission, not by an opera or oratorio, but by some short contribution, which serves to show conclusively that they possess some distinctly appreciable quality and individuality of their own. The French school of writers presents many striking examples. Godard wrote the little "Chanson de Florian," and it speedily made the round of the concert halls, and the "Te Souviens-tu?" and "Dites-moi" linger long in the memory of the listener. He enriches piano literature distinctly in his "Au Matin" and "Second Mazurka," which represent the highest order of elegant *salon* music. The great organist, Widor, has found expression for touching musical accents in a charming song "Nuit Etoilée"; Délibes' ballet music is full of sentiment, and yet possesses the effervescence of champagne, the valse lento and pizzicato from "Sylvia," and that most enticing of valse movements from "Naila" having never been surpassed in the field of ballet music. The name of Bizet conjures up delightful reminiscences of "Carmen"; less known are his "Chants du Rhin," six piano compositions, among

which "Le Retour" and "Le Rêve" are distinct departures from conventionality. Well might it be said of him, what Grillparzer wrote on Schubert's grave, that "Here were buried great attainments, but still greater hopes," for his early death deprived French art of one of her most gifted disciples. Théodore Lack and Thomé excel in charming, albeit condensed, compositions. The former's "Chant du Ruisseau" and "Arietta" and Thomé's "Crepuscule" have made their name familiar to us on this side of the ocean. Among the grand masters of the Gallic nation stand out preëminently Halévy, Bizet's father-in-law, and Ambroise Thomas, whose "Connais-tu le Pays?" in "Mignon" presents the most beautiful and appropriate setting of Goethe's famous lines.

Among the old masters, Rameau should not be forgotten; a pretty gavotte and variations has survived the lapse of time, and still maintains a place on modern concert programmes. Litolff and Alkan deserve mention; the former has left a scherzo in his D minor concerto which will always be remembered, and Alkan's études rival and often excel those of Liszt and Rubinstein in colossal difficulty. A review of French art would be incomplete without mentioning Marmontel, the "doyen" of French pianists, under whose guidance most of the French artists have attained eminence. Among his pupils are Delaborde, Wieniawski and Planté. Marmontel has also published a number of delightful *feuilletons* on the lives and characteristics of the great musicians and virtuosi.

The piano playing of the French nation has been ably educated by that noble institution, the Conservatoire of Paris, which was founded during the great revolution. The first teacher was Adam, father of the composer of the "Postillon de Lonjumeau"; his pupil, Zimmermann, long occupied the leading place in Paris musical circles; it was at his *salons* that Moscheles and Thalberg first made their bow to a Parisian audience. Kalkbrenner continued the great traditions of the past; his contemporaries speak of him in the most glowing terms, and his favorite pupil, Stamaty, had the good fortune of guiding the musical genius of Gottschalk

and Saint-Saens, and in the latter we meet a most comprehensive musical genius. In his works we find the most profound knowledge, coupled with graceful melodic invention; in every branch of musical art he excels with a master's hand. No matter what the form of composition, he fills it completely. We owe to him a G minor concerto, which opens in the style of Bach, and yet presents in a scherzo and tarantelle of dazzling brilliancy the most modern effects; the "Danse Macabre" is a most realistic picture of tone-painting; a grand aria from "Samson and Delilah" shows him to be one of the creators of genuine melody, and in numberless other works he has shown himself the most versatile of artists. He vouchsafes us echoes from his extensive travels, in the "Suite Algerienne" and "Un Nuit in Lisbonne," always faithfully depicting and reproducing the peculiar local coloring and atmosphere of each place. Himself a grand pianist and organist, he presents the wonderful spectacle of a great man who seems to be able to do everything well.

EMIL LIEBLING.

THE ACOUSTIC RELATIONS OF THE MINOR CHORD.

It is now twenty-seven years since Helmholtz published his epoch-marking work on "Tone-Sensations"—a work which enormously enlarged our knowledge of acoustics, and gave a renewed impulse to the study of the relations of acoustics to harmony. That chords, as a part of music in general, must have a physical basis and mathematical relations, is a self-evident fact; and the discoveries of Helmholtz made it seem more than probable that our conceptions of tone combinations as *chords*, whether consonant or dissonant, are dependent on a sort of latent or sub-conscious perception of the acoustic relations of tone. Indeed, it is probably not too much to say that nobody disputes, nowadays, that the major chord is to be referred to the acoustic phenomenon known as "overtones" as its physical basis. Our perception of it as a concord depends on our perception of the blending of the first five overtones (the only ones sufficiently audible to be taken into the account), into complete unity with the fundamental tone. That is, we have a sub-conscious perception of the complex nature of every tone, however simple. We know as a scientific fact that every vibrating body (string, column of air, etc.) vibrates not merely as a whole, but also in its simple fractions; that each of these fractions produces a tone higher than the fundamental tone of the vibrating body, and having a vibration number bearing a simple ratio to that of the fundamental. We know that these overtones, which make up, together with the more powerful fundamental, a complex tone, blend into perfect unity with the fundamental, so that it requires sharp listening, or perhaps special apparatus, to discover that the tone is

not simple. We know that these tones always occur in a fixed order, thus:

C . c . g . c' . e' . g' . etc.,

and that the first six tones, which are the components of this complex whole, all belong to the major chord. We are all agreed that this blending into unity in the sense of the fundamental is the physical fact which conditions our psychological perception of the chord as a consonance, and that, in some way or other, not yet fully explained, the component tones enter into our conception of the chord as separate elements of sensation and perception, notwithstanding the fact that we do not commonly discriminate these separate elements in single tones.

The phenomenon of overtones, then, accounts satisfactorily for the major chord ; and not only for our understanding of it merely as a *chord*, but also as a *concord*. By common consent it *is* a concord ; *i. e.*, it is not only euphonious, but it is one of the only two kinds of chords which can be employed as a point of final repose ; and this common agreement as to its consonance agrees perfectly with the acoustic facts ; with the blending of the vibrations of the parts of a sounding body with the vibrations of the whole, which is as intelligible to the mind as the consonance is satisfying to the ear.

But by what physical principle shall we account for the minor chord, and especially for the *consonance* of the minor chord? That the minor chord *is* a concord, and not a discord, is, I believe, unanimously admitted. I have yet to see the work on harmony which does not classify the minor chord with the major as a concord. Composers never hesitate to employ it as the final point of repose, and the unlearned in music, including savages, do precisely the same. By common consent the consonance of the minor chord is as unassailable as that of the major chord.

Yet the minor chord is assuredly *not* a concord if the overtone series is the acoustic phenomenon to which it must be referred for its physical explanation. The minor third is not to be found in that series. Its presence in the series introduces the sharpest kind of a dissonance ; for the major third is

necessarily present, and the semitone of difference between the two thirds involves, not the making of a new concord, but the transformation of a perfect concord into a discord, the sharpness of whose dissonance would be simply intolerable if the two thirds were given with equal power. It is only because the minor third, sounded in a minor chord, completely overpowers and practically obliterates the fainter major third present in the overtones of the fundamental, that we are able to conceive the minor chord as a concord.

This is, perhaps, the proper place to call attention to the fact that the principle just mentioned, *i. e.*, the overpowering and practical obliteration of certain elements in a chord by other more prominent elements, plays an important part in the major as well as in the minor consonance. Let me illustrate: If we strike the tone C on a piano, we know that we produce a complex tone made up of C and its overtones. We know also, that, unless the string is struck very forcibly and harshly, so as to divide it into its smaller fractions, the overtones beyond the fifth are either not present or are so extremely faint as to be inaudible. They may be disregarded, practically, and we have in the complex tone merely the major chord of C. If, now, we strike E and G, the tones which, with C, make up the chord of C major, we get the first five overtones of each of these tones. That is to say, there are three major chords present in the combination, the chord of C, the chord of E, over-third to C, and the chord of G, over-fifth or dominant to C. Yet we never have any practical difficulty in referring the combination to C as fundamental, nor in recognizing the chord as consonant, in spite of the dissonant elements which we know are present. The reason is, I suppose, that the fundamentals are always more powerful than the overtones, and that the two powerful tones, E and G, so reinforce the overtones of C that, taken together, they obliterate such of their own overtones as dissonate with C and its overtones, to such an extent that these dissonant overtones produce practically no effect on the ear or on the mind. The consonant elements are so overwhelmingly predominant that we cannot avoid the conviction that the combination is a concord.

The following exhibition of the tones which make up the chord of C, with the first five overtones of each tone, will show the preponderance of the consonant over the dissonant elements:

G g d . . . g' . . . b' . . . d''
 E e b . . . e' . . . g♯ . . . b'
 C c g c' . . . e' . . . g'

Here we have: (1) The consonant chord in the form, C-E-G; (2) The same chord an octave higher, with the g reinforced, (^{c-e-g}); (3) The same chord, two octaves higher, with the third and fifth reinforced (^{c'-e'-g'}). Between the second and third repetitions of the chord come b and d, both of which contradict the chord, and beyond the last repetition comes g♯, b' (doubled) and d''. These give us the dominant chord, thrice over, and the chord of E (over-third), both major and minor. But it is easy to see that these elements cut only a small figure, comparatively. For the three tones C-E-G are vastly more powerful than any of the overtones; the next combination, c-e-g, is more powerful than the higher overtones; the c'-e'-g' (twice over) with the third and fifth doubled would perhaps overbear the b and d, and is stronger than the higher overtones beyond it. The three repetitions of the consonant chord overwhelmingly preponderate over the dissonant overtones and the dissonant chords which they produce, and the consonance is practically undisturbed.

Now let us consider the case of the minor chord. If we exhibit the minor chord with the first five overtones of its components, as we did the major chord and its overtones, our scheme will turn out thus:

G g d g' b' . . . d''
 E♭ e♭ b♭ e♭' . . . g' . . . b♭'
 C c g c' e' . . . g'

The original chord is first reinforced by the octaves of all its components, the g, doubled. The third repetition of the chord, however, is not only disturbed by the tones b flat and d, but by the contradictory major third, for which the trebling of the g' is small compensation. It is precisely the e flat which is the characteristic tone of the chord, and the presence of e' on one side and d' on the other,

each a semitone distant, involves not one but two elements, which are both sharply dissonant, while the e' is the strongest possible negation of the minor chord. Besides, we have not only the contradiction of the minor tonic by the major tonic chord, but we have also *two* dominant chords; the minor dominant twice repeated, and the major dominant once, besides the relative major chord, and the chord of E minor. That is to say, there are three major chords (C, E flat and G), and two minor chords (E and G), which dissonate with the minor tonic, as against two major chords (E and G) and one minor chord, which dissonate with the major tonic. This makes almost twice as many dissonant chords, and they dissonate more with one another, as well as with the tonic, for the major and minor dominant contradict each other as strongly as do the major and minor tonic. It is obvious that the dissonant elements in the minor chord are vastly more prominent and more offensive than in the major chord, and the fact that we accept it as a concord, notwithstanding the constant presence of these dissonant elements, shows either that the three original tones and their octaves overbear them so sufficiently that we practically disregard them, or that some other principle is at work to make the minor chord a consonance.

The question naturally suggests itself here, whether it is not the greater number of dissonant elements in the overtones of the minor chord which has led to the frequent preference of the major chord as a final point of repose. Every student of Bach knows how frequently he ends a minor fugue with a major tonic; and in harmonizing over a hundred Indian melodies and submitting the harmonies to Indian criticism, I have found that the tendency is strongly toward closing minor songs with a major chord. If untaught aborigines and the highest musical culture, as represented in John Sebastian Bach, unite in such a preference of the major chord, is this consensus to be regarded as without meaning? Certainly, from the point of view of acoustics, taking into account the overtones only, the minor chord is much less purely consonant than the major chord. And this agrees, approximately, with the musical sense.

But is there any other acoustic principle to be taken into the account? Do we need to modify the view above set forth? Above all, is there any acoustic principle which will explain the minor chord as the overtones explain the major chord?

This last question is the really important one; and there are a number of very able men* who unhesitatingly answer it in the affirmative. The *undertone series*, say they, explains the minor chord. It fits into that series exactly as the major chord fits into the overtone series. Let me try to make this clear. The overtones are tones whose vibration-numbers are *simple multiples* of the vibration-number of the fundamental tones, thus:

$$\begin{matrix} \text{C} & \dots & \text{c}' & \dots & \text{g}' & \dots & \text{e}' & \dots & \text{g}' \\ 1 & & 2 & & 3 & & 4 & & 5 & & 6 \end{matrix}$$

The undertones are tones whose vibration numbers are *simple fractions* of the vibration number of the fundamental tones, thus:

$$\begin{matrix} \frac{1}{5} & \cdot & \frac{1}{4} & \cdot & \frac{1}{3} & \cdot & \frac{1}{2} & \cdot & \frac{1}{1} & \cdot & \frac{1}{C} \end{matrix}$$

These tones, say the reformers, all blend into unity *in the sense of C*; not in the sense of F. The chord is the exact reciprocal of the C major chord; it is C with its *under* (major) third and *under-fifth*; it is an *under-chord* of C, just as C-E-G is an over-chord of C.

To this view I became a convert several years ago, and have not only advocated it publicly, but have transformed my harmony teaching in accordance with it. I will sum up the grounds for my belief in it, and suggest the difficulties in the way of accepting it further on. For the present, let us assume the existence of the undertone series, or at least its sub-conscious effect on our harmonic perception, and compare the undertones of the three components of the major and minor chords, just as we compared the overtones. It will, perhaps, be more convenient to take as our starting point c' (middle C), instead of C (two octaves below middle

*See Prof. Dr. Arthur von Oettingen's "Harmonie Lehre in dauer Entwicklung," and Dr. Hugo Riemann's "The Nature of Harmony," and other works.

C). The undertones of the minor chord $c'-e^{2'}-g'$ will then be exhibited as follows:

$$\begin{matrix} C . E^{2\flat} . G . . . c . . . g . . . g' \\ A^{2\flat} . C^{2\flat} . E^{2\flat} . A^{2\flat} . E^{2\flat} . E^{2\flat} . E^{2\flat} \\ F . A^{2\flat} . C . . . F . . . c . . . c' \end{matrix}$$

This gives us the C minor chord four times repeated; the minor subdominant (F minor) three times repeated; the chord of $A^{2\flat}$ minor twice, and the chord of $A^{2\flat}$ major once—two minor chords and one major chord opposed to the tonic, with the C and $C^{2\flat}$ contradicting each other.

If we exhibit similarly the undertones of the chord of C major, they will appear as follows:

$$\begin{matrix} C . E^2 . G . . . c . . . g . . . g' \\ A . C . E . . . A . . . e . . . e' \\ F . A^{2\flat} . C . F . . . c . . . c' \end{matrix}$$

Here we have, as before, the tonic three times repeated; the major and minor chords of the subdominant (F), the former twice repeated; the relative minor and the tonic minor chords (A minor and C minor), and the major chord of A flat (major under-third to C). This gives us five chords dissonating with the tonic, as against three in the case of the minor chord. The tonic minor chord contradicts the tonic major; the major and minor subdominant chords contradict each other, and the major chord of A flat contradicts the chord of A minor even more sharply. So that, if we assume the existence of the undertones, and our sub-conscious perception of them, the minor chord is as much more perfectly consonant in relation to them as the major chord is more perfectly consonant in relation to the overtone series.

Assuming, for the sake of argument and as a working hypothesis, that every tone we hear is made complex, not only by our perception of the overtones, but of the undertones as well; every major chord would give us a minimum of dissonant elements in its overtones, and a maximum in its undertones; while every minor chord would give us a minimum of dissonant elements in its undertones and maximum in its overtones. The slight superiority of consonance in the major chord, if such superiority exists, would be accounted for by the greater relative prominence of the overtone series over the undertone series. For it must be

remembered that not only are the principal tones of the chord made stronger than the fractional or multiple tones, but the undertones are in any case much fainter than the overtones, even if it be admitted that we have the undertones at all.

This latter point is the disputed question which hinders the general acceptance of the theory accounting for the minor chord by referring it to the undertone series. The idea is by no means a new one. It was propounded in Venice by Zarlino (1516-90); was revived by Tartini (1692-1770) in consequence of his discovery of the "resultant" tones, and fascinated Rameau (1683-1764) for a long time. Rameau at length gave it up very reluctantly, because the acousticians of his time assured him that there was no discoverable acoustic phenomenon corresponding to his conception of undertones.

It must be admitted that we do not, even now, know that many undertones are present in every complex tone, as we do that overtones are present. But we do know that there are *some* if not all of the undertones present under special conditions. We know that, where strings or other sounding bodies are free to vibrate, the prolonged sounding of any tone will produce the undertone series by sympathetic vibration. That is to say, any tone sounding long enough will throw into sympathetic vibration all strings, or other sounding bodies near it, of which it is an overtone, *i. e.*, the undertone series above described. So that, whether we are commonly affected by them or not, they are certainly present under such conditions as I have mentioned. They are probably always present when a piano is played with the dampers raised from the strings, but are fainter and less easily discoverable than the overtones.

The argument for regarding the upper tone of a minor chord, and not the lower one, as the tone on which its unity is conditioned, may be summed up thus :

1. The minor chord fits into the undertone series exactly as the major chord does into the overtone series, and is explained by it on principles as rational and satisfactory as those which account for the major chord by referring it to the overtone series.

2. We often think single tones in the sense of a minor chord, notwithstanding the presence of the overtones, which would naturally tend very strongly to make us think it in the sense of a major chord. Can we account for this otherwise than on the hypothesis of some opposite principle to the overtones, which affects our consciousness even more strongly than do the overtones? If we assume that the undertones are also present sub-consciously in our perception, and that, under certain conditions they predominate over the overtones, the explanation becomes easy and clear, and not otherwise. Then why not accept it as a working hypothesis, even though we cannot, as yet, prove the actual existence of the undertones in all cases? We know now that we have always been affected by the overtones; but it is not so very long ago that everybody was ignorant of the fact.

3. The minor chord, as above shown, is much less perfect a consonance than the major chord, if we take into account the overtones only; but is a much more perfect consonance than the major chord when the undertones only are considered. In this, as in other respects, the two chords are exact reciprocals. If we assume that both series are present in our consciousness, then both chords become equally consonant, except for the slight advantages given the major chord by the superior prominence of the overtones. And this corresponds with the general consciousness; for, by common consent, the minor chord is a consonance, although the major chord is sometimes preferred as a final point of repose for a composition in minor, perhaps for the sake of variety.

It is further to be said that the reciprocal relations of the over-chords and under-chords, when worked out into a complete and consistent system, as they have been by Von Oettingen and Riemann, admit of such clear, systematic presentation as compared with the ordinary methods of treating the subject of harmony, that one cannot help wishing the doctrine were true. And is it not a presumption in favor of a doctrine, that is clear, systematic, intelligible, and in accordance with all the known facts?

JOHN C. FILLMORE.

WANTED: THE TRUE ART OF PIANO PRACTICE.

First-class piano playing is one of the most specialized and advanced forms of acquired spirito-muscular activity. When well done it possesses much of the charm of the boy's whistle, which seems to "whistle itself," so spontaneous and free does it appear. But the piano playing, however, presents elements of complication and of what are called "secondary reflexes" unknown to the more primitive form of musical activity. The ultimate source of both forms of manifestation is the same—the inner feeling for tune, and its outward expression as a bubbling over of spirit seeking some way of manifesting itself. From whatever standpoint we study the art of piano playing in its most advanced forms, we find it full of interest. From the musical point of view we perceive lovely melodies truly expressed, with all needful sinking and swelling of intensity, and with a connection of tone well simulated, despite the limited powers of the instrument upon the *sostenuto* side; on the harmonic side, moreover, we find these melodies beautifully supported and intensified by chord successions, delicately shaded and voiced, melting into each other in true subjection to the leading melody, yet always heightening the effect of it. In short, until we compare the most finished specimen with the playing of the full orchestra, its perfection is such that the musical hearer accepts it as a satisfactory form of musical utterance for many of the most beautiful thoughts which the musical imagination has conceived.

When we study it from the mechanical side we scarcely know which part of the apparatus to admire more—that of the instrument which lends itself to the musical feeling of the player with such ready responsiveness, or that of the player, where the musical feeling finds an apparently spontaneous and free expression through sets of muscles which certainly

have no traceable connection with the auditory apparatus or with the inner sense of sound, in so far as it has been traced. The fingers (planned for touching, for examining, handling and contriving), here become the mere ministers of the sense of hearing, disporting themselves with a degree of power, individuality and sensitiveness indicative of most intimate relations with the inner something which constitutes the life of the man. For we must not forget that the hand stands in very different relation to the spirit from that occupied by the organs of speech. The latter, from the earliest manifestations of infant life to the most advanced operations of adult, hold themselves ever and ever more ready to utter the mind of the man. The voice is given for the one purpose of expressing man's mind in the shortest and most direct manner possible. In order to accomplish this, all the delicate oppositions and coördinations of muscles, by means of which the vocal cords, the larynx, mouth, with the breathing apparatuses behind them for controlling the breath supply, coöperate for the expression of thought—all these coördinations are performed sub-consciously. One thinks; one speaks. The speaking follows immediately upon the thinking, without conscious direction of any muscular apparatuses whatever. But in playing we find the musical thinking flowing off through the arms, hands and fingers in extreme complication, without very much more apparent delay of direct expression of the mind than took place with the organs of speech themselves. There is only one other form of musical activity which surpasses piano playing in point of complication in muscular activities; that one is the playing of the organ, where besides the fingers and hands the feet also have to take part in the playing. Here, however, the complication is but little greater than in the case of piano playing, because the organ does not permit the same sensitiveness of expression that we find in the piano, whereby the most delicate *nuances* of feeling are immediately represented in the playing. But the piano also uses the feet as unconscious ministers, indispensable to the inner conception of the musical effect—namely, upon the pedals, without which very little true expression is possible in piano playing

of an advanced character. These uses of the feet, also, take place unconsciously, in obedience to the inner concept of tonal effect on the ear, so that the foot, while none too delicate for the office of supporting the body and bearing it about, lends itself immediately to the fine feeling for tone implied in the unconscious use of the pedal for bridging over between two chords, where the fingers have to be newly adjusted, thereby breaking the perfect sequence of the musical thought. The foot continually performs this office of helping out the hands and the fingers in piano playing, without the player in the best cases being at all conscious of the fact.

It is true that in this general survey of the art of playing the piano, we have taken it in its highest aspects, where but a limited proportion of players will ever appear. Nevertheless, the higher aspects are those which establish the whole, and interpret the range and adaptations necessary in the lower. For every little may some day be part of a great, and only in being part of a great can its value and true meaning be estimated. It is true, also, that very many who undertake to excel in this curiously acquired art are destined to failure; some for want of the necessary muscular responsiveness; more for want of the proper liveliness of the inner musical sense; and many from improper direction of their efforts. Nevertheless, this is a case of the wheat and the tares growing together until the harvest—our present business being with the seed-time. For practicing is the process of seeding, whereby the plant of piano playing is propagated.

Since the excellence of piano playing is entirely measured by its quality of reproducing the thoughts and shades of meaning of the musical composer, up to the very limit of the powers of the instrument itself, it necessarily follows that the entire course of the practice from beginning to end will have to be regulated with reference to two objects: The development of the musical intelligence, in order that the composer may certainly be understood by the player; and, second, the development of the highest degree of versatility and responsiveness in the fingers and muscular apparatuses

concerned in the playing, to the end that no desirable *nuance* may be omitted by reason of finger incompetence. There is yet a third end to be sought, not less important than the two others, namely, the union of these two independent cultivations (musical feeling and finger versatility) into a single greater unity, in such wise that the finger or muscular apparatuses become the spontaneous servants of the inner musical sense, in the same manner that the voice immediately responds to the idea, without hesitation, calculation or misapprehension. Here we have the whole philosophy of piano practice in a nut shell, and from this point the question turns upon the best methods of accomplishing the two ends proposed, and of uniting them into a one—that “one” actuated by musical mind, and not primarily by muscular sense or routine.

In the natural order of development the point to take up first would be that of making the pupil musical, since this is the key to the greater part of what is to follow; and considerations derived from this part of the subject are the shaping influences which modify and control the requirements of keyboard practice, from the beginning of the course to its very end in concert playing. Nevertheless, space forbids at this time to do more than lay down the bare principles out of which this part of the education must grow, leaving their fuller application for other writers, or occasions, in this and subsequent numbers of MUSIC. The entire work of assigning musical material for practice with the hope of its entering into and shaping the musical life of the student, turns first upon the use of music of a positive and interesting character, having unmistakable mental stimulus in it; and, second, upon perfectly connecting this material with the musical life of the student. The most serious losses occur at the latter point. It is the vice of a great part of the study done upon sonatinas and very orthodox musical material, that it remains outside the musical life of the child, never coming into active and positive connection with the soul itself. Who ever knew a child, or an average young person to amuse herself by playing a sonatina? The question here proposed is not supposed to be

what is sometimes called a "poser," for there are many cases where students do this. They are the well taught pupils of conscientious teachers, mostly, living remote from large and active musical centers. When the staple of the practice consists of exercises, the only alleviation being that of occasional sonatinas, it is quite conceivable that the student will even relish sonatinas. But this does not at all necessarily prove that the student is really in love with them. It is more likely to mean that in the absence of any really musical life, the sonatinas answer very well to the rather unformulated desire for music. When a fondness shows itself for compositions distinctly representing the musical life of a period considerably long ago, as for the works of Bach, for instance, it is to be regarded with a degree of suspicion, unless it be a part of a much larger fondness for music, including everything of all schools. For there are fashions in music; that which answers the demands of one century rarely meets those of a later one except in a very moderate and limited degree. It is precisely the same with literature; the novels of two centuries ago by the English writers are much more praised by *connoisseurs* than read by living readers. We may admire them; but we rarely read them with animate delight. They represent a period and a style of mental life which has passed away. It is only when the mental life has happened to become sequestered in an eddy of the world movement, that the attention can be absorbed in these products of by-gone ages. We may study them, and read them occasionally for a change; but for real pastime our taste goes to something nearer our own times. So in music, while the compositions of Bach, to mention one example, are far more valid to us than the writings of any author living at the same period, it is by reason of Bach's universality, and his immense genius for treating musical thoughts. When a taste for Bach co-exists with one for Chopin and Schumann and Liszt, perhaps, it may be taken for genuine. The student probably regards Bach in his proper light, and granting him his standpoint, is able to enjoy his works, if not with the same absorption as those by great masters of the

present (which more truthfully and spontaneously depict the emotional and ideal life of this generation)—at least enjoys them sufficiently to render practicing them pleasant.

But to complete the discussion upon this side would be far beyond the limitations of the present article; since to do it properly would be to make a treatise upon the entire art of musical education. This is too large a subject, and must wait for other occasions.

There remain, therefore, as the immediate object of present inquiry, the true art of securing keyboard mastery, and of subjecting this mastery to the control of the musical centers of the mind. These two problems, even, are very large, and we can do little more at this point than open them to the student. Yet a service no more pretentious may be of great practical importance, for, in consequence of a variety of indirections and mistakes, there is no occupation of a student's time in which a larger percentage is wasted, than in that of practicing his music lessons upon the pianoforte. So much is this the case that there has lately been a general discussion of the whole subject, from the ground up; and this from many standpoints, such as the muscular, the psychological, the musical and the partly sensuous one of tone-color. From whichever of these standpoints we start, we arrive at somewhat different conclusions; but it is evident that, inasmuch as all the ends contemplated in the several cycles of discussion above enumerated enter into and form part of musical interpretation, a complete solution of the art of piano practice must include them all; and unite with them the equally important art of accomplishing all the practical and desirable ends proposed within a minimum of time. This, then, is the end toward which the discussion must tend. The immediate point is that of finding a path which will reach each of the points of view in its proper order, and at the same time without diverging from the shortest possible path leading to the farthest goal of all, namely, that of subjecting a perfect technic to the spontaneous control of the musical feelings, in the same manner that the speech of an educated man or woman expresses the mind and the feelings in the most direct and unpremeditated manner possible.

And first, by way of getting a good start, let us notice the fact that a very wide divergence already exists concerning the method of acquiring technic upon its musical side.

Whoever will carefully peruse the letter-press explanations in the latest volumes of Dr Mason's "Touch and Technic" will find there certain directions for practice in the early stages of familiarity with the keyboard, which stand in a position diametrically opposite to the directions and the implications of the exercises in almost any reputable instruction book. In the latter the road to keyboard mastery is a very long and slow one. The player begins with very simple types of exercise, lying under the five fingers, which are to be used as hammers moving at the knuckle joints, without any aid of the hand or arm, beyond that of supporting the hand, and thereby furnishing reliable fulcrums for the levers which the finger bones constitute. This concept of touch is held up by a large majority of writers upon piano technics as the normal method of eliciting tone from the instrument; and while they may permit artists to employ almost any means within their power for eliciting effects, they are clear that the young student must adhere to these simple forms, and remain restricted to these uses of the hand for quite a long time before any wrist or arm motions are permitted. In all the older systems of technics, produced between, we will say, 1790 and the present time, a type of exercise called the "stocks" occupies a post of honor. Under this name are included all those exercises lying under the five fingers, in which one or more tones are prolonged while the other fingers execute a moving figure. The end sought is independence of finger, and this end will be attained by them if they are persevered in long enough, but it will be only at a vast outlay of time and patience, and at the sacrifice of musical and expressive quality of touch. All the pieces, melodies and amusements of the early lessons of the orthodox instruction books confine themselves to the compass of five tones, in order that the position of the hand may not be disturbed. Meanwhile the student is set to thinking of "the correct position of the hand," which is held up to him as something of the greatest importance, not to be lost sight of for a moment.

Dr. Mason, on the other hand, begins with a scale on arpeggio figure, or with his two-finger exercises, all of which, in the method in which he teaches them, contradict the usually accepted canons of practice at the most vital points. For example: Suppose we take the two-finger exercise. In the "clinging legato" form, as he gives it ("Touch and Technic," Vol. I) the finger which has nearly finished its tone is held down until some time after the next following finger has taken its key. Here there are two fingers engaged in playing the same melodic idea, yet they are held down at the same time. It is true he has a mechanical object in requiring this—that object being the clinging pressure upon the key. The end is accomplished in a manner justifiable upon musical grounds if we consider that there are really two voices in unison, one of them suspending and resolving at each step forward. At the second step in the two-finger exercise we find something still more unorthodox, in the manner of teaching the "elastic" touch, which is an extreme finger staccato, in making which the finger is first extended perfectly straight from the hand, and the point of the finger raised as high above the keys as possible (without lifting the holding finger from the key), even to the extent of an inch and a half or two inches. From this point as a beginning, the finger effects the touch in the act of shutting, the point touching the key in passing, but always with a sweeping motion, without dwelling upon the key with a down pressure, and the shutting is carried on until the point of the finger touches the palm of the hand. Meanwhile, nothing is done about the unengaged fingers; they are quite at liberty to be raised, and in the shutting of the finger making the touch these others go part way with them. Here is something as far as possible from any kind of restriction to the mere hammer type of motion. Moreover, in the third form of the two-finger exercise two entirely different touches are made, involving still more of diversification in the powers of the hand. These exercises Dr. Mason expects to be given at the very outset of the practice, and to be continued daily in all the course. Taken together they involve two forms of heavy arm touch: The down-arm, as when the arm falls upon the keys by its

own weight; and the "up-arm" touch, as when the finger being placed in contact with the keys, and all the joints of the arm carefully loosened, a strong impulse from the upper arm causes it to spring upward away from the keys, but produces a strong tone by a sort of reaction. There are three hand movements, and the complete elementary movement of the fingers, as in the act of shutting the hands.

The same unexpected disposition to combine in the practice dissimilar elements meets us when we investigate the remaining elements of the system. The arpeggios are built upon the diminished chord, rather than upon a triad. All four of the fingers are used. Changes are made in the harmony by a system of mathematical permutations, in pursuance of which the student learns with his fingers a variety of chord forms concerning whose harmonic meaning and names he has not the slightest information. Moreover, in executing these arpeggio figures the hands are used separately, in coöperation, and not together, and from the very first played in a variety of degrees of speed, and what is still more unorthodox, in a variety of touches, especially in the extreme finger staccato; and with a variety of accentuation and meter—all these things in the very first stages of learning to play. Yet every one of these points is contrary to practice orthodoxy, as distinctly taught in books, and as implied in the studies which are composed for the use of learners. One of the most striking evidences of this contradiction between the expectations of Dr. Mason and current orthodoxy I witnessed ten years ago, when the director of one of the largest and best musical conservatories in America, in reply to my question, said that they thought very highly of Dr. Mason's exercises, but that owing to their great difficulty they gave them only "to their most advanced pupils."

Now, while the Mason exercises, in all their points and applications, were first arrived at empirically, they have a principle and a very important practical observation underlying them. The principle is that the most important thing to secure at the outset, and to retain to the very end, is *versatility*. The hand when placed upon a course of

practice begins a process of education, designed to prepare it for carrying out a thousand delicate *nuances* and shades of musical thought, in every kind of style and force. Hence the end to be sought above all others is versatility, or *adaptability*. The current method of beginning piano practice fails totally at this point. Accentuation is considered dangerous, lest it might lead to improper constriction of muscles; moving the hand about the keyboard is dangerous, because the hand might call into action muscles not properly entering into finger technic. And so on. In such a method the pupil goes on for several years without acquiring any perceptible degree of keyboard mastery, using the term in the sense of a mastery of the keyboard for the purposes of musical expression. All that a "well taught" pupil learns is *how to play exercises*.

The practical observation referred to above as underlying the Mason system is that what is called a "good position" of the hand, the curved position, is the natural one for a strong and well developed hand. The disagreeable lopping down of the weak side of the hand, universally seen in the playing of young pupils, will disappear of its own accord just as soon as the hand has been educated in the grasping muscles of its weak side until they are equal to those upon the much used strong side. To bring about this equalization is the particular work of the two-finger exercises in the elastic touch, and I believe that it accomplishes it sooner, and more effectively, than any other apparatus within the reach of the teacher. If this principle or this observation be well taken, it relieves the teacher from a vast amount of restriction. He may then go on immediately to require degrees of force and varieties of touch, which he would never dare to require, were he in fear that at the last the hands of his pupils would go on sprawling over the keys like those of tyros. But experience shows that apparently the most dangerous part of the Mason practice system (the practice of scale and arpeggio runs with the finger staccato, to the extent of about a third of the time on them), has two very important effects: It curves the fingers, and at the same time imparts to the touch a decision which will never be gotten from

the practice of exercises with a legato touch. Everybody who gets this quality by other systems does so from pieces, or from special studies, and not as a passing incident of exercise practice.

Moreover, it is singular how thoroughly the anatomical fact has escaped the attention of piano teachers, that the hammer motion of the finger is by no means an elementary one. On the contrary, it is a specialized one. There are no muscles attached to the first row of phalanges, where they would have to be attached in order to move the fingers as hammers at the knuckles. The flexor muscles are attached at the outer row and the second row of phalanges, but not to the first. The natural movement of the hand is in the act of shutting. This is the first motion which an infant makes with his fingers. Indeed, his natural position of hand is with the fingers closed—a circumstance due to a heredity of extra strength in the flexor muscles over that of the extensors, which are the ones opening the hand to its fullest extent. Experience shows that the hand will gain power and adaptability more rapidly when it is used unhampered, in the different manners described above, than in the usual way. The free action of the flexor muscles enables them to get strong more quickly, and the weak fingers sooner become equal to the strong ones, and the left hand to the right.

Mason's system is criticised at another point also. There are those who object to his method of introducing the arpeggios without explaining the harmonic meaning of the chords. And his velocity runs they criticize because they say it is illogical to undertake to play a run without thinking of all the tones passed over by the run. Upon both these points Dr. Mason has defended himself very well in a private letter, from which the following is taken:

"If I accepted the criticism that the instruction is at fault in the matter of fixing the attention upon the *finger* in changing from one derivative to the next, and instead of this let the thought rest on the harmonic change, it would, in my opinion, be putting the 'cart before the horse.' It would necessitate abandoning the very foundations upon

which my whole system rests. In learning the piano the attention must be fixed upon the fingers and hand in gaining correct position and methods of use, because the pupil is learning *to play*. In learning to pronounce distinctly, pronunciation is the primary thought. The harmonies have not relation primarily to *playing*, but to *music*. Let a beginner play these various arpeggios, having learned to form them by change of finger, and the harmonies become quickly familiar to the ear, and the resolution of each chord comes, as it were, unconsciously and unawares. It corresponds to the way in which I have always succeeded in gaining for the pupil a good hand position, that is, unconsciously to the pupil, and with rarely directing attention to the position, more than once in a while in order to point out that the hand is gradually gaining the correct position. Indeed, my whole system is calculated to beguile the pupil into habits, which, when acquired, lead to the desired results. The little child first obeys his parents in an arbitrary way, but when the habit has been formed he obeys because it is right to obey, and he sees it is so. It is in accordance with my experience that a pupil who has learned the different hand positions, resulting from the harmonic changes by the simple device of moving first one finger and then the other, and so on, is invariably brought very rapidly into a musical apprehension of the relations these tones sustain to each other. The directions as to moving the fingers as we give them, are but means to the end, viz.: thorough finger training, and habits of musical thought."

The later teaching of the pianoforte is at variance with the older in another very important point. In order to arrive more quickly and directly at certain uses of fingers and other parts of the hand as a machine, mechanical apparatuses have been invented for the purpose of assisting nature, and shortening the practice, while at the same time relieving the ear from the strain and worry of hearing the sounds of the piano for so many hours a day. The two apparatuses of this nature which are most prominently before the public are the Brotherhood "Technicon," a hand gymnasium, and the Virgil "Practice Clavier." The first addresses itself to

the muscles directly. By a most ingenious combination of levers and motions it is able to reach all parts of the hand and arm involved in playing, and, if carefully and intelligently used, the muscles are strengthened and perhaps equalized to a considerable degree. Two criticisms are made upon this apparatus: First, it merely provides more muscle, or more muscular control, but it does nothing toward placing this added force under the control of the musical faculties. I have noticed in one instance, at least, that its continued use resulted in loss of tone in the hand. This, however, was due to overuse. The other apparatus, the practice clavier, directs the attention of the pupil to the motions employed upon the keyboard. It consists of a keyboard with a touch capable of graduation from a weight of one ounce to sixteen ounces. There are two sets of "clicks," both capable of being used or dispensed with. The down clicks are heard whenever a key is promptly pressed; the up clicks whenever a finger is promptly and quickly raised after playing. If the motions are sluggish the clicks fail. While the apparatus on the face of it is purely mechanical, it is nevertheless a keyboard, and there is nothing to hinder a pupil from practicing a piece upon it, and thinking the music all the while. Indeed this is often done. The finger training resulting from a fair apportionment of time to this instrument is very quickly acquired, and if we are to take the testimony of such capable judges as Mme. Rivé-King, Mr. Joseffy, E. M. Bowman, Dr. Mason and many others, it is one of the most valuable aids that teachers and students have been offered. There will be more to say at another time concerning the advantageous use of both these pieces of apparatus. The question still remains whether we are to take these new machines as a part of the normal apparatus of piano teaching, to be applied in the instruction of beginners. This is a point which has not yet been settled, and perhaps will not be for some time. I have derived great assistance from the practice clavier in certain troublesome cases, but have never tried it with a beginner. The criticism of those who wholly dissent from the use of anything but the pianoforte itself for practice, upon the ground

of the desire that the hearing apparatuses keep step with the fingers, is not valid; it is perfectly allowable to separate the technics of piano playing into its constituent elements in any manner that the peculiar difficulties of the individual student may render advisable; provided only (and this is the central point) that they be afterward reunited and brought under the dominion of the musical faculties themselves.

Taking the discussion as a whole at the point here reached, we have, therefore, the following points open, and as yet undecided: What should be the method of muscular development in order to attain control of the fingers for musical purposes in the shortest time? What should be the material of exercise, *i. e.*, the musical forms? Third, to what extent is merely muscular relation to absorb the attention of the young student?

Upon all these points there will be more to follow from other sources, since the questions lie at the very strategic points of piano teaching.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

VOCAL METHOD AT THE ITALIAN OPERA.

The opera troupe which is at present performing in Chicago is of sufficient importance to attract a great deal of attention from musicians and *connoisseurs*, and to provoke a great deal of comment and discussion.

The most eagerly pursued topics of conversation, in fashionable society and, indeed, in nearly all musical circles, are the voice and vocalization of prominent artists. On no other points are opinions set forth with more positiveness than on these. No one who is *au courant* of life in fashionable and artistic circles is so humble as not to be able to characterize, in the most definite and final manner, any method of singing which comes under his observation—and the pronoun *his* on this occasion does greater injustice to the facts than usual, in cases where it is made impersonal. From one standpoint, it is amusing to hear that a certain singer has or has not a high or low voice; sings with both a clear and somber *timbre* continually, is both false and true in intonation, at one and the same time; has too much *vibrato*, and is quite free from it, and has a remarkably clear and a somewhat veiled voice.

But from another standpoint this sort of talk is rather discouraging. What preparation should a singer undergo to gain the favor of a public that criticises in such a confusing fashion? What can one expect who appears before it? Where are the standards upon which one may hope to be judged?

The singers themselves seem to have solved this problem by relying less upon merit than upon adroit advertising, and ingenious clap-trap.

This clap-trap takes all kinds of forms, from having the diamonds stolen, to cultivating a popular quality of tone in the voice, regardless of its value as an agent of expression. From the babble of comment upon noted singers, the fact

appears that audiences in different parts of the world demand different things of them. In Italy, a conventionalized style of singing finds favor; and operatic performers there who can flavor their singing with the prevailing *vibrato-colorature* and a certain dramatic exaggeration may make dreadfully uncouth tones, and yet find favor. In this country the taste is not so *blase* in these matters, and however confused it may be as to details, it measures singing more nearly by the standard of nature. However, there is no fixed standard, even of nature.

One who has been cast in the molds of French public opinion is likely to display a degree of intensity and fervor in performance which to many Americans of Yankee phlegm and matter-of-fact temperament, seems to be a travesty of expression. I recall the cases of three Frenchmen, who in the course of the past decade have sung before our public with great fire and intelligence, after the manner of the best artists of that nation, who were condemned out of hand by our press; the brief comment "bawling" is the reward of such efforts. It seems difficult for most of those who comment upon singing, to separate the mannerisms of a singer, from the meritorious features of the method, weighing each justly. For instance, one of the lesser stars of the present constellation, the tenor Giannini, gets little else than condemnation from those of our people who hear him. He at times affects an open tone, brought very far forward in the mouth, which gives the voice a thin, unexpressive sound, at high pitches sometimes mistaken for falsetto. Now this singer uses this affected tone far less than he does a well placed, resonant tone, good in quality, accurate in pitch, and displaying great flexibility. He produces an inferior tone which either tradition or convention or fashion sanctions in another country, instead of the excellent one which he has at command, and which would meet with favor here.

He does not know his public in this country, and his public fails to appreciate him. It is very shallow criticism to apply the epithet, "bad" or "incorrect," without qualification to any singer able to hold a principal part in a company like

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this, under the management of Messrs. Abbey & Grau. Yet this is frequently done in the case of Giannini and others.

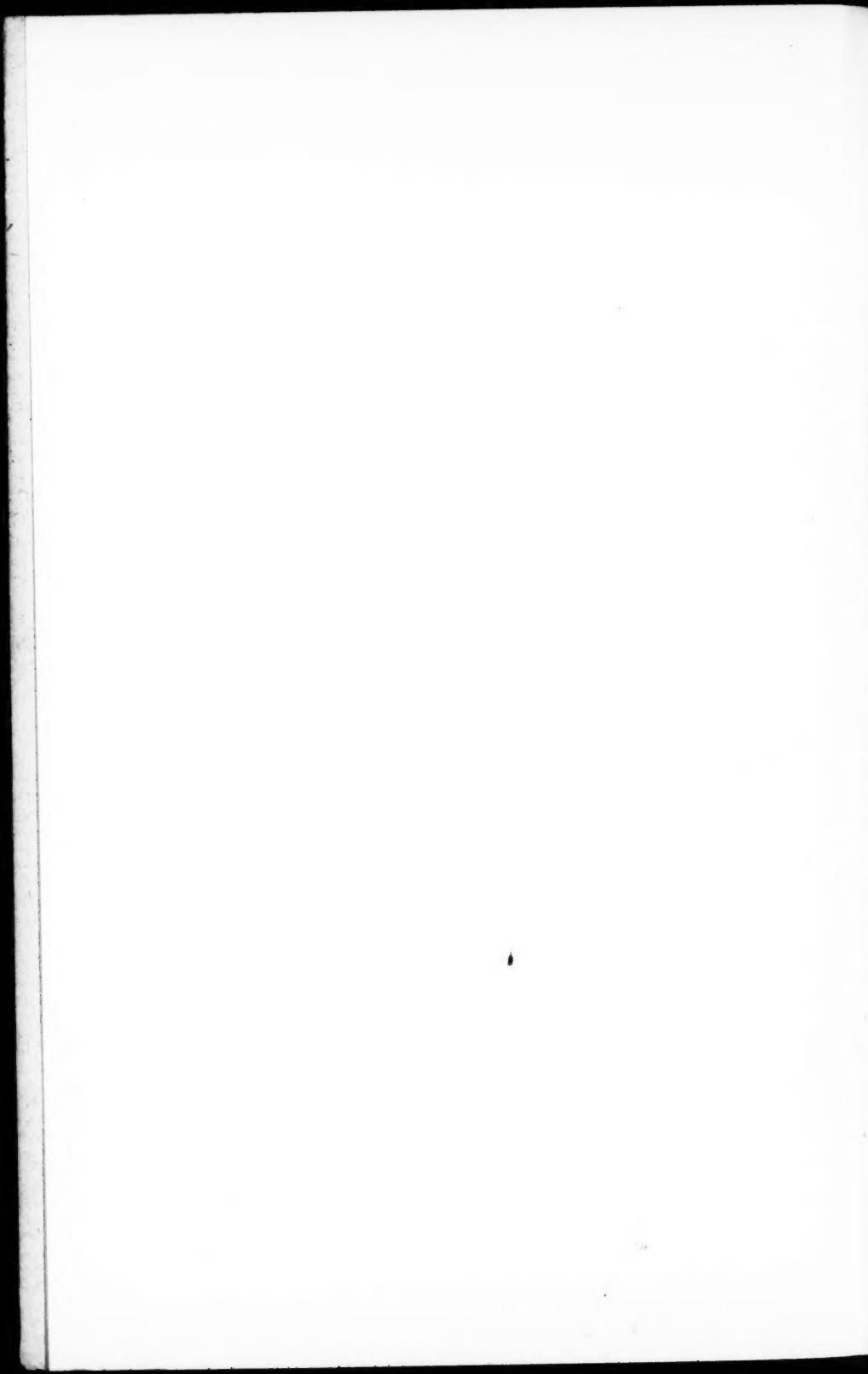
Edouard De Reszke seems to have pleased the public more completely than any of the other artists of the company. He has great power, which is the most captivating attribute of voice to a popular audience. And with this he has flexibility and refined quality of tone, and his style of singing is full of graces in phrasing, which basses usually are unable or disdain to exhibit. Considering the noticeable disposition to criticise adversely, which appears, it is surprising that nothing has been said of the fact that this singer uses open tones to his highest notes, wherever the vowel will admit of it. The nobility and breadth of a fine bass voice is usually because such a voice can place the tone higher, as the expression is, or cover it more roundly than others. If those who were accustomed to hear Mr. M. W. Whitney sing should hear him take E flat above with an open tone, they would pronounce it shouting. Yet De Reszke does this frequently, and nobody seems to object to it. By this action he increases the carrying power of his tones; and such is his good taste and the excellence of the vocal organ, he does not offend by this unusual feature of a bass' method. Criticism of this artist seems to diverge upon the question of whether he is properly a bass or a baritone. Certainly his low notes are not very full, but that may be partly owing to the fact that he uses the clear timbre so exclusively in his singing.

It is, after all, the mind that does the singing, and both Edouard De Reszke and his brother impress one as well endowed mentally by inheritance, breeding and education. Eames, too, is a type of which Americans may be proud. She shows what one of Howells' characters would call "perspective." This is in striking contrast to some others who appear with them, to whom the epithet might be applied which my professor in Italy once applied to a young baritone, who took his lesson just before me. This man had a fine voice, and sang his *roles* with great vigor. But one day after he had just gone out, the *maestro* turned to me with a shrug of his shoulders, and remarked, "*C'est un homme du peuple.*"



Emma Albany

From "One Hundred Years of Music in America."



If it had not been known that Jean De Reszke had sung baritone before he took to the tenor part, I doubt whether any one would have found fault with his high notes. He sings to a' at least with entire solidity and security ; and the listener is not impressed with the idea that he is straining to do a difficult thing. One does not miss any of the fine shading which is expected of a tenor ; neither is there lacking a sympathetic *mezza-voce*, which should be a strong point in a tenor's method, although in this country it is often misunderstood by the critics, who pronounce it falsetto, and condemn it. Still there are two things in this admirable tenor's singing that give a shadow of truth to the criticism upon him. One who sings baritone habitually holds his larynx a little lower in the throat than does a tenor ; and De Reszke, in taking a high note, does not give the larynx the position that a Ravelli or Campanini would. So, if one watches and listens closely, there is absent in some tones a little of the gloss which it is possible to put into them. The other point refers to the spasmodic, aspirated ending of every phrase which he sings *forte*. This may be only a mannerism—it is a common fault ; but it leaves in the hearer's mind something of an impression of effort.

The contralto, Giulia Ravogli, is found fault with because of the clear *timbre* which she uses in the middle of her compass. I do not think that it is an agreeable quality, although at times it has a degree of dramatic truth which justifies its use. Her somber voice in the middle register is very mellow and fine, and it also has good carrying power, as was seen in the *ensemble* of the first act of "Lohengrin," where she makes these tones distinctly heard under circumstances that would give no chance to an ordinary voice. Much should be forgiven a woman who must make powerful tones in the middle register of her voice, where nature has afforded so few facilities for the purpose. She has but two alternatives, neither a satisfactory one ; namely, to force her chest register beyond its proper limit, as Scalchi does, and so make the voice uneven, develop a hard *timbre* throughout its compass, and impair the upper tones ; or, to do as Ravogli and nearly all sopranos do—bring the middle notes forward

for power. The latter alternative is less objectionable, as it keeps all the rest of the compass in good shape for effective work. This fact came out in Ravogli's case, when in the character of Ortrud she made a climax at about a'' above the staff. Her tone at that point is marvelously fine in power and quality. The demands of modern opera make it necessary in the training of a light voice, such as is possessed by most young sopranos, that the method should, as it were, focus in the attribute of resonance. To resonate a voice, the muscular action at the larynx must be brought to a high degree of tension. This contradicts the popular notion upon the subject, which assumes that for voice production there should be no effort in the throat.

The throat is a tube of some degree of length, a part of which must act with great muscular vigor, if a tone is to be brought to its maximum resonance. This action is in the line of contraction at the lower throat. Naturally the principle of sympathetic muscular action asserts itself here; and the upper throat, that part of the vocal machinery which shapes the tone, cannot be held as open and give the tone as much depth, as would be possible if there were less of the resonating effort amid muscular tissue close by. In a bad vocal method, this proper contraction at the lower throat is attended with a degree of sympathetic contraction above, which is unjustifiable; then the voice is said to be throaty. Eames and Van Zandt are illustrations of the resonant method in its best form. Their voices are very telling and clear, marvelously flute-like upon the high notes, but they have had to dispense with a certain mellow fullness which, in the young voice, at least, is incompatible with the degree of resonance which they must aim at. Their singing displays numberless graces of execution and phrasing, but always in the way that these would be done upon an instrument—with one unvarying quality of tone. Shades of emotion do not show in the sound of their voices. Their voices may be likened to a beautiful face, which it is a pleasure to look upon, but which exhibits very little change of expression.

It would be incorrect to say that these artists do not sing with expression, for there are other means of expression open to dramatic artists, besides the coloring which they give the tones of voice. Eames opens her mouth but slightly during the emission of all but her highest tones. This is one of the means of resonating the voice. In putting her throat in condition to resonate a tone, she seems to gauge the effort with a view to a strong breath pressure; and when the breath pressure is not strong, that is, when the tone is sung *piano*, she is, much of the time, a shade below the pitch. But when the most is said that can be adduced against the method of these artists, one who knows anything about the subject must still concede that they are great singers; and standards of criticism which pronounce otherwise should be revised.

Certain features in the method of certain singers at the opera should be continuously and unsparingly condemned; and our critics certainly do this duty in cases of extreme *vibrato*, which finds friends nowhere. When a singer allows himself to spoil a beautiful *ensemble* by making his voice shake so that the pitch is uncertain, as did the baritone Coletti in "Lohengrin," there should be no dissenting voice in condemnation of that feature of his method.

These comments are written at the outset of the season, when some of the prominent artists have yet to appear, and while there is still time for those here referred to to show their abilities in new lights.

FREDERIC W. ROOT.

THE STORY OF AN ARTIST.*

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

"I expected the concert would be postponed," said Dr. Forbes to his mother, as they walked homeward from the opera house, where the only entertainment had been a long-winded speech from Mr. Peters. "I was, however, determined not to miss it, if she gave it. I shall go tomorrow night, madam mother, if I go on one leg and half the town are dying."

"You weigh too much, Eben, to go on one leg, though you are not fat, by any means," said Mrs. Forbes, who often found it hard to understand the hyperboles and exaggerations of her forty-year-old son, "And if you neglect your patients, it will be something new, moreover it would be sinful. Young Dwyer may have good intentions, but what are they beside a sick bed? A good many people may be going to Spicer, but if sugar pills and water are medicine, then what is the use of going to college, and even to foreign parts, as you did, to learn the business? As for Garlock, with his everlasting calomel, I think he is a dangerous man."

The doctor laughed, as he often did at the mother whom he adored, and who, if she had small knowledge of his work, bestowed upon him abundant sympathy. Then he gave her a brief history of his meeting Miss Goulding.

"I can't see what you find so wonderful in her staying till you came," exclaimed the old lady, unconsciously jealous and resentful of her son's interest in this young stranger. "She certainly could not have left a dying woman."

"True, mother," assented the doctor, knowing he was confronted by impossible explanations. "But it is

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harder for some people to do things of that sort, than for others. I only hope Mrs. Garnett will know enough to give her the care she needs."

"She won't," said Mrs. Forbes, promptly. "Mrs. Garnett hasn't any more sympathy than a clothes pin. But you act, Eben, as if you were bewitched, and so does Mr. March. I believe you have both fallen in love with this girl."

"March!" cried the doctor, with unnecessary heat, "When did you see him, and what makes you think such a thing?"

"I saw him this afternoon, and I think it because I think it is just like men to want what isn't good for 'em, and is no ways suitable."

CHAPTER VI.

Persons mellifluously described as "serious minded," often found Mr. Fultz incomprehensible. So when he attempted to bring about a compromise by which he and others, who were regular attendants upon the Thursday evening prayer-meeting, could attend Miss Goulding's recital, he was, as a matter of course, misunderstood. It was very cold. The casual attendants, and the worldly-minded were at home, or at the opera house. The few in the chilly prayer room were the faithful, correctly described as "habitual attendants." The wind was in the west, and drove much gas and smoke down the chimney, which was what Wilbur Calikins, the builder, called "a native idee." Calikins had offered to do the brick work cheaper, if he should be permitted to introduce such "native idees," as he thought best. He said he was full of them, and they almost knocked him over at times. With the fatuity that governs most church undertakings, the trustees accepted his offer, believing he could not get in enough "idees" to hurt, and that in church building at least, a penny saved is a penny earned. Into the chimney in question he had introduced so many novelties that it almost failed to do the work required of it.

"Of the twenty here, six beside the pastor belong to the Kalamathaeon society, and four belong to the Musical club," began Mr. Fultz. The people had not yet taken their places, and were standing near the stove, wiping their eyes, and coughing and shivering. "This meeting is supposed to last an hour, but it usually lasts two, so that all the slow coaches may arrive. Now in view of the fact that at least half of us are very anxious to hear the concert, which will be only for to-night, while we can come here every night in the week for the rest of the winter, and choke beside this miserable chimney, I suggest that this meeting be closed promptly at eight o'clock."

Deacon Yates considered these remarks personal. He rarely arrived at the meeting before eight o'clock. His grocery, or, as the sign-board read, "Emporium of General Merchandise," did not close till the last shop on the street was shut up. His prayer, partly from habit, partly from a desire to set before the Lord a *resume* of the meeting, and what he held to be the principal events of the week, he always reserved till as near nine as he deemed safe. He knew the value of last impressions, and secretly believed that his petitions had caused nearly, if not all, the conversions in the church since he had become a member of it. "I'd like to know what 'll become of us if we f'sake the house of God f'r every show that comes to town," he snapped, looking about him fiercely, and stroking his bristling moustache.

"I never heard of puttin' off meetin's," said Mr. Barnes. "I was born in a town where there wa'n't no religion to speak of, but everything gave way to meetin's, leastways with church folks, when 'twas a reg'lar pintment."

"If Miss Goulding had known how much we want to hear her, and that to-night is our regular meeting night, she would not have stayed with Mrs. Hulett yesterday afternoon, I'm sure," said Mrs. Fultz, in her delicately modulated staccato. "She might have sent for the committee appointed to visit the sick."

"There's small use in getting folks to change what they call their minds," said Adam Hollis under his

breath to Deacon Fultz. "Tell about the Medes and the Persians!"

"I feel, that is, I am certain, that, under the circumstances, and considering my position, I hadn't ought to stay away from the recital," said Mr. Peters, anxiously. "I see a point, the point in question, but when duties get mixed, which is, of course, confusing, I suppose a man ought to do what seems like the first thing. I should like it, though, no one better, if we could all be accommodated."

"Yes," assented Mr. Dulcimer, a pleasant-looking man, who stood apart from the rest. "It would be better."

"We ain't often accommodated in this world," said Mr. Gregg, a square-headed, thick-set man, with broad jaws, and a bilious complexion. A corn dealer, he possessed a good deal of influence by right of his money, but he was prone to take a melancholy view of things, and was usually on the negative side of questions, save when his so being might depress the price of corn, and his supply of that grain was large. "Now my opinion is, if this is a prayer-meeting, it is one, an' ought to be held. If it ain't one, it ought not to be held, an' that's all I have to say." After this avowal Mr. Gregg thrust out his under lip, and looked about him with the air of a man who considers his opinion final.

"M'yes," assented Mr. Dulcimer. Mr. Gregg stood very near him, and evidently expected his concurrence. "Still, I like to see every one accommodated."

"Eight is the hour of dismissal," said Mr. Fultz in a voice he usually reserved for the court room. Then with a sudden effort he wheeled about and went to a seat.

"Brethren," said Mr. March, who had remained by his table, apparently absorbed in meditation, "let us begin the meeting."

It is difficult to believe that an irascible little man, given to emphasizing his opinions by violent gestures and glaring eyes, may cherish a hope that he is not far away from the exalted, though to most of us somewhat vague

state known as "the higher life" or "sanctification," and that in all the important undertakings of his life he is guided by the Holy Spirit. Yet Deacon Yates cherished such a hope. Had he been born 300 years earlier, he would have gone to the stake, singing psalms (as his voice permitted), and holding his irritable, ill-balanced nerves in check for the Master's sake. But living in an age demanding less heroic, though not less difficult virtues, it must be admitted he was often a sore trial to his friends, and a root of bitterness in the church. He had the not uncommon fault of believing that his notions were the leadings of Providence, and his small world had discovered it. So when at half-past eight he closed a long prayer, and the meeting was dismissed, human nature being weak, even in deacons, Mr. Fultz paid no attention to his request that the church officers remain and pray for the south mission. Deacon Yates, on the other hand, though at heart desiring the best things, glowed with an anger altogether unrighteous, when he found himself deserted, save by the pastor and five brethren, not one of whom held office.

When Mr. March turned off the flickering lamps, the clock in the tower struck the half hour. It was half-past nine, and Miss Goulding's recital was over.

"I p'sume you wanted to go to the concert," said Adam Hollis, who had lingered at the door to walk home with him.

"Yes, it is a disappointment. Mrs. Hulett's funeral is at the hour appointed for her matinée on Saturday."

"I don't know much about music," said Adam, reflectively. "But to them that do, I 'magine it must be a means of grace. The noises were first heard by another soul like lovely voices, and when they are played, they speak to other souls, like a laugh, or a cry. That's the way I figure it, though as I said, I don't know the first thing about reg'lar music."

"You are very catholic, Adam," and March laid his hand on the blacksmith's arm, the better to adjust himself to the latter's long, swinging step. "It is said in high quarters that catholicity is a sign of weak convictions, or a lack of strong ones, just as one chooses to put it."

"Folks are too fretty about the ark, and too eager to stiddy it," said Adam, gravely. "But, to change the subject, I never heard anything that touched me more than Miss Goulding's bein' with that poor Mrs. Hulett. Dr. Forbes' horse, Wildfire, cast his shoe when he came back, and while he was havin' it fixed he told me about her. It's fine, seems to me, for a woman to have a trade. Many's the time I've been beat out a-thinkin' on women folks' patience, waitin' round on the men and the children. Nothin' in life gives me finer pleasure than doin' a good job, an' except for their bakin', and mebbe a bit of sewin', the women don't have trades to speak of, an' tain't likely all of 'em take to just them two things."

"They must do the work that falls to them in the divine order."

"Well, since the Fall, I s'pose the divine order ain't allus so clear as it might be to us," said Adam. Orthodoxy and life were full of problems which he never tired of turning over and over in his mind, believing they held something precious, if only he could get at their ultimate secret. "My mother-in-law says that the best things are not in the market, and that women's work in the home is the top of the heap. It is pretty certain that we men, with all our smartness, would be dreadfully put to it without it."

"I think you must believe in love."

"Believe in it!" Adam's voice showed much astonishment. "Why, who don't! You don't know a man till you love him. He's just a riddle to ye."

"Suppose you should love some one who does not love you?"

"I'd wait. The feeling does not come for nothing." Adam hesitated a moment, and his voice grew tremulous. "If it was a woman, I'd do more than wait. The best of 'em need a good deal of courting."

"It is growing colder," said March, as he stopped before his own gate.

"Yes," said Adam, "and I don't like it. The weather gives me something to grumble about most of

the year. It's allus *too something*. I'm sorry you was disappointed. Miss Goulding must be a grand young woman, I judge, by the doctor's talk about her."

Under some circumstances, forty may seem an advanced age to thirty-four. David March lay awake far into the night, saying angrily to himself that Dr. Forbes was a conceited old fool, to imagine that a young girl would pay the slightest attention to him, much less fall in love with him.

CHAPTER VII.

"Ole Miss Tarbox died las' night at two o'clock, an' the fun'r'l's nine o'clock Sat'dy mornin', for'm to start on th' spress for Springfield, Ill'noy," cried Tommy Garnett, all in one breath, as he burst into the Fultz dining room, where the family were at breakfast. Pug, who had be-stirred himself to take a morning walk, and had waddled in, breathless, at Tommy's heels, gave his opinion of this announcement by a melancholy whine. "Don't you go an' p'tend you hain't had no breakfus'," said Tommy, giving him an affectionate slap. "You eat so much you'll have to be hooped. He ain't a-cryin' fer Miss Tarbox," and Tommy turned to Mrs. Fultz, and winked expressively. "She called him a 'filthy critter.' Alice calls him a 'beast.' My! Don't he dust when he hears her a-comin'! You know your friends, don't ye, Pug?"

Pug rapped his sleek tail on the oil-cloth, and gave as loud a bark as the state of his breath would allow, while Mr. March asked with a great show of indifference, when Miss Goulding was going home.

"Monday," said Tommy. "I like her, an' she likes boys. She don't draw up her dress and talk about awful feet when I come around. She plays nice things for me, and she knows bully stories, and," he looked about, and gave an expressive shake to his curly head, "Dr. Forbes likes her as well as I do."

"You are a wise boy, Tommy," said Mr. Fultz. "I'll teach you to be a lawyer when you grow up," and he laid down a nickel, which Tommy speedily pocketed,

dimly conscious that he must be behaving better than usual.

"Something ought to engage you to-night," said Mrs. Fultz, smiling at March, who was disconsolately stirring his coffee. "You seem fated to be occupied all the time Miss Goulding is here."

"I take tea with Deacon and Mrs. Yates."

"Just like 'em!" cried Mr. Fultz. "Envy on two legs! Don't tell me! They were not invited to Baxter's spread, that's the secret." His eyes fell upon Tommy's parted lips, and he paused.

Coloring violently, Tommy looked into his cap, perhaps for counsel. Several times, at Sunday school, Deacon Yates had pinched his ears past forgiveness, and he was resolved to be revenged as soon as he was big enough. But his quick wits told him he would hear no more, and with deep regret he told Pug he must "start up," and bolted out of the door with the same explosive haste which had marked his entrance.

Deacon Yates was envious, but he had sore trials. The thinness and grayness of his whiskers, the bald spot that would come on the top of his head, and the necessity he was under of using glasses, or of holding his book a yard away, were matters his neighbors did not consider enough when they criticized his acerbity of temper. Stepping on a pin may alter the facial expression of a king. These trials were so many pin pricks to Deacon Yates. It also exasperated him to be shut out from gatherings of young people, and when possible he invaded their church meetings in the spirit of an angry wasp. That Mrs. Baxter had not invited him to her reception, he bitterly resented, though pianoforte music was to his ears a noise little removed from that produced by saws and steam whistles. Craving some balm for his wounded pride, he had invited the minister to tea. If he could not go, he would keep some one else from the company, who would be missed. He had just received two long letters from a cousin, a missionary in India, and though they contained little save family matters, and vague conjectures about the fate of the lost

tribes of the children of Israel, Mr. Yates reasoned that a pastor interested in what he ought to be, would prefer hearing these epistles, to listening to inane chatter at the home of a worldly family, whose head wrote poetry upon love, and bought pictures in which there was a great deal of flesh painting.

Mr. March never declined a parish invitation that he could meet at any cost to himself. He was, too, well aware that "Windy Yates," as the deacon was called, from a defect in his throat which made his voice a loud, whistling whisper, must not be offended. Even Mr. Fultz, who would have promptly refused the invitation for himself, said Mr. March must accept it. But he was determined also to keep his engagement with the Baxters, and at half past seven rose to go.

"Well! well! you ain't a-goin'!" exclaimed the deacon, in tones that denoted temper. "I hain't read you my cousin's letters yet. An' they're interestin', if a man is interested in the Cause. If he ain't, why—I s'pose he'd like worldly talk better. Cousin John's a great preacher. He says't the Lord fills his mouth. He don't study none. Can talk as well after thinkin' a minit, as an hour. An' his elocution is splendid. I know. There probably ain't no better judge of that than I am. I studied a good deal on it myself, till I lost my organ," and he pointed to his scraggy throat.

"I'll stop some time next week, and hear the letters," persisted Mr. March, in a conciliatory voice.

"It'll be too late next week," snapped the deacon. "I'm goin' to send 'em to-morrow over to brother Jacobs, of Mound City. He says the minister there says, missionary letters are 'manna to his soul.' I thought mebbe you'd like to hear 'em fer next prayer meetin'."

"Let me take them, and I'll return them in the morning at eight o'clock."

"It don't matter," whistled the deacon. "The writin' 's peculiar. You couldn't make nothin' of 'em."

Quivering with a fierce desire to shake the deacon, Mr. March sat down in a very straight-backed chair, and said resignedly, "I suppose I can wait half an hour."

"You needn't if you are in a hurry, an' I s'pose you be," said Mrs. Yates, who could no longer contain her pent-up feelings. "I s'pose you are going to Baxter's. They come to I-owy because they failed up, down east. I often say to Mr. Y., 'Husband, we won't ever be anybody till you fail up.' But Mr. Y. ain't that kind of a man."

It was ten o'clock when Mr. March bade this worthy couple adieu, but even then the deacon was not satisfied. "March is worldly," he said to his wife. "I think he's too lit'rary. What we want in Chester is a spiritual man to build us up. Half the folks in our church ain't good fer nothin', but ter hold the seats down Sunday mornin's."

"I guess you're right, Caleb," said Mrs. Yates plaintively. "But Mr. March has a nice way of shakin' hands."

"Shake a fiddle-stick!" snarled the deacon, extinguishing his wife. "He's worldly-minded, that's what he is."

Having a well sounding adjective in which to voice his half dislike of his pastor, Deacon Yates indulged it more. If the Rev. David March paid more attention to worldly matters than to the growth in grace of his flock, he was a subject for criticism, and, in a way, a poor investment for money, very difficult to collect.

No one seemed to think that Mr. March could have any interest in the star of the evening, who was, so to speak, surrounded by the entire Musical club. Mrs. Baxter monopolized him for a time, then Mrs. Garnett laid a detaining hand upon his arm, and questioned him at length about Mrs. Hulett's death, though she had heard the story a dozen times. Meanwhile all he could do was to enviously watch handsome Alic Dulcimer vying with grave Dr. Forbes to win Miss Goulding's attention. At last, greatly to his relief, she went to the piano. No one could appropriate her there. The stirring strains of Tannhäuser March gave him courage to break from his elderly tormentors, and somehow he gained the player's side. Why, he asked himself, should he not win this woman, the

loveliest he had ever seen? The piece ended, Huldah intoxicated him with a smile and a pretty bow.

"I'd like to hear the songs you promised," he said, bending over her.

"I will play 'My Heart Ever Faithful,'" she answered, and then turned pink, even to the fine white parting of her hair. But the dainty measures of the Bach prelude, in C sharp, was what she played first. Then she swept into the sparkling fugue that follows it. Applause broke forth the moment she paused, and Dr. Forbes requested an immediate repetition of "that piece." But she shook her head, and softly played that song, among all songs one of the sweetest, "My Heart Ever Faithful."

"You'd better not meddle with the dominie," said young Dulcimer, nodding at the doctor. "He knows how to please himself and everybody at the same time."

But Miss Goulding had begun again, and there was immediate silence. Tones full of solemn tenderness, yearnings as from an overflowing heart, rose, then died away. If Dr. Forbes was the only one present who recognized it to be Schubert's "Der Wanderer," and who alone knew the rare and delicate perception the player brought to Liszt's arrangement of the song, the melody and the art of the player appealed to the dullest, for one may have a vague, mysterious pleasure in what one does not comprehend, and at the close there was a hush of expectation, while Dr. Forbes bent forward and asked in a low tone for "Der Erlkönig."

"I do not think I can do it to-night," she said, with a little shake of her bright head. "My imagination has, for some reason, weary wings."

"I say," interposed Mr. Peters, who felt that he had somehow fallen into a subordinate position, and resented it. "Don't let us tire you out, Miss Goulding. Whenever I see any one doing anything like that, all as slick as falling off a log, you know, I know it costs, though the cost is all out of sight."

"You're quite right there, Peters," said young Dulcimer, unconsciously irritating the older men with his

youthful self-consequence and good looks. "Folks think a man can sing as easily, as—er—well, as a rooster can crow."

As Alic's delight in his own voice was, even to an unimaginative mind, suggestive of chanticleer, smiles which he received as complimentary, greeted this sally, and caused him to giggle off his eye-glasses, an accident which always made him silent and uncomfortable, for without them, he had no idea what was going on about him.

"We are to have Miss Goulding for three recitals next November," said Mr. Fultz, when he had cornered his pastor in a spacious bay window, "And I fancy if Forbes has his way, she will come here to live for good."

The light that came into Mr. March's dark eyes caused the acute lawyer to chuckle. "I thought I'd tell you," he went on. "Not that I am particularly interested in either pianoforte music, or the doctor."

An instant later he had darted across the room, and returned with Huldah. "Here," said he to her, "is the dominie, and of course he cannot fib, even when it is polite to do so. He will tell you how glad we are, that you are to visit us again."

Not all tempers could endure Mr. Fultz' teasing serenely, but Huldah took it with a quiet smile. "I hope," she said, "you will not induce too many people to express delight to me."

"In that case would it lose all charm, and become a sort of preparation?"

"Exactly. You see, I want to believe you are pleased. I never had so warm a social reception in a little place before."

"We call ourselves a city," interposed Mr. March. "We have a mayor, a public library, and a gas company, an indication that in time we shall have gas."

"And we have many societies," added Mr. Fultz.

"The ladies run them, for the most part," said the minister, with a retrospective sigh. "Your sex have a wonderful genius for detail."

"Detail enters into all work, great as well as petty." Huldah was very much in earnest now. "Women with

something serious to do, learn to economize time, and rarely run societies."

"I do not like to think of women being calculating about their time," said Mr. March; "it somehow does not accord with my conception of their place in the world's economy."

"Your conception may be mistaken," said Huldah, with unruffled composure. "I certainly should not like to take life as does our dog Ginger. He gives himself to his friends unreservedly. Grandfather says he is extremely well bred. But self-sacrifice has its limits, it seems to me. However, I do not know how to argue."

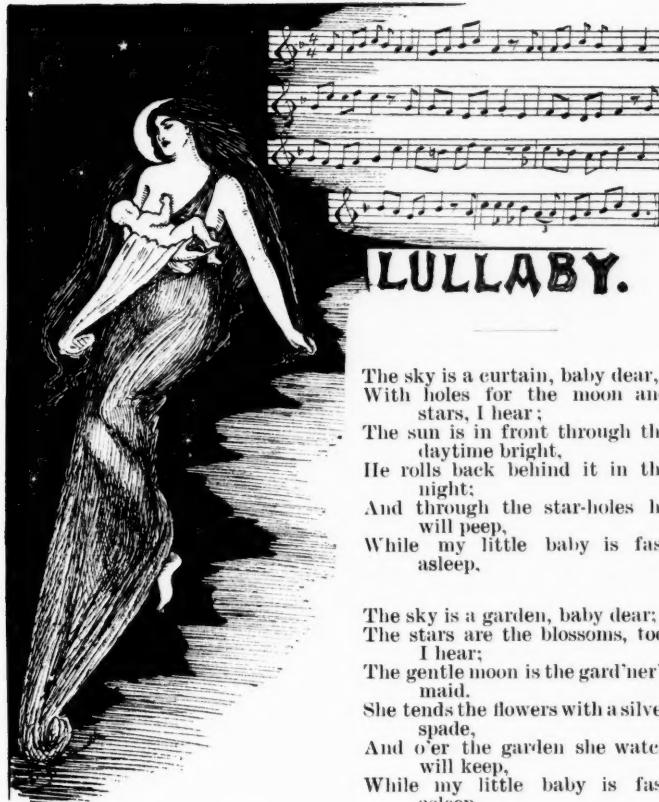
"You are doing very well," said Mr. Fultz, who had been meditatively stroking his beard. "But tell me why you do not care to argue."

"Because I fancy that people have to grow into opinions and ways of thinking. I shall always remember the first time I saw the top of a certain dressing table at home. It was after an illness, and I made many discoveries. About things I do not understand, I have often the feeling that I am yet short in my mind, and have imperfect glimpses, as I once had of that table. I know I have grown into the knowledge of many things."

"And is that the way you have become a musician?" asked Mr. March. Mr. Fultz was gone. The two were for an instant alone.

"In part," said Huldah, slowly. "Music itself teaches the finest touches in technic, when it has real hold of you. But I have not grown into a knowledge of it as of other things. It has been here—the voice that sings—always." She put her hand upon her heart. "Dr. Miller would laugh at me if he heard me," she went on, with a light laugh, after an instant's pause. "He would say, it is all German blood and good training."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



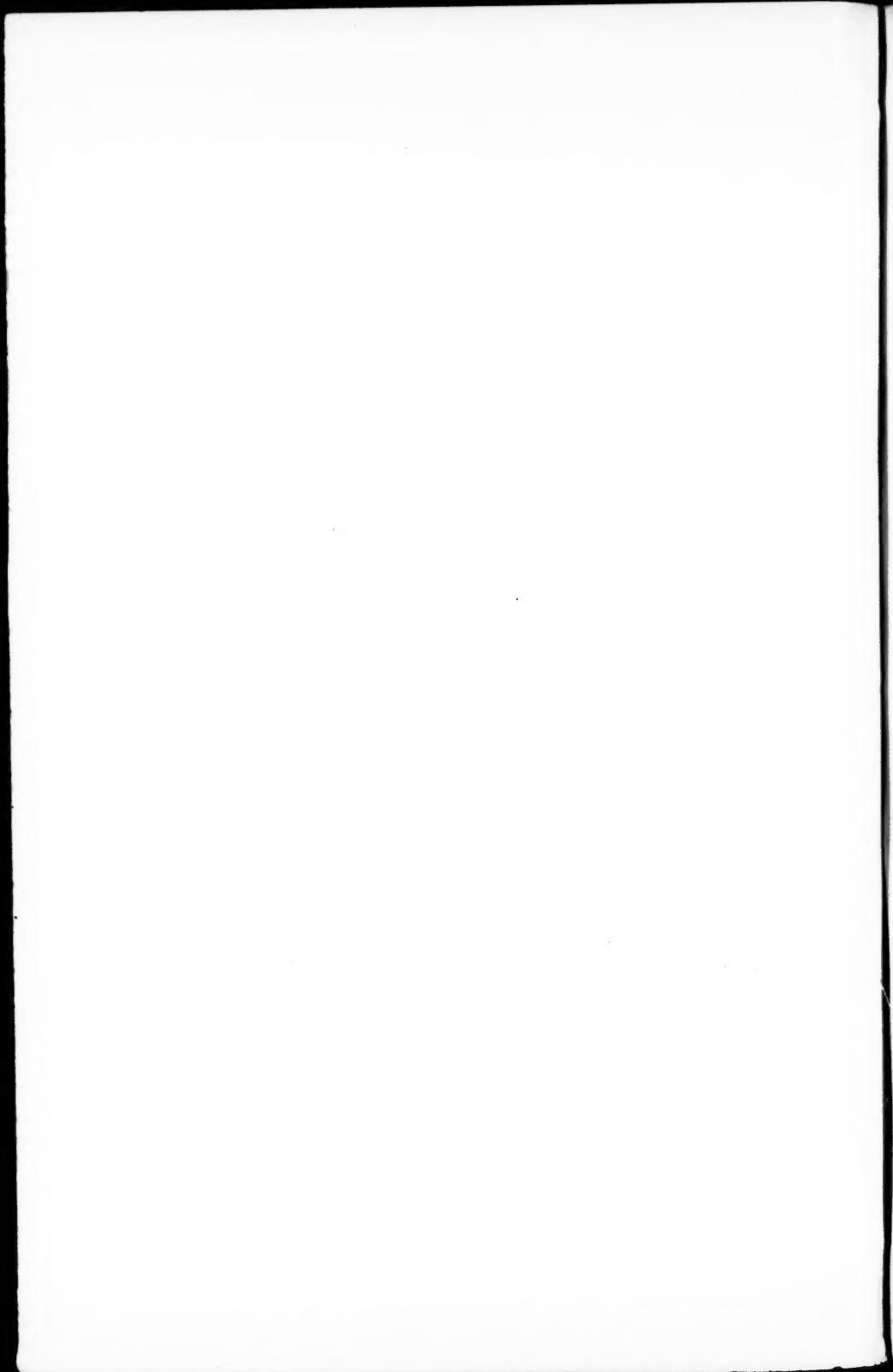
The sky is a curtain, baby dear,
With holes for the moon and stars, I hear;
The sun is in front through the daytime bright,
He rolls back behind it in the night;
And through the star-holes he will peep,
While my little baby is fast asleep.

The sky is a garden, baby dear;
The stars are the blossoms, too,
I hear;
The gentle moon is the gard'ner's maid.
She tends the flowers with a silver spade,
And o'er the garden she watch will keep,
While my little baby is fast asleep.

The sky is a pasture, baby dear,
The stars are the sheep and lambs, I hear;
The gentle moon is the shepherdess.
She loves her lambkins to caress,
And tenderly watches her dreamland sheep.
While my little baby is fast asleep.

The sky is a curtain, baby dear,
With holes for the moon and stars, I hear;
Through which our heavenly Father bright
Watches the world through the long, long night;
O'er you and me He watch will keep.
While my little baby is fast asleep.

—*Miriam E. Prindle.*



WHAT IS MUSICAL LIFE ?

Music is more than a theory, and more than practice, in the common acceptation of that word. *It is a life to be lived.* Not that we are to lead a life of activity in the sense of being alert, quick to catch a technical point or detect an error. The smartness which will do this is akin to that which would safely guide one across a crowded thoroughfare. In art life, on the contrary, the physical senses become almost dormant. The deeply inspired breath taken through the nostrils, as an expression of an intensity of feeling, cannot at the same time be utilized to judge the merits of a new perfume; nor can the eyes, melting with tenderness or flashing the fire of heroic resolve, at the same time take in the details of a costume.

We breathe to live; we take longer breaths to increase our powers beyond our personal needs—to feed our vital forces to a flame whose radiating influences shall go out to others. This then, is the higher art life; to give life to others—to create.

Can I then give of my superabundance, taking first for my own manhood, and distributing the rest in the cause of brotherhood? Taking the first pound for myself, can I give the extra pound to my brother? I must give the extra pound and the first pound as well. I must give, serve, sacrifice. The inspired words, "If any one among you would be great, let him serve," may also read, "Be great, and the spirit of service will come to you." I find this forcibly expressed in the following poem, its source no longer remembered :

You would be a great artist? Can you make
A lyre out of your own heart strings, and,
Striking it with careful, critic hand,
Out of the cords a deathless music make?

Or can you take the keen-edged blade of pain,
And from your quivering soul with its dire aid,
Studying meanwhile each stroke as it is made,
Chisel a statue for Art's sacred fane?

Or can you in your heart's blood bravely dip
 Your brush, and paint a picture that will bring,
 The while it sets the dull world wondering,
 Th'approving smile to Art's impartial lip ?
 Can you pour sweet from bitter ? Can you, whirled
 By tempest, guide a storm-tossed bark to calm ?
 Can you go starving for love's blessed alm,
 And of your very famine feed a world ?
 You cannot ? 'Tis too great a price to pay ?
 You are too weak ? Aye, 'tis a fearful price !
 If you one moment count it sacrifice
 You are not called to greatness ! Go your way,
 And live like other women, and rejoice
 In your own path. It may be better so ;
 I do not say, but this full well I know—
 God gives unto His chosen ones no choice!

This process, this mental action, is to create, not to produce or reproduce material things, but to give life, in the sense that love and good will spread abroad to others in the ratio of their intensity and as they are allied to a spirit of fellowship. To compose music is also to create, but this form of creation is not now referred to. The performer creates, first getting in sympathy with the spirit of the music—it is then his vitality which quickens that of the listener. Without it there is only performance—with it there is interpretation.

The quantity of interpretation becomes Händel plus singer Smith; or Beethoven plus player Jones. Not plain every-day-manhood Smith, for Händel plus such a singer would be but a finite quantity; but Smith raised to artistic power, and then sacrificed, caused the equation to read Händel + Smith² = Handel immeasurable, suggesting the infinite.

It is so in all art. Let six great painters paint a portrait or a landscape. Each will faithfully reproduce, yet each will be different. It is the portrait or the landscape plus the individuality of the artist. No two alike, yet all faithful, all artistic. Six photographs would be exact reproductions, and exactly alike. But they would be nature copied, while art is nature idealized. In the same manner a dead horse stuffed would be truer to nature; but the sculptured horse would be truer art.

This vitality which radiates influence is recognized in different moods.

The various physical moods are forms of vital influence, but on a lower plane, just as the eyes and nostrils and other organs of sense serve on a physical plane. There are artistic moods, too, which are not allied to merely physical associations. On the contrary, the most exalted are sometimes associated with bodily depression. To illustrate: A little girl may softly check my too noisy entrance into her playroom and, with finger on lip and tip-toe step, she may bid me tread softly, not to disturb her doll-baby, who is sick and sleeping. She is filled with the imaginary solicitude of motherhood tenderness. If the little girl's real mother were truly sick, all that fluent utterance would be changed—stricken with real grief, hardly a word would articulate between her sobs. But who shall say that her idealized grief is but an imitation of the real, or that it is on a lower plane? Or who shall say that in a higher plane of living the moods are not less violent and more contained—in short, more like the doll episode?

Are we, as students, not prone to put off this idea of art life too long, until it is too late to put it on. We work at means to acquire facility, with the idea that with facile technic comes forgetfulness of means, and with that the road is clear for interpretation. The result often is that the road, even if cleared, is not traveled.

In other words, there is danger that in cultivating the letter alone you may starve the spirit, or may develop the letter to a degree preventing its subordination to the spirit.

I believe that the life should begin with the first lesson, that the first do-re-mi of the singer, or the first finger exercise of the piano player, should come under the direction of performer, if even in ever so small a degree, be under the performer's direction, to express, however crudely, his sense of welcome, congratulation, encouragement, sympathy, command, entreaty. It is healthful life to strive to give out influence from the start.

It is so in material life. One's breakfast eaten—the food changes, in turn, to chyle—blood—muscle; and born of the strength, comes God-ordained labor; and from this in turn comes appetite for the coming meal. It should be so

in ordinary education. And the successes of those who, with but a little, are disposed to make the most of it in every-day living—as well as the failures of many to whom the idea is never forcibly presented—would seem to substantiate the claim.

It is so, too, in art. I have no specific for this vitality, still less any short road to musicianship ; but can, I think, suggest little matters which will foster it, others which may keep one from turning aside from the path. Of this, later.

Wm. L. TOMLINS.

MUSIC IN THE COLUMBIAN FAIR.

(II. SCIENCE.)

A systematic exposition of music in all its relations would necessitate a division into three departments: Music as an art, that is to say, musical performances to be heard and felt as music; second, music in its intellectual aspects, as science; and third, music in its commercial aspects, as instruments, inventions and the like, having for object the perfecting and sale of the manifold sound producing apparatuses which we use in modern life. Hence we might call them Art, Science and Commerce. Now these three departments have already been outlined by the managers of the Columbian Exposition. Concerning the art part enough has been said in the former installment of this discussion. We have now to deal with the scientific aspects of music, leaving the commercial for yet another occasion.

All this part of the musical exhibition falls under the auspices of the "World's Congress Auxiliary," an organization somewhat one side the direct mechanical part of the great exposition, having for its motto "Not Things, but Men." As suggested therein, it is the undertaking of the auxiliary to bring together in Chicago at some time during the exposition, as many of the leaders of the world's thought as possible; and when they are here, to set them also into active coöperation in "congresses" upon their various specialties. This department of the exposition is perhaps somewhat less thoroughly understood than the more plain and obvious one, in which all sorts of mechanical and artistic novelties are placed for beholding. The first great fairs of this kind made little or no effort at representing the *thought* which has created the mechanical details of civilization, and has in it "the promise and the potency" of many thousand more additions to the sum of human knowledge and power. In the French expo-

sition of 1889, however, there were something more than fifty congresses of different kinds of scientists or specialists, such as educators, philosophers, publicists, journalists and other kinds of movers in thought. The proceedings of the small bodies, or circles, devoted to the individual specialties and departments, form a very important portion of the volumes which are left as a monument of the exposition. In this country, where thought is so much more free, and where the tendency to independence of idea and irreverence for precedents put every part of the entire domain of knowledge upon its defensive, there are already arranged about 150 such meetings of discussion and interchange of view. At the head of the auxiliary is President Chas. C. Bonney, a man of wide and comprehensive sympathies, and unfailing suggestiveness and tact. This will be better understood by a concrete example. When the committee of music was formed, he submitted to them certain suggestions as to the possibilities of their work. The following is the paper in question :

PRESIDENT'S SUGGESTIONS.

The following themes are mentioned by the president to indicate the scope of this department and elicit the suggestions of the committee on musical congresses, and of the members of the advisory council of this department, and the general honorary and corresponding members, to be utilized, as the committee may deem best, in making the final arrangements for the proposed congresses.

- a. The history of music, vocal and instrumental; and the decisive events which mark the great eras of musical development.
- b. The distinguishing characteristics of the different eras of musical progress, including the leading ideas of the chief musical composers; the particular treatment of the themes selected; the special genius of the great musical composers; the leading traits of the eminent musical directors; the character of the instrumentation, and the particular merits of the eminent singers of each era.
- c. Musical composition; its nature and history, and the chief rules by which it should be governed.
- d. Musical education; systems, methods and results in different musical eras.
- e. The oratorio; its nature and office, including anthems, chants, hymns, etc.
- f. The opera; its nature and office, including the relation of music to the dramatic art.
- g. The orchestra; its nature and office; the laws of instrumentation, the relation of the several classes of instruments to each other, and the rules by which the most effective results may be obtained.

- h.* The chorus ; its nature and office ; the relation and balance of the different parts ; the subordination of merely choral effects to the leading motive of the composition ; the relation of the chorus to the orchestra and to the leading singers, etc.
- i.* Popular music, including the songs of the people ; military music ; music for social festivities ; music for schools, etc.
- j.* Musical instruments ; their origin, development and present utility in the interpretation of musical compositions ; the characteristics of individual instruments ; the laws which govern their construction ; the rules which regulate their use ; the technical nature and office of each instrument, etc.
- k.* Music as an exact science ; the mathematics of music and the fixed rules of the various branches of the musical art.
- l.* Musical criticism; its office and rules; standard of judgment, etc.
- m.* The contributions of music to the happiness of the common people.
- n.* Church music ; its true nature, office and characteristics.
- o.* The literature of music.
- p.* The influence of music on the national life.
- q.* The elements of musical immortality.

THEMES SUGGESTED FOR THE POPULAR CONGRESS.

- a.* The great oratorios and their creators.
- b.* The great operas and their composers.
- c.* The kings and queens of song.
- d.* The music of patriotism.
- e.* The music of the fireside.
- f.* The music of romance.
- g.* The music of worship.
- h.* The relation of music to the other arts of enlightened life.
- i.* The influence of music on the moral, social and intellectual welfare of the people.
- j.* The music of the future ; its themes, methods and uses.
- k.* Music, the universal language of the human heart. While hundreds of tongues and dialects divide mankind, music unites all peoples by speaking one language, which all can understand.

NOTE.—It is presumed that provision will be made for an orchestra, chorus and other means of illustrating the work of the proposed musical congresses.

With these suggestions before them, the members of the committee, who had not been able to form in their minds a clear idea of what might be done in their department, were in position to proceed with a preliminary classification of the entire subject; for the suggestions of the president, while sufficiently comprehensive, were in merely popular form, and without attempt at scientific arrangement. Whereupon the following address of the committee was formulated, and has since been published:

**PRELIMINARY ADDRESS OF THE GENERAL COMMITTEE
ON MUSIC AND MUSICAL CONGRESSES.**

The undersigned committee of the World's Congress Auxiliary of the World's Columbian Exposition is organized for the purpose of promoting a series of congresses upon the art of music, in its manifold general and special relations, with the object of exhibiting the present state of the art in all its principal varieties and forms, together with as much as practicable of the course of progress through which it has come to its present condition. In pursuance of this undertaking, and as an indispensable means thereto, it is desired to bring together, out of the whole world, as many as may be of the leaders in musical achievement of every kind, including composers, artists, teachers, theorists, savants and musical journalists.

These, when suitably organized into congresses upon special provinces of music, are expected to discuss the more important musical problems still remaining unsolved, to the end that the exposition may result in a display of all that the art of music has already attained, and in addition to this give a sort of forecast of progress yet remaining unrealized. The latter part of this work will be no less important than the former, since papers coming from the leaders of the world's thought in this department will represent the insight and authority of the masterly sources whence they emanate, and when embodied in the encyclopedic volumes, in which it is proposed to embody the results of all the congresses, they will carry with them an authority of the most commanding description.

The congresses proposed will be of two kinds, which, for the sake of distinction we might designate Official and Voluntary. Under the former head are included all those congresses of musical specialists, scientists, artists, composers, and the like, which may hereafter be held under the auspices of this committee. In addition to these there is ample room for the meetings of all sorts of musical bodies whose aims and methods are such as to entitle them to the recognition of the auxiliary. To these, when arrangements are made, will be afforded space and accommodations for public or private meetings in pursuance of their special work; and the results attained will enter into the permanent record of the auxiliary in so far as in the judgment of the authorities they are of suitable public importance or permanent value. There will also be popular congresses, for the presentation to the people of the results and prospects of musical progress.

For the purpose of promoting the complete representation of the art of music indicated above, the local committee invites suggestions from every source; and urges upon the members or the advisory council of this committee, and upon the honorary members, the pressing need there is that they coöperate spontaneously with our work, both in the way of advice and of suggestions. Only in this way will the ends proposed be realized.

For the more complete illustration of the comprehensiveness of the plan proposed, the following tentative classification of topics has been made. Additions may be made to it, or modifications, as may

later appear necessary. When fully settled, special committees will be placed in charge of each division, to whom suggestions should be directed according to their object. It will be observed that the whole of the congresses under Class A will consist of musical performances, many of which will no doubt serve a double relation, as general attractions for the public, and as special illustrations of some province of the art of music.

TENTATIVE CLASSIFICATION.

CLASS A. MUSIC, PROPERLY SO CALLED. (ADDRESSED TO THE INTUITIVE FACULTIES AS MUSIC.)

- | | |
|--|--|
| I. Instrumental Music. Including
(1) Band and orchestra.
(2) Solo, including virtuoso
(3) Chamber music. | II. Vocal Music. Including
(1) Opera and dramatic cantatas.
(2) Oratorio and sacred music.
(3) Part singing.
(4) Songs and arias. |
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CLASS B. THE ART OF MUSIC FROM THE INTELLECTUAL SIDE, THAT IS TO SAY, THE THEORY OF MUSIC.

- III. *The History of Music.*** Including—
 (1) Music as a progressive development.
 (2) National music; its peculiarities, and an inquiry into the extent and manner in which national and race peculiarities enter into music and modify it, producing a national style. Also the points of similarity and dissimilarity of the musical art of different nations, civilized or half civilized.
- IV. *The Theory of Music,*** including the entire range of laws of combining tones for the purpose of musical expression.
- V. *Æsthetico-Theoretical.*** The true ideal of music, and the proper limits of the dramatic, descriptive, realistic or imitative elements of music.
- VI. *Music as Related to Life.*** Including its office.
 (1) As a beautifier and a pastime.
 (2) As a form of art, and the influence of its more general study.
 (3) Its influence upon morals.
- VII. *Musical Education.*** Including—
 (1) The awakening and diffusion of a taste for the higher forms of music.
 (2) The more productive methods of educating musical specialists (professional musicians).
 (3) The limited or popular education in music—Its aims, extent and methods.
 (4) Musical journalism. Its true office and aims.
- VIII. *Acoustico-Scientific.*** Including—

- (1) Analysis of the excellencies and defects of existing musical instruments, with indications of the directions in which improvement is desirable.
- (2) The relation of sound-producing apparatuses to the specialization of the sense of hearing, upon which the art of music depends.
- (3) The influence of different musical instruments upon the nerves and nervo-physical well being of those who practice them, or hear them continuously.
- (4) The acoustic qualities of halls, opera houses and theaters, and the laws upon which such qualities depend.

The committee takes occasion, yet again, to urge upon its corresponding and advisory members the importance of their coöperation, and the great aid their suggestions will give, whether made to cover large parts of the work proposed, or relating to the details of any one division. The plan is so broad, that in order to carry it to a successful conclusion, the hearty coöperation of the musical profession of the world will be necessary.

THEODORE THOMAS, *Chairman.*
 GEORGE F. ROOT, *Vice-Chairman.*
 WILLIAM L. TOMLINS,
 W. S. B. MATHEWS,
 CLARENCE EDDY,
 GEORGE P. UPTON,
 EMIL LIEBLING,
 CALVIN B. CADY,
 FERD. W. PECK.

}
*Committee on
Musical Congresses.*

CHICAGO, October, 1891.

To return to the address of the music committee, it will be seen that all the exhibits in the department of Class A will be musical performances, the greater part of which will take place under the direct auspices of the other side of the fair, being incidental to the many schemes of attraction outlined. The auxiliary will have charge of the scientific part only, and of such performances as come by way of illustration of scientific principles. There is the utmost liberty for all kinds of musical societies, whose aims are approved by the authorities, to hold any kinds of congress they choose, at times and in quarters provided by the exposition. Such quarters will be ample, and of every style, from those suited to small deliberative bodies of fifty members, to those appealing to audiences of many thousands. The complete organization of the auxiliary upon a subject is as follows:

I. A local membership, consisting of persons resident in or near Chicago, and embracing the members of the several general and special committees of the auxiliary in charge of the various depart-

ments, divisions, chapters and sections in which congresses are to be held. (In the case of music, the committee whose names are signed to the address above given.)

II. Advisory councils of such departments, divisions, chapters and sections, consisting of persons eminent in the work thereof, and non-resident in Chicago, who are especially invited to coöperate with the appropriate local committees, and who constitute the non-resident branches of such committees. The advisory councils are expected to aid the local committees by correspondence, freely, and by personal conference, as opportunity may offer.

III. General honorary and corresponding members of the auxiliary, consisting of eminent persons not specially assigned to coöperate with a particular local committee.

IV. The woman's branch of the World's Congress Auxiliary, consisting of committees of women corresponding to the committees of men on all subjects appropriate for the coöperation of women. These committees of women are composed of members resident in or near Chicago, and are assisted in their work by advisory councils of eminent women corresponding to the advisory councils of men. Mixed committees are not appointed, but the committee of men and the committee of women in a given department, division, chapter or section, may meet in conference and act together as they may find agreeable and expedient. In several instances the committees of women and of men after meeting in conference have resolved to hold joint meetings on the subject committed to their charge.

The woman's branch of the auxiliary also has a general honorary and corresponding membership of distinguished women.

In accordance with the plan above outlined, a portion of the advisory and honorary members have been appointed, and many of them have accepted. The following is the list, so far as made public at the moment of writing :

PARTIAL LIST OF THE ADVISORY COUNCIL OF THE WORLD'S CONGRESS AUXILIARY ON A MUSICAL CONGRESS.

Mr. William Mason, Mus. Doc., 29 Washington square, New York city.

Mr. Albert R. Parsons, Steinway Hall, New York city.

Mr. Dudley Buck, 126 Amity street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. E. M. Bowman, Steinway Hall, New York city.

Mr. Robert Bonner, 16 William street, Providence, R. I.

Mr. Arthur Foote, 2 West Cedar street, Boston, Mass.

Mr. George W. Chadwick, Boston, Mass.

Mr. Benj. J. Lang, 8 Brimmer street, Boston, Mass.

Mr. Arthur Nikisch, Music Hall, Boston, Mass.

Mr. Samuel P. Warren, Grace House, New York city.

Mr. H. F. Fink, the *Evening Post*, New York city.

Mr. E. H. Krehbiel, the *Tribune*, New York city.

Mr. Alexander Lambert, President New York Conservatory, New York city.

Mr. Asger Hamerik, Peabody Institute, Baltimore, Md.
 Mr. Faelton, New England Conservatory, Boston, Mass.
 Mr. John S. Dwight, 11 Park square, Boston, Mass.
 Prof. John K. Paine, Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass.
 Mr. I. V. Flagler, Syracuse University, Syracuse, N. Y.
 Mr. J. H. Hahn, Director Conservatory, Detroit, Mich.
 Mr. John C. Filmore, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Mr. Julius Klauser, Milwaukee, Wis.

FOREIGN.

M. Guiseppe Verdi, Milan, Italy.
 M. Charles Gounod, Paris, France.
 M. Camille Saint-Saens, Paris, France.
 M. Antoine Rubinstein, St. Petersburgh, Russia.
 M. Giovanni Sgambati, St. Cecilia Academy, Rome, Italy.
 M. Giovanni Tebaldini, Venice, Italy.
 M. F. A. Gevaert, Director of Conservatory, Brussels, Belgium.
 M. Delle-Sedie, Maestro dei Canto, Paris, France.
 M. Franz Rummel, Berlin, Germany.
 M. Moritz Moszkowsky, Berlin, Germany.
 M. J. L. Nicodé, Dresden, Saxony.
 M. Carl Reinecke, Director Conservatory, Leipsic, Germany.
 M. Edward Grieg, Bergen, Norway.
 Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, care of Novello & Co., London, England.
 Mr. J. Spencer Curwen, London, England.
 Sir Arthur Sullivan, Savoy Theater, London, England,
 Mr. Joseph Barnby, Eton College, England.
 M. Hans Richter, Imperial Opera House, Vienna, Austria.

ADVISORY COUNCIL OF THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN COMMISSION ON
WORLD'S CONGRESSES.

Hon. Charles H. Jones, Missouri.
 Hon. Albert A. Wilson, District of Columbia.
 Hon. John Boyd Thatcher, New York.
 Hon. John W. Woodside, Pennsylvania.
 Hon. John Bennett, Kentucky.
 Hon. Frederick G. Bromberg, Alabama.
 Hon. Orson V. Tousley, Minnesota.
 Hon. Bradley B. Smalley, Vermont.

Thus the preliminary work of outlining the possibilities of musical congresses has been done; but there remains the still more difficult task of forming practicable working plans for prearranged deliberations upon musical subjects, so selected and coördinated as to engage the coöperation of the master minds in the profession, without whose active assistance no valid results will be possible. Moreover, while the matter of music in the fair has been more or less under consideration for about a year, so little has been done, beyond

this preliminary survey of the ground, that the newly appointed advisory and honorary members have a fair start with the others, and may offer whatever suggestions or criticisms occur to them with the utmost freedom. Nor will suggestions from sources entirely outside these limits be unwelcome, for it often happens that a disinterested third party has an idea in the very nick of time, which the pre-occupation of the active and responsible committee fails to observe. The local committee having the matter immediately in charge, stands in position of fiduciary relationship to the entire musical profession, not alone of this country, but of the world.

There is yet another point which may occur to the reader conversant with musical polities. It will be remembered that the National Association of Music Teachers, at Detroit, appointed a special commission for the promotion of musical congresses at the fair, under the auspices of the association. The question may therefore very properly be asked, What is the relation existing between that commission and this committee? To this only one answer can be given: None at all. The action of the national association was entirely outside the cognizance of the managers of the fair; but that commission, if it be still in existence, stands upon precisely the same footing as the representatives of any other musical society desiring to hold congresses here during the fair. Upon proper representations to the authorities, and approval of the objects proposed, suitable provision of rooms will be made. And, as already stated above, whatever part of the deliberations may appear to the fair authorities to possess permanent interest and value will be made part of the permanent record. Every member of the local committee was appointed without his own personal cognizance or effort, the object of the managers of the auxiliary being to secure the assistance of persons owing allegiance to no outside organizations whatever, in order that entire impartiality might be secured in their services as experts. This is the whole story of the present state of the musical question in the World's Congress Auxiliary, as it stands at present.

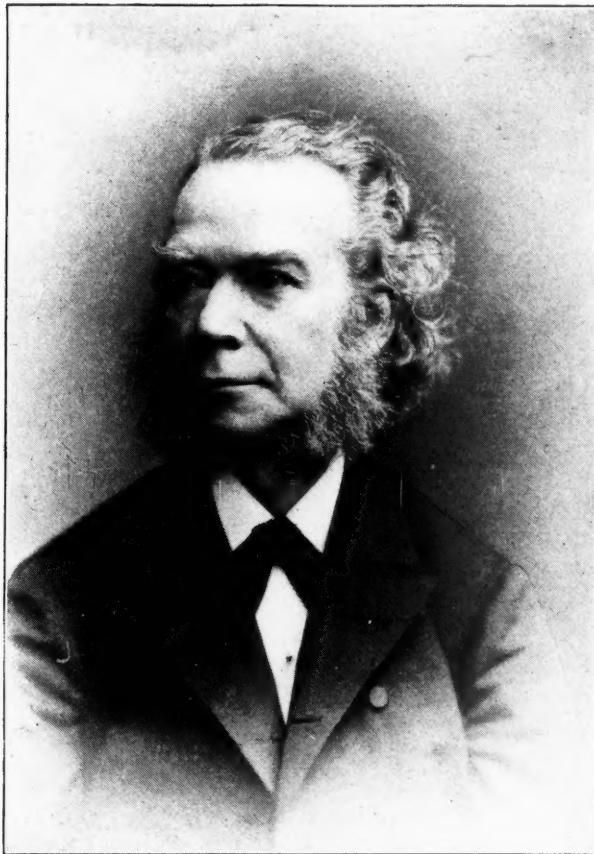
W. S. B. M.

A MUSICAL EDITOR IN EUROPE.

The Manual Publishing Company has in press and will shortly publish a highly readable and entertaining series of "European Reminiscences" by the well known Boston singer, teacher, writer, editor and talker, Mr. Louis C. Elson. The book is written in the light vein of a jovial good fellow on a vacation; but it contains so large a store of experience and of quick observation that it will be read with interest by the average musical reader, since in these informal pages he will gain many glimpses of European musical celebrities and manners, with their formal halos for the moment laid aside. By the kindness of the publishers MUSIC is able to lay before its readers a few excerpts, with the illustrations thereunto appertaining. *Ex pede Hercule.*

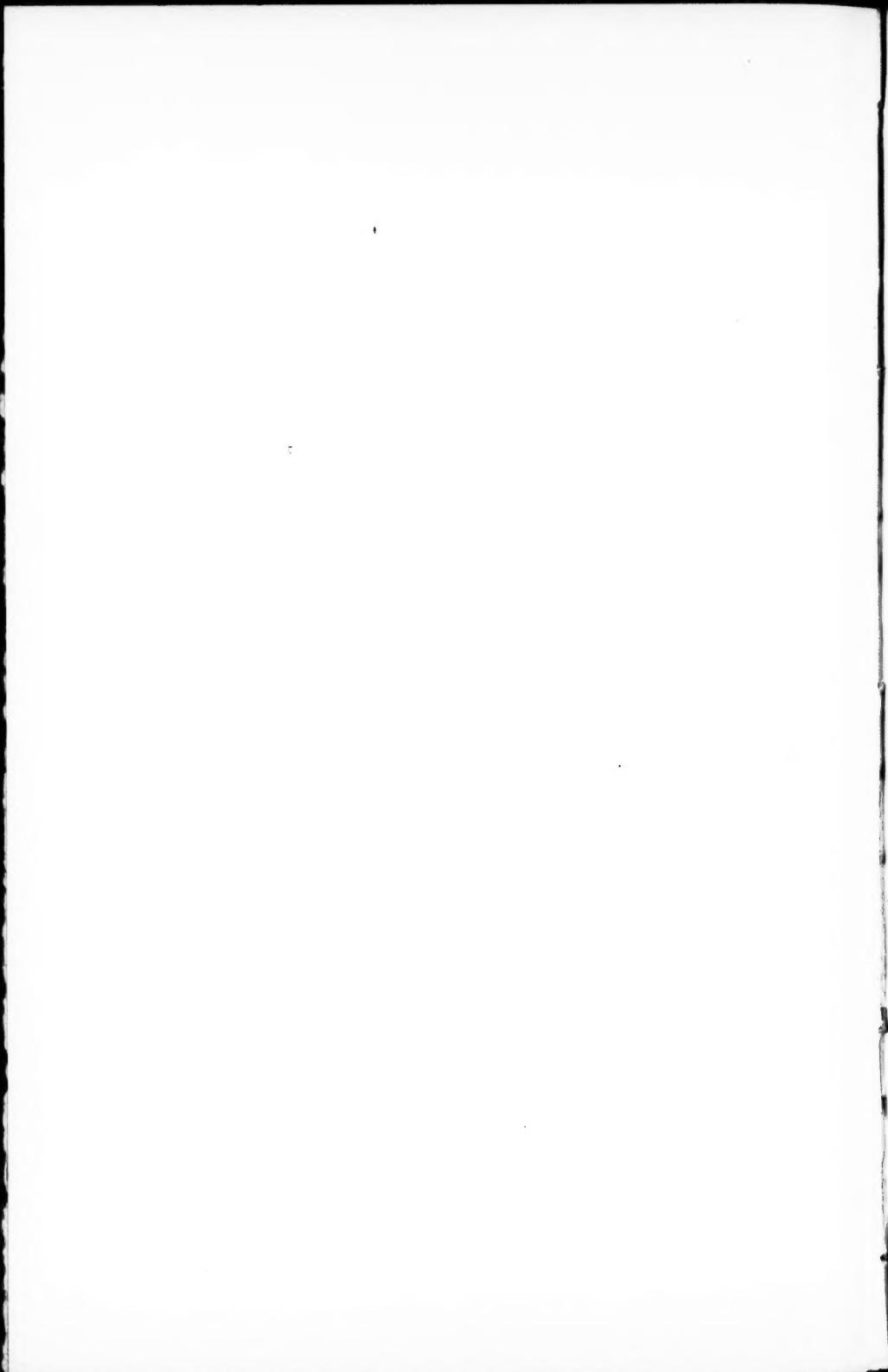
After the usual ocean voyage and trip across the low countries and up the Rhine, Mr. Elson presently arrived at Leipsic, that Jerusalem of American tradition—for so many of our best known teachers have had their education in the old university city, that "to study in Europe" was until within the past few years quite synonymous with "to study in Leipsic." At Leipsic, quite naturally, the central figure for him was that of the genial old kapellmeister, Carl Reinecke, of whom the following interesting glimpses are given:

"Kapellmeister Reinecke in himself illustrates the modestly great character of the German musicians of rank. He has no tremendous salary; he does not dictate royal terms for every appearance of himself and orchestra; but he is sincerely honored by every one in Leipsic, and in his autograph album are letters of heartiest recognition from Schumann and Berlioz, down to kings and queens. It is, however, no longer a combination of poverty and honor for the musicians in Germany. Mozart's day of suffering is past. An eminent professor at Leipsic told me that the high prices paid in America are having their influence in Germany. The



CARL REINECKE,
Director of the Conservatory at Leipsic.

From Elson's "European Reminiscences." *By Permission of the Manual Publishing Co.*



great institutions find that if they wish to keep the musicians from starting for the New World, they must give pecuniary inducements to stay in the Old. I had some charming glimpses of the home life of Kapellmeister Reinecke, as he took me from the conservatory to his modest quarters in the *Querstrasse*, somewhat nearer the sky than some of our less learned native composers dwell. A number of charming young ladies of assorted sizes greeted my view in the drawing room, and I was presented, one by one, to the daughters of the kapellmeister. Astounded at the rather numerous gathering, I ventured to ask whether any had escaped, and was informed that some of them had—into the bonds of wedlock. The sons, too, seemed especially bright, and the wit and badinage around the dinner table was something long to be remembered. Reinecke has not got the American fever to any extent, and a very short sojourn showed me why he is not anxious to change his position for one in the New World. It is true that he has not a salary such as our directors and conductors of first rank obtain, but on every side were tokens of friendship and homage from the greatest men and women of Europe, and when, the next day, he took me to his *Kneipe* near the conservatory, I noticed that every one in Leipsic took off his hat to the simple and good old man; every one, from nobleman to peasant. It counts for something to be thus honored and beloved, and perhaps a few thousand dollars would not compensate for the loss of such friends. How kindly and paternal Reinecke is, may be clearly shown by relating the origin of the beautiful violin part to the song ‘Spring Flower.’ He had composed this without any violin obligato whatever, and it was to be sung by a young lady at her *debut* in a *Gewandhaus* concert. The evening before the concert the artist came with a decided fit of the ‘nerves’ to Reinecke’s home, and in trembling and tears expressed her forebodings for the *debut* of the morrow. The good-hearted composer sat down to think matters over, and then exclaimed, ‘I will give you some extra support for the voice, so that you cannot fail,’ and then wrote the violin part, which is so tender and characteristic. Immediate rehearsal followed, and thanks to the

violin support and the goodness of Reinecke, the *début* was a success. And at the *Kneipe*, too, I saw how much of contentment, passing riches, there was in such an artistic life, for here in the corner of a very modest *Wirthschaft* were gathered some of the greatest art workers of Leipsic (literature and painting were represented, as well as music), and every day at noon they met and spoke of their work, their hopes, their plans and their arts, and in such an atmosphere the plant of high ideality could not but thrive, and I could only wish that we might some day have such unostentatious and practical gatherings among the artists of America."

From Leipsic he made a hurried trip to the north, where he encountered several of the best known of the Scandinavian musicians.

"Next morning I was obliged to leave my companions, and seek out several musicians, to whom I had greetings from their American friends. The first one that I found was Gadé, the composer, who was just conducting the closing exercises of the Royal Danish Conservatory. He was old and portly, and his appearance would not give a clew to the genius within. Short of stature, round eyes, ruddy face, and bushy, gray hair, with a manner in which joviality and impetuosity were combined, Gadé impressed one as a professor of the old school, wrapped up entirely in his work and his art. He took me over the conservatory, spite of the evidently pressing duties, and explained to me the system, also inquiring as to the status of teaching in the United States. He was astounded to hear of our vast conservatories, and of the progress we were making in music. Of our composers he knew but very little. He wished that he were younger, that he might visit America. 'Now I must wait for a still longer journey,' said he, sighing. The good old man has since gone on that journey. He has fought the good fight bravely, and fairly outlived those who called him 'Mrs. Mendelssohn.' He was very busy then with the final examinations of the school year, and showed me some of the papers, with evident pride in the standing of his classes in composition. He expressed a wish that he might

have some of our talented Americans to teach, 'but they all go to Berlin and Munich,' he added.

"I now went to see Svendsen, the great symphonic composer of the north. I had difficulty at the outset, for the servant told me that he was out, and my Danish was not equal to the task of asking when he would return. I spoke to her in German, French, Italian and finally in English. The latter seemed to impress her deeply, for she went away. I was left in doubt for a moment as to whether she had taken me for a linguistic book agent, and had gone to unchain the bulldog; but she soon reappeared, with a young lady. Again I let fly the various European tongues, but she interrupted my flow of polyglot eloquence by saying, 'You can speak English; I am an American.' This was Mrs. Svendsen. I was soon in a comfortable arm chair in an elegant music room, awaiting the arrival of the kapellmeister. He soon came, a tall, handsome, genial-looking man, with wavy blonde hair, looking not more than thirty years of age, although he is more than ten years older. He gave me a most cordial welcome, and in a few minutes, over fragrant coffee and cigars, we were conversing about America and American musicians. Svendsen has been in America—during his honeymoon—and remembers New York and Niagara with enthusiasm. He asked after many of his American fellow-students, and also after some of his most talented American pupils. In the discussion which followed, regarding woman in music, he expressed the opinion that no very great female composer would ever arise. He thought that woman was receptive, but not creative, and that this enabled her at times to outstrip man as a performer, and to become a pianist with greater ease, but militated against her expressing great or original thoughts as a composer. I hope that my fair readers of musical tendencies will not vow vengeance on Svendsen for this sentiment. Svendsen is said to be one of the great orchestral conductors of the world. He showed me two trophies of his work in this direction, both gifts of admirers. One was a gold and ebony baton, of exquisite workmanship, a gift from ladies in Christiania, the other, a quainter one of ivory, made especially valuable by the

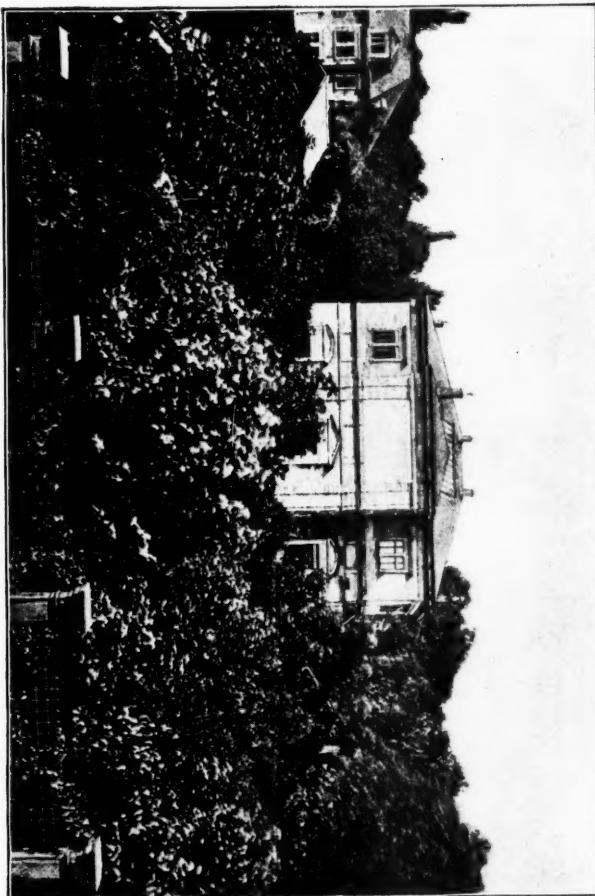
autograph of the former owner upon it—‘Carl Maria von Weber.’

“A pleasant half hour of study of the composer’s recent orchestral scores followed, during which he explained to me the intention of many of his effects of instrumentation. I was especially struck with the wealth of fancy displayed in his ‘Zorahaide,’ a Spanish tone picture in which he has caught the true Spanish and Moorish spirit, although he has never been in Spain. The subject is taken from Washington Irving.”

Bayreuth, very naturally, was one of the objective points of the errant pilgrim, the year being that in which Wagner’s “Meistersinger” was first produced there. Passing over the usual incidents of the new-comer, such as the assignment of lodgings by municipal coöperation, the difficulty of finding persons and places by the aid of a cabman, himself a new-comer in the little city, and the trifling swindles of every sort, which go to keep the traveler upon his mettle, we come to something out of the ordinary :

“I put in a part of the morning in a call on Mme. Cosima Wagner. I scarcely dared hope that at such a busy time she would receive me, and the stately butler bore out this impression by saying : ‘The gracious lady may perhaps see you next Tuesday evening, but not now’; but took in my letter and a greeting from Mr. Emil Mahr, our Boston violinist, and almost immediately came out with an invitation for me to enter. Through a fine entrance hall, in which stood a magnificent piano and organ, we went into a room, half drawing room, half boudoir, in which sat a slim and graceful, but not beautiful, lady, writing. She arose and greeted me with cordiality, and in a few moments by kindly question and unaffected conversation put me at ease.

“I have said that she was not beautiful, but there was something more than real beauty in the noble face and expressive eyes, that kindled with loftier light when she spoke of the works of her great husband. She inquired whether the Wagnerian music was taking root in America, and expressed a dread lest it should become merely a fashion. ‘It must be explained, it must not be misunderstood, or



WAGNER'S VILLA "WAHNFRIED."

From Elson's "European Reminiscences,"

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half understood,' she said, 'and then it will grow.' She spoke of America as a great field for such work, and hoped that it might be cultivated properly. She was delighted when I told her of what had been done there by lecture and essay. She inquired after American friends, and particularly Mr. B. J. Lang, and was interested in Mr. Gericke's Wagnerian labors among us. She said that Mr. Anton Seidl, of New York, was a worker whose labors would bear fruit for the cause, and his letters to her gave her ground to hope for a spread of the appreciation of her husband's music. In all the interview, while never becoming excited, she impressed me as a woman who is terribly in earnest, and who lives, like the great Clara Schumann, to glorify her husband's memory and fame. She was not entirely satisfied with the number of rehearsals which had preceded the festival. 'We have been at work steadily for three weeks,' said she, 'It ought to have been six, but the singers could not leave their theatrical engagements. It is true that many of them have sung "Parsifal" before, but "Parsifal" is an opera that needs to be studied over anew every time it is performed. "Die Meistersinger" is easier, but that also cannot have too much rehearsal.'

"She then asked if there were many Americans in the city. 'Every year they say a great many are coming, but when one counts them up they scarcely number a score.' I hastened to assure the gracious lady that I knew personally of some fifty who were coming, and that I had no doubt the number would reach 200 or more, at which she expressed hearty gratification, as also at the fact that the nobility were coming in great numbers. 'One wants the people, but it is gratifying to have an audience of exceptional rank on such an exceptional occasion.' She hoped that my stay would be prolonged over her reception evening on the following Tuesday, and gave me a cordial invitation to call again before leaving the city.

Our conversation was in German, but I understand that the daughter of Liszt has all the linguistic abilities which her father so richly possessed. The resemblance of Madame Wagner to her father, Liszt, was more marked than ever

as she grew animated. Our interview soon drew to a close, as both of us had to prepare for the festival. A short visit to the grave of the great master followed. It is a broad slab of stone, simply set in a wide mound, which is covered with ivy and is at the rear of the house—the Villa Wahnfried. I recalled a visit to that grave, when Madame Wagner had not yet taken up the noble mission which now causes her to live and to take interest in life. It was in 1883. The sudden death of her beloved husband had almost destroyed her reason. She had cut off her beautiful long tresses (because Wagner had admired them), and placed them in his coffin; Liszt had come to Bayreuth, but she refused to see him; only the boy, Siegfried, because he was the favorite of his father, was suffered to approach her; and every day, in rain or sunshine, she would sit two hours or more beside that lonely grave. She allowed none other near it, and it was only by the connivance of an underling that I was finally able to visit the resting place of the greatest composer of his epoch. Now all this has changed, and the imperial band, by command of the kaiser, played a dirge there during the festival."

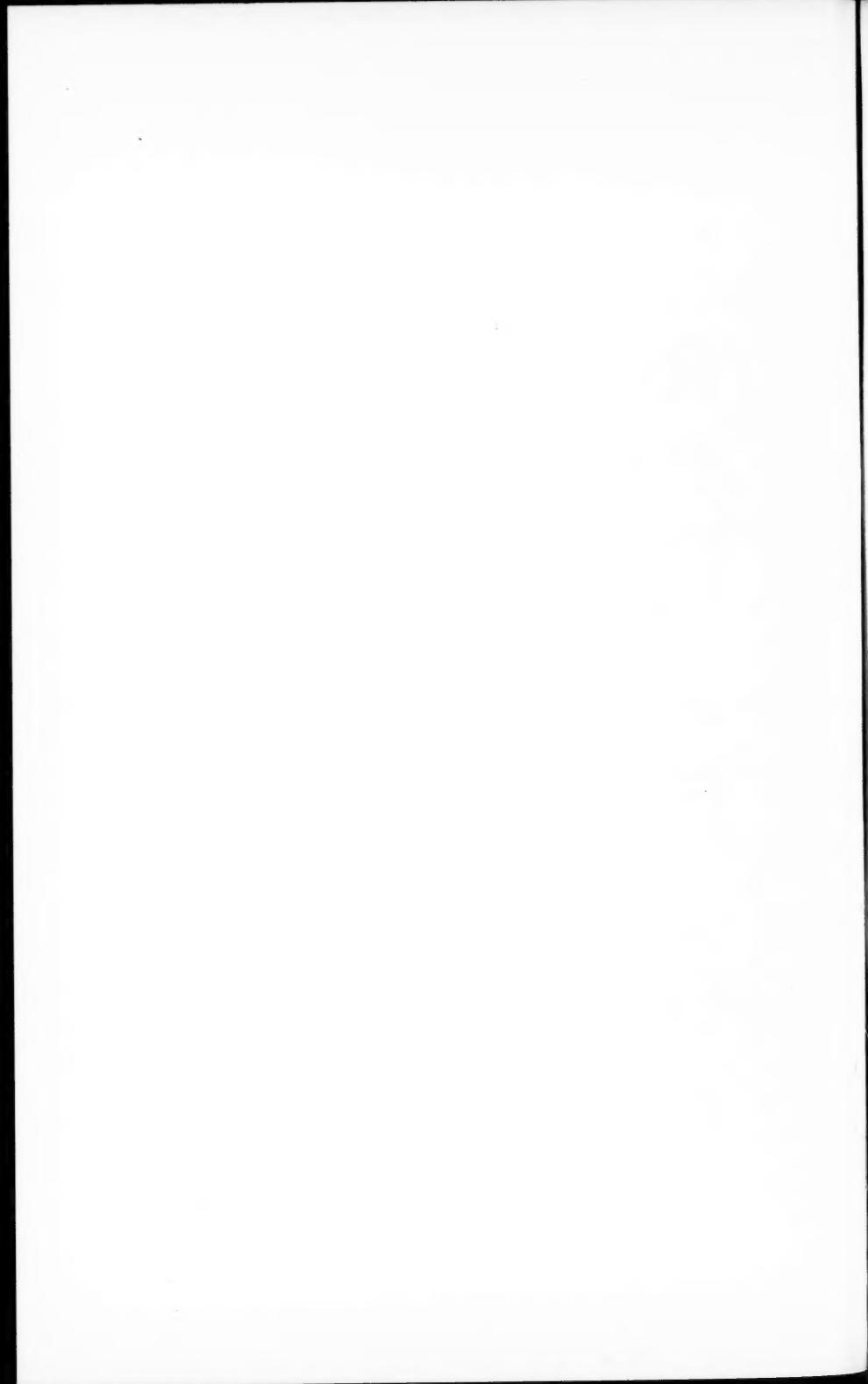
(TO BE CONTINUED.)



WAGNER IN THE DRAWING ROOM.

From Elsner's "Enchanted Reminiscences."

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PIPPA'S SPRING SONG.

From Browning's "Pippa Passes."

Music by Julia Lois Caruthers.

The year's at the Spring, And day's at the morn;
vivace. *mp*

Morn-ing's at sev-en; The hill-side's dew pearled; The

lark's on the wing; The snail's on the thorn; God's in His

hea - ven. All's right with the world!

largamente.

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HARMONY LESSONS TO A CHILD.*

LESSON I.

Let us begin with a definition or two. Play a bit of melody. The sounds are single, are they not? There is one tone at a time. Play again the same bit of melody, with its bass. Every sound of the melody now falls upon the ear at the same time as another sound, the bass of the melody tone. Every sound in the latter case is no longer simple, but combined—that is, composed of two elements, the melody tone and its bass.

Harmony is the art of combining sounds; or, if you like it better, the science of combined sounds.

Let us begin at the keyboard. With the right second finger, touch with a full tone E, next above middle C. With the left second finger touch C, middle C. Now sound them together. Generally you will not sound them with equal force. Try the experiment of sounding now the right hand note louder, and now the left hand note louder. The two ought to be nearly equal, but with a very slight preponderance upon the upper. The two sounded together, C and E, make a chord.

A chord is a combined sound musically related.

It is not easy to find any combined sound which might not in some extreme cases be employed in music. C and C sharp together, however, would very rarely be used; and a three-fold combined sound, C, C sharp and D together would never be used. Try the effect and see if you can discover the reason why they are not generally put in for the sake of their pleasant sound?

The chord C E is composed of two elements, C and E, which stand together at the interval of a *third*.

An "interval" is a difference in "pitch." Pitch means "point of highness or lowness." The tones

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obtained from the right hand part of the keyboard are called higher; those from the left hand are called lower.

Intervals are named from the number of scale degrees which they include. For example, C E stand at the interval of a third, because the tones C and E include D between them. For the present you may reckon intervals by the white keys. The third white key upon the right, counting the one upon which you begin and the one with which you end, is the third to any tone.

You are to touch a key with the left hand, and immediately with the right hand touch its third. In this way you will have the thirds D F, E G, F A, G B, etc. In naming intervals, always name the lower tone first. In this way learn to call the tones by thirds, ascending, as: A, C, E, G, B, D, F, A, etc. Also, the same descending: A, F, D, B, G, E, C, etc. You will also learn to write the thirds named above upon music paper, every third covering three degrees of the staff. That is, if the lower tone is represented by a line the upper one will be represented by the next line above; or in a descending series by the next line below. If one of the tones is upon a space, the lower or higher will be upon the next space above or below, according as you are reckoning. As a rule we always reckon upward.

You are to write all the thirds, using white keys only, within the octave and below middle C.

When you have these written, I want you to play one of them with the right hand. Play it firmly, producing a good, round tone. Now with the left hand try and find a bass tone which will go well with it. Try first the upper tone of the third; then the lower as bass. Write, under your notes of the thirds, the name of the tone which sounds better as bass. Sometimes you will find yet a third tone which makes a better effect as bass than either of the two tones in the third. Try in this way the third E G with the bass C. I think you will like it better than E or G as bass for that chord.

There is another thing about these thirds. They are not all the same distance apart. For example, count the

semitones contained in the third C E. They are C C sharp, C sharp D, D D sharp, D sharp E, four semitones. But from D to F there are only three semitones: D D sharp, D sharp E, E F, three. The third C E is called greater (or major), the third D F, and all others of three semitones, are called smaller (minor). You will also go over the thirds which you have already written, and ascertain which of them are major and which minor.

If now you take the major third C E, and instead of E take E flat, you will have a minor third upon C. Or if you take the minor third D F, and for the F substitute F sharp, you will have a major third upon D. In like manner go over all the thirds you have written, and write directly after the major thirds the minor thirds on the same tones; and after the minor thirds the major thirds on the same tones.

Referring again to the two kinds of thirds, you are to sound first a major third upon C, and then a minor third upon the same tone. Tell which sounds better; and which sounds sad. You will find, I think, that the minor third sounds less perfect than the major, and less happy. This is due to the fact that the tones do not agree so well with each other.

There is another curious thing about a minor third. It is possible to find a bass tone which being added to it will change the effect to major. For instance, take the third E G ; is this minor or major? Now first try for bass G, then E ; both leave the effect minor, the latter perhaps more so. Then, instead of either of these tones for bass, sound C as bass, and discover whether the effect is now major or minor. You will find, I think, that it is major. The right hand still plays the minor third, but the left hand adds another element which changes the effect of the combined sound.

Try it, first one way, then the other. You will also find that you can change your major thirds to minor effects by adding a third tone as bass. For example, play the third C E, which is major ; then for bass take A, a tenth below. Is the effect now major or minor? Try the

other major thirds in this way, finding a bass tone which can be taken with each third, with the effect of changing the harmony to minor.

The reason of this change we will learn in the next lesson.

You may note under your thirds, written out, the letter which makes the best bass of each third.

Things to learn fully in this lesson.

1. Harmony defined.
2. Third.
3. Major and minor thirds, and their differences.
4. To name letters upward and downward by thirds.
5. How thirds are represented upon the staff.
6. Method of changing a minor third to a major third.
7. Meaning of interval.
8. Method of adding a bass to a minor third, changing its character to major; and, *vice versa*, a major third to a minor effect.

NOTE.—The correct solution of this exercise will be given next time.

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THE ABBEY-GRAU OPERA COMPANY.

THE Chicago season of opera in Italian and French, "as the case may be," is in full operation at the present writing, under the management of Messrs. Grau and Abbey. The company includes a great number of the best singers now before the public. Among them are Miss Eames, Mme. Albani, the Ravoglio sisters, Mme. Lehman, Mme. Scalchi, the great tenor, Jean De Reszke, his equally great brother, the basso, Edouard De Reszke, and a variety of lesser artists. The great features of the season thus far (two weeks having elapsed at the moment of writing) have been Jean De Reszke's *Lohengrin*, and his Raoul in the "*Huguenots*." The *Lohengrin* interpretation is perhaps the greatest ever seen here, scarcely excepting that of Alvary; for while Alvary's voice was a little fresher when he was heard here in the *role*, De Reszke's interpretation is very great in all points, especially in the last act, and his singing leaves little or nothing to be desired. His voice is sweet, stopping a little short of what Richard Grant White used to call the "seraphic radiance" of tone color, and his artistic insight quick, deep and true. His stage training has been of the most complete description, and he knows perfectly how to graduate an impersonation so as to bring it at the last to a full and well rounded completeness and climax. It is a pity



EDOUARD DE RESZKE.

that all this is wasted in an art where so small a proportion of the audience remain to the very end as in grand opera, when these very long works are in performance.

Mr. Edouard De Reszke has a magnificent bass organ, and with greater stature than his brother, and a good training upon the stage, his impersonations are almost ideal from a vocal point of view, and very satisfactory from all. Thus far, however, he has had no great *role* where his larger dramatic powers would be tested.

Many of the casts have been made up with one good singer and several small ones. The business at such performances has been very light—a lesson which the managers will in time most likely take to heart. In grand opera the Scotch proverb that “mony a mickle maks a muckle” does not hold true. Unless a cast has at least two or three pronounced individualities in it, the public cannot be galvanized into taking an interest in it.

The best element of uniform excellence has been the orchestra, composed of sixty of the Chicago orchestra, Signor Vianesi being the director. The staging of the operas has been generally praised, but perhaps quite as much as necessary, since most of the splendor has been due to the scenery of the Auditorium being nearly or quite new, the size of the stage and the exceptionally magnificent dressing of the De Reszkés and Miss Eames. The selection of operas has been made from all schools, but the lighter ones have not drawn. Only “Lohengrin” and the “Huguenots” have drawn, to this writing. In this instance the attractiveness of the performance was due mainly to the richness and strength of the cast, and the certainty that the works respectively were of such character as to demand from the artists the exertion of their full powers.

Of the De Reszke brothers the following brief account has been somewhat freely translated from a MS. kindly furnished by a well known Parisian journalist:

The De Reszke brothers come of a family essentially musical and artistic in tastes and habits. They were born at Varsovie, in Poland. Jean de Reszke began to sing while he was still extremely young, and by the time he was thirteen his voice had been heard in the church of the college where he was pupil, and its rare quality had awakened the

interest of all Varsovie. His parents destined him for the bar; he took his examination and degree as advocate, but the underlying artistic sentiment made itself felt, and very soon the young lawyer threw off his robe, in order to embrace the lyric career, which had in reserve for him such glorious laurels. He labored at singing under the excellent professor, Ciaffei, and at the age of nineteen set out with his father for Italy, where he heard at Venice the celebrated baritone Cotogni, who sang Don Carlos, and made a profound impression upon the sensitive soul of the young artist. Thenceforth for some time he followed the artistic peregrinations of the great singer, visiting London, St. Petersburgh, etc., and hearing the entire constellation of celebrated artists, such as Mario, Tamberlik, Graziani, Faure, Patti, etc.

In 1874, following the advice of Cotogni, Jean De Reszke made his *debut* as baritone at La Fenice, in Venice, with creditable success. But the great singer Cotogni was deceived. Jean De Reszke's voice never had the resonance of baritone; all the most capable theatrical critics agreed in finding that it possessed more of the quality of tenor than the deeper quality to be expected of a baritone. Nevertheless, for a number of years he persevered in this career, attaining considerable celebrity in the beautiful *roles* for baritone voice, which abound in the older operas. Yet it was a struggle against nature, the severity of which may be inferred from the fact that during the engagement at the Theatre Italien in Paris he more than once fainted with fatigue at the end of a *role*, in consequence of the strain of singing parts written so much too low for him.

It was Professor Sbriglia who decided that he ought no longer to continue this strife against nature, and that he should abandon the stage for a time in order to prepare himself for the tenor repertory. This he did. Aided by the wise counsels of M. Sbriglia, he studied earnestly for two years, and afterward made his *debut* as tenor, at Madrid. His success was great and immediate, and opened for him the doors of the opera at Paris and at Covent Garden in London.

The composer Massenet had written for him "Le Cid," and the great singer made a most imposing and successful *debut* at its first representation. M. Gounod revived for him his "Romeo and Juliet," and transferred it to the grand opera, its original destination.

De Reszke's success in all the leading tenor *roles*, such as "Faust," the "Prophet," "Africaine," "Aida," "Carmen," "Otello," "Les Huguenots," etc., was so great at the Paris Grand Opera and at the Covent Garden in London, that the De Reszke brothers made the fortune of the English manager, Sir Augustus Harris, and the season when they both sang was called the De Reszke season.

Edouard De Reszke was not at first destined for a theatrical career, but for agriculture. It was his intention to scientifically improve some of the many lands owned by his family in Poland. It was only upon the suggestion of his brother that his beautiful bass voice was recognized, and he deserted agriculture for a lyric career. Jean took him immediately to Milan, and confided his education to the good professors Stella and Alba, and later he studied with the celebrated baritone Coletti, of Naples. After four years' study in Italy,



JEAN DE RESZKE.



Edouard De Reszke returned to Paris, where he continued to study under Professor Sbriglia, but his real guide and professor was his brother Jean, who never ceased to wonder daily at the marvelous progress of his younger brother.

Edouard De Reszke, still very young, made his *debut* at the Italian Opera in Paris, in "Aida," the master Verdi himself directing the first three representations. The composer Massenet immediately confided to him the beautiful creation of "Le Roi de Lahore," at La Scala in Milan. He was so much admired that he was soon in demand in Turin, Genoa, Trieste, Lisbon, and everywhere he made triumphs of a high order, but above all he worked diligently at increasing his repertory, which now embraces sixty-eight operas.

During six years Edouard De Reszke sang every winter at Paris, where he made a number of important creations, such as "Le Cid," "Patrie," etc., and in the interim he was heard at Covent Garden and in other parts of Europe. The De Reszke brothers are favorite singers of her majesty, the queen of England, who admits them at private receptions at Windsor, as Mario was formerly received. Last winter the emperor of Russia having expressed a desire to hear them, they sang before the imperial court at the Château Gatchina, and were afterward heard at the opera in St. Petersburg and Moscow. His majesty, the king of Portugal, bestowed upon them, in remembrance of a private concert before the court, the orders of Santiago and Christ. The admirers of Bizet wishing to erect a statue to his memory, a delegation of the Parisian press was sent to Jean De Reszke, to request him to return to Paris to sing "Carmen," which he did with so much success that from the proceeds a great part of the expense of the monument was defrayed.

The De Reszke brothers always labor together, and by careful study and mutual criticism strive to improve each other's work, and in this manner it is that they have brought their leading impersonations to such a high degree of finish and artistic balance. During the summer they retire to their estates in Poland, where, in manly sports of fencing and the chase, they strive to forget the theater and recover again the virile manliness and freshness which is one of their great charms. Both the gentlemen belong in the very first walks of life, and apart from being great artists, are men of breeding, refinement and education; they are men of the world in the fullest sense. Both are great patrons of the turf, maintaining an extensive breeding establishment in their native country.

MUSIC OF THE INDIANS.

It is likely that among the interesting exhibits of the Columbian Exposition will be examples of the music of the American Indians. For some months investigations have been going on, under the auspices of Harvard College, having for their object the collection and preservation of the

melodies of the Indians. The undertaking had its inspiration from Miss Fletcher, a devoted friend of the red men, who for many years has devoted herself to ethnological studies in this department. After having lived among the Indians for several years, partly in the capacity of teacher, and partly as friend, living as they lived, going hungry when the food supply failed, and sharing her own scanty store with them upon equal terms, she acquired their confidence as perhaps no other white woman ever has. Contrary to the general impression, the Indians are intensely fond of music. They make great use of it in every-day life, and their religious ceremonies have elaborate choral liturgies, which have been transmitted for years by tradition. Few whites, or none, have been admitted to certain ones of these ceremonies; no public record of the ceremonies has ever been made before those of Miss Fletcher. When she had collected a certain number of melodies she brought them east and turned them over to musicians for arrangement and harmonization. The results were not satisfactory to the Indians, who failed to recognize their best known airs when thus treated. After several experiments of that sort, Miss Fletcher's attention was in some way attracted to certain writings of Prof. John C. Fillmore, and accordingly she sent him some melodies for trial. The arrangements when complete were tried over in the presence of good Indian musicians, and for the most part there was complete approval of the work. Then, last December, Mr. Fillmore was summoned to Washington to take down certain melodies, from a company of Indians who were there. He spent a week in this way, with but indifferent success at first. Later he mastered the principles of this new tone realm, and still later spent some time among the Omaha Indians, taking down their melodies, especially those of their more private religious ceremonies. He is now engaged in harmonizing these melodies and in tabulating the conclusions derived from comparing more than 100 of these melodies of every class. A preliminary report has been prepared, which will presently find place in the *Century Magazine*. The Harvard report has also been submitted, so far as the work has gone. It is

Mr. Fillmore's desire to devote himself entirely to this work, which he estimates will occupy all his time for the next five years. In the course of these studies he has learned several curious facts about the musical ears of the Indians. He thinks that they sing out of tune unconsciously, just as white people do. When the melody is sung to them as they sing it, they object to the intonation; but when the pitches are made true it pleases them, although perhaps in a dozen times singing they may not have once intoned the music correctly. The rhythms of these melodies are very complicated, but the melodic structure has progressed no farther than the art of proposing a melodic motive; this they repeat in lower and lower sequences, and at last the rhythm works itself out in a monotone. They never answer a melodic phrase with another completing the sense, as we understand it.

Another investigator has for some time been engaged in the study of these melodies under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institute, taking the melodies from a phonograph, into which the Indians had sung them. The results of this method have been highly unsatisfactory. The tabulated melodies published by Mr. Vincent are in no recognizable keys, without signatures, and with no harmonic indications of their true meaning. It is to be hoped that Harvard University will be able to carry forward this important work; and it is quite certain that an exhibition of the results so far as obtained will be made at the Columbian Fair.

Some time in the future, but at a date impossible to fix, MUSIC will have an elaborate article giving a large number of the melodies and the explanations needful for their complete understanding.

THE library of the late Prof. Frederic Louis Ritter, Mus. Doc. of Vassar College, is offered for sale as a whole. The collection of bound books reaches about 854 numbers, including many very rare works and editions. There are also many volumes of music, scores, etc. The price asked is not made public, but it should probably be somewhere in the first \$10,000. It is a very rare chance for a library desiring to obtain at one purchase a thorough foundation for a musical library.

THE PRACTICAL TEACHER.

MUSIC TEACHERS AS MISSIONARIES.

The editor of *Music* has received quite a number of letters from young teachers located in small places, where musical taste is still in a rudimentary condition. These young enthusiasts having been well educated, find that their best intentions are frustrated whenever they venture to perform serious music. A sonata is regarded by the denizens of these small places as a bore, and the very name "classic" as applied to music is one conveying the impression of something to be avoided as far as possible. They desire advice as to the best methods of instituting a better state of things, for in the present condition they feel like exiles, condemned to serve in an unappreciative and disbelieving country. The space immediately available for this discussion precludes anything more than suggestion, but the following are the lines along which improvement must come, if at all.

There are three things to be aimed at: First, a serious and musical spirit in the music students, whether elementary or advanced; second, to collect together all those members of the community who have some love for music, and even a slight acquaintance with its better aspects; and third, to interest as many of the more serious members of the community as possible, although of actual musical cultivation they may have very little. These three ends are to be attained in different manners. The students, or pupils, must be so taught, and so inspired in musical directions, that after a while they begin to find pleasure in poetic music, such as that of Heller, Mendelssohn, an occasional slow movement of Beethoven, Schumann, and, above all, the lighter moments of Bach. The study of a few of the Bach inventions, a prelude and fugue or two, and a few gavottes, will have a very inspiring influence upon the pupil's musical life, particularly if these studies are duly proportioned to others going along with them, in order that faculties overtaxed in one direction may have rest and change. There are two directions in which the pupils will not be cultivated without especial care on the part of the teacher: First, in the direction of what I have called "thematic" forms of music, such as the Bach selections I have mentioned, much of Schumann, and the like; second, for deep, poetic, serious melody, representing a degree of maturity of soul beyond the first appreciation of music pupils except the most gifted. These are to be covered by the lessons. When the selections have been happily adapted to the pupil's state, and when the easy method of playing this kind of music has been mastered by the pupil, the taste will grow with a rapidity surprising to those who watch it for the first time.

To rally all the music lovers in a small town is often a very difficult thing for a young teacher to accomplish. It requires great tact,

since musicians are very sensitive, and in small places they have the most absurd little divisions into cliques. The only fully successful way is to get them to rally themselves into some kind of all-embracing organization, like an amateur club. These affairs are extremely useful, and in a later number of *MUSIC* a full account will be given of one of the largest clubs of this class, and of its great work. I refer to the Amateur Musical Club of Chicago. When the leading amateurs are once coöperating in any kind of musical enterprise, like a course of recitals by some good artist, or a series of coöperative studies in a certain class of compositions, or in the music of some one composer, in which the members take assigned parts, a musical spirit will grow, and the minor rivalries will fall into the background. Thus in time a very decided musical atmosphere will form itself in this circle, and the entire community will feel its influence, to a greater or less degree.

There remains another field for missionary influence of even greater importance—namely, the serious and more cultivated members of the community, who, although possessed of those traits of refinement and spiritual susceptibility adapting them to experience delight in a truly artistic music, are nevertheless as yet without awakening in this direction. Two forms of activity are best adapted to these: First and best, because most completely in the line of music itself, will be recitals by good artists. In order to get the expected benefit of these undertakings the right kind of players must be selected. At present there are few more available than Mr. Edward Baxter Perry, the blind pianist, as well as Mr. William H. Sherwood, Messrs. Emil Liebling, August Hyllested, Mr. W. C. E. Seeboeck, etc. A second method of interesting this class of people in music is by means of musical lectures, or lectures upon musical subjects, illustrated with musical examples. Mr. Perry does much work of this class, as also does Mr. John S. Van Cleve. Mr. Elson, of Boston, has the pleasing and exceptional distinction among musical lecturers of being a good singer, and so of illustrating his work from the standpoint of the song.

The art which the young teacher has to study is that of inducing these two latter classes of missionary material to become self-supporting. That is, he has somehow to interest some one person to such a point of enthusiasm that this one will become the active leaven in securing the coöperation of all the rest.

When a beginning has been made, and activities of these two kinds been maintained during a couple of seasons, the chances are that future progress will be made with much less outlay of effort, and the interest taken in music will be very much increased throughout the entire community. If there is such an affair as a vocal society, this also may be made a center of usefulness. But much will depend upon the accident of its having a director intelligent, catholic and tactful. The combination is extremely rare—the more so since we have in this country no school or apparatus especially adapted for educating young musicians in this spirit. All the aspects herein touched upon will be taken up in later numbers of *MUSIC*, and correspondence bearing upon them will be welcomed.

M.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

PRELUDES AND STUDIES—MUSICAL THEMES OF THE DAY. By W. J. Henderson, author of "The Story of Music." Small 12mo, pp. 245. New York: Longman, Green & Co. 1891. Brentano. \$1.25.

The drudgery of a critic's position upon a great metropolitan daily newspaper is relieved by occasional episodes, when important and far-reaching subjects present themselves, upon which a momentary public interest may justify him (in the managing editor's eyes) in turning loose the more available of his accumulations of positive knowledge and conclusions. Contributions of this kind to the literature of the day often have the interest due to the excitement under which they were produced. Fresh contact with great works of art, interpreted by master geniuses (as occasionally happens), fires the routine pen and imparts to the morning criticism something of illumination much above its level as "news." In the course of a few years the number of essays of this exceptional value grows greater, and now and then their author reads them over, only to regret that they have been wasted in the forgotten corners of that most ephemeral of all forms of literature—the daily newspaper. Then comes a book—the best of the motives, the best of the treatment, together with a certain amount of new matter completing the old, and raising the ephemeral into the long-lived, the general, and at times into the permanent. Such is the genesis of books like this one of Mr. Henderson, the musical critic of the New York *Daily Times*. "Preludes and Studies" is in three divisions: The first is a study of Wagner's "Nieblung's Ring," its story, the philosophy and the humanity, some objections to the principle of *Leitmotive* and comments and commentators. The second part consists of "Wagneriana," the topics being "The Book of Parsifal," a study in "Tristan" and "The Endurance of Wagner's Works." The third consists of the substance of four lectures on "The Evolution of Piano Music," the sub-heads being: "Laying the Foundations," "Development of Technic," "The Modern Concerto," and "Some Living Players," among whom Buelow, Rummel, Joseffy, and Rosenthal occupy the leading places. Of Rummel, Mr. Henderson has some very interesting and suggestive notions: "When I heard Rummel play Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, demonstrating his perfect comprehension of that work as an inspired prophecy of neo-romanticism, as a miraculous projection of immortal genius into the far future of music, I was satisfied that the artistic period of the player's career was at its climax, that intelligence had triumphed over emotion. Let me add to these words of appreciation the opinion that Franz Rummel is, in the language of athletes, the best 'all-around' pianist now before the public. By this I mean that he is more thoroughly

at home in all schools of music, from the days before Bach to the present, than any other player with whom I am acquainted. His scholarship is wide, profound and sympathetic, and a chronological recital becomes, in his hands, a deep and subtle exposition of the development of his art."

Of Weitzmann's "Geschichte der Clavierspiel" ("History of Piano Playing") Mr. Henderson has a very favorable opinion, saying that he wonders why it has not been translated. The appreciation is just in the main, nevertheless Weitzmann occasionally masses his facts in a manner leading to entirely unjustifiable conclusions. A notable example of this occurs in his account of the process through which Liszt came to the full realization of his own powers and of the future of the piano (page 156). "In the year 1828 appeared Berlioz, the genial creator of the new programme music, with his overture to 'Waverly' and the 'Frans-juges,' and in the following year his great 'Symphony Fantastique,' 'An Episode in the Life of an Artist,' was publicly performed. Liszt immediately recognized the extraordinary creative talent of the even now scarcely half appreciated tone poet, and in his arrangement of the composition last mentioned for the pianoforte, showed for the first time the means whereby the piano could occupy the position of a full orchestra, in respect to tone fullness and varied effects of tonal color. These transcriptions, at that time peculiar to Liszt alone, excited the wonder of all pianists, and led to a succession of similar works, among which"—Weitzmann proceeds to catalogue the fifth, sixth, seventh and ninth symphonies of Beethoven, the overtures to "Der Freyschuetz," "Oberon," Berlioz's "King Lear," and Wagner's "Tannhäuser." This passage is admirably calculated to mislead a reader endeavoring to ascertain which one it was of the four great geniuses, Chopin, Schumann, Thalberg and Liszt, who first arrived at the new style—or the particular part of the new style which his works represent. To cut a long story short, investigation showed beyond question that Thalberg first matured his own style, including the principle of accenting a melody in the middle range of the piano and supporting it there by means of the pedal, while runs were carried around it in every direction. This Thalberg must have accomplished as early as about 1829, when his formal *début* took place in Vienna.

About the same time Chopin had written as far as his Opus 11, and farther, all by himself, in his provincial home at Warsaw. Schumann and Liszt came later, but they went vastly farther, and so stand as the types of the direction in which piano playing is developing itself at the present time, more and more, "differential touch" being the prime distinction between the old and the new. As for Liszt, there is no evidence that he accomplished anything radically new in the piano until after the visit of Paganini to Paris in 1831, and the still later appearance of Thalberg, and his own popular rivalry with him, which took place in 1834. Berlioz took the prize of Rome in 1830, and it was most likely not until his return to Paris, in 1833 or 1834, that he made the acquaintance of Liszt, and had his works transcribed. The concert programmes of Liszt, until after 1831,

showed nothing but repetitions of classic works, his two especial favorites being the Hummel concerto, and Weber's "Concertstueck" composed in 1821. Had Liszt at that time possessed the original insight with which Weitzmann credits him, he must surely have played the novel compositions of Weber, such as the "Moment Capriccio" (1808) or one of the sonatas, published a few years later. In all of these there are points of piano playing far in advance of anything to be found in Hummel. According to the best information attainable, Liszt does not appear to have arrived at full self-consciousness regarding the possibilities of the pianoforte until after Paganini's appearance in Paris, and the temporary eclipse which his own popularity suffered in consequence. The inspiration of Paganini's music and playing, and his own mortification, led him to explore for himself the new effects of which the pianoforte was capable, and so presently to the transcriptions of which Weitzmann speaks—but not before 1833, and the two years following. Indeed, when Wagner's "Tannhäuser" was not published until 1847, it is not easy to see how its overture could have been transcribed immediately after 1828.

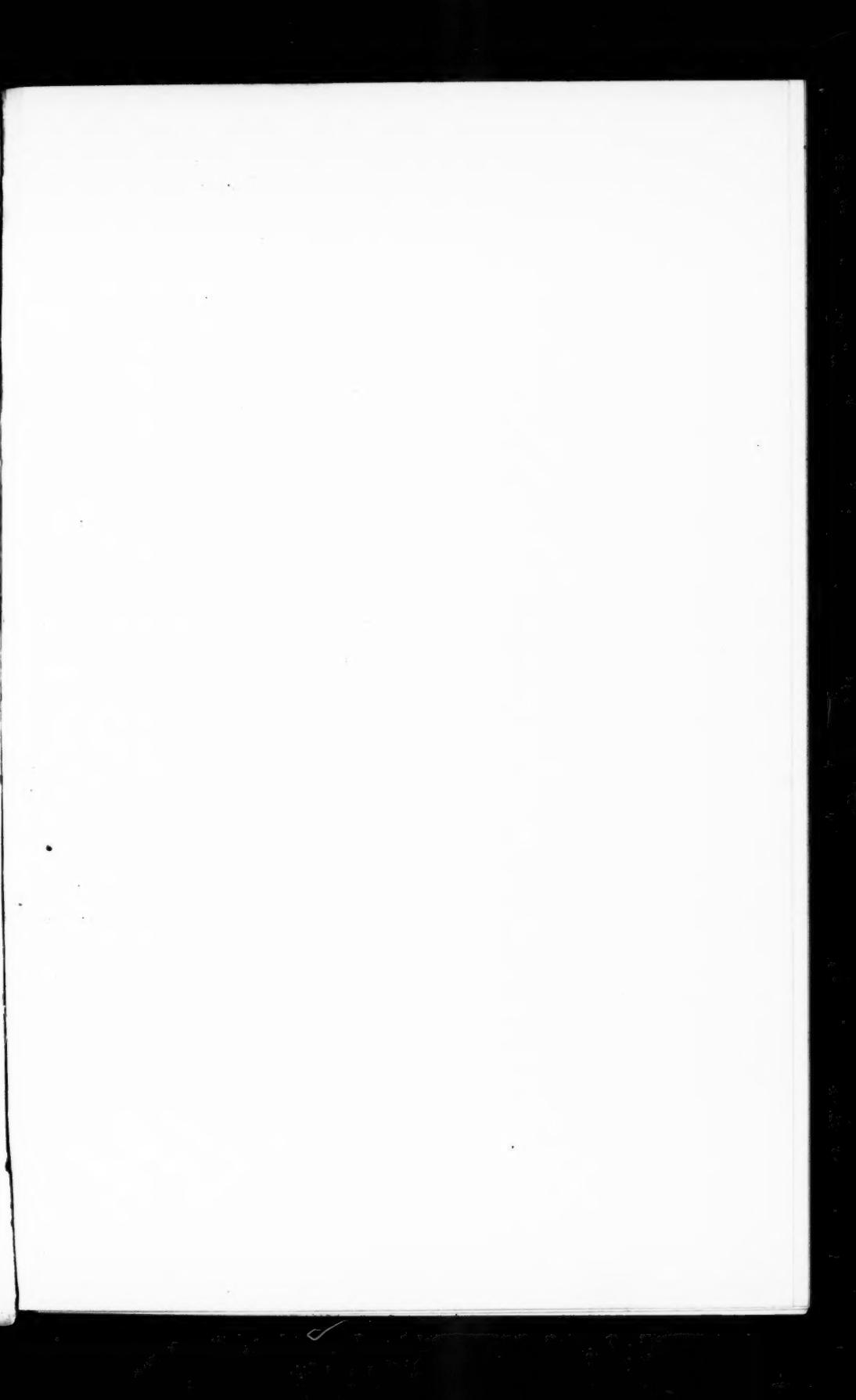
As for Schumann in this inquiry, he also took his departure from Paganini, and his first wide divergence from conventionalities of the old school was in his transcriptions of the Paganini caprices, which he made as early as 1829, having heard Paganini in a musical tour in the north of Italy. This led to his being allowed to enter himself as a student of music, in 1830. By the year 1834 Schumann had written as far as the first and second sonatas, and all the fancy pieces which preceded them. Therefore we see that the inspiration of most of this improvement of the piano came from Paganini, acting with similar force upon the extremely dissimilar musical organizations of Liszt and Schumann.

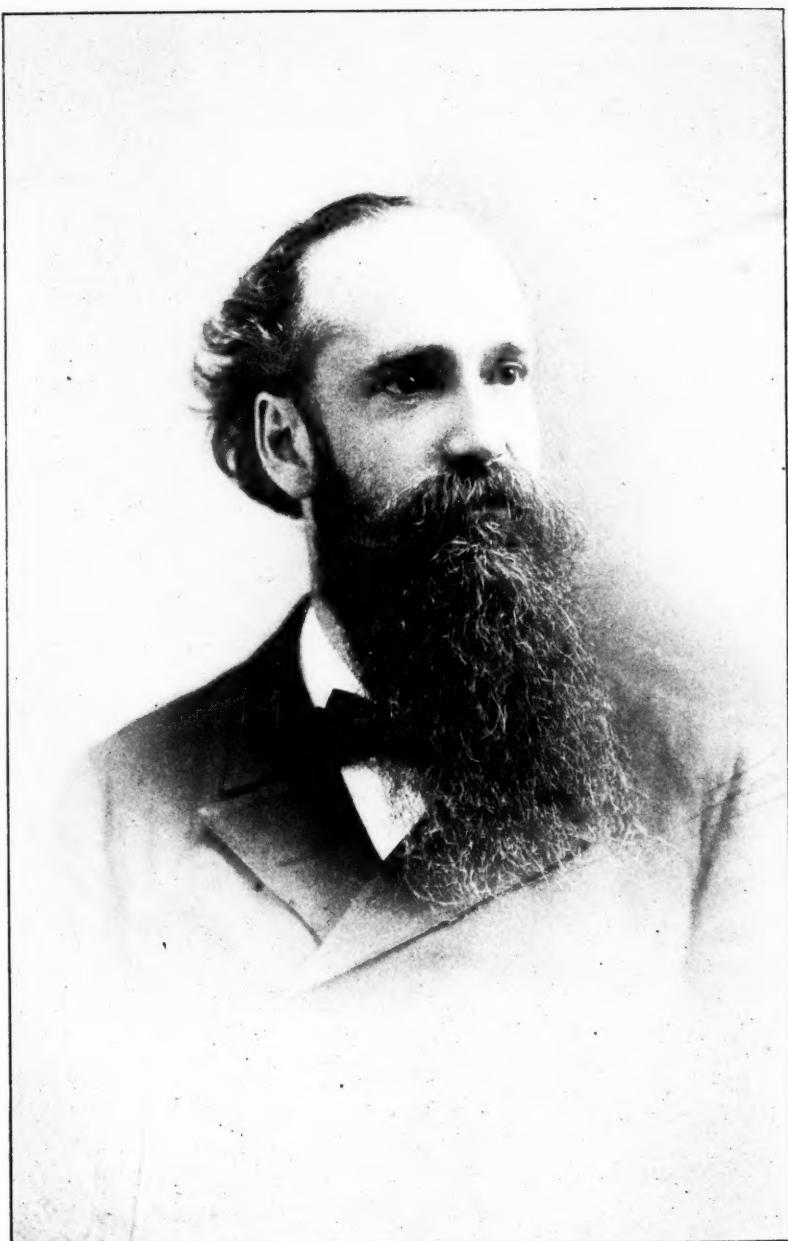
STUDIES IN THE WAGNERIAN DRAMA, by Henry Edward Krehbiel.

New York: Harper & Brothers, 1891. Pp. 198, small 12mo. \$1.25.

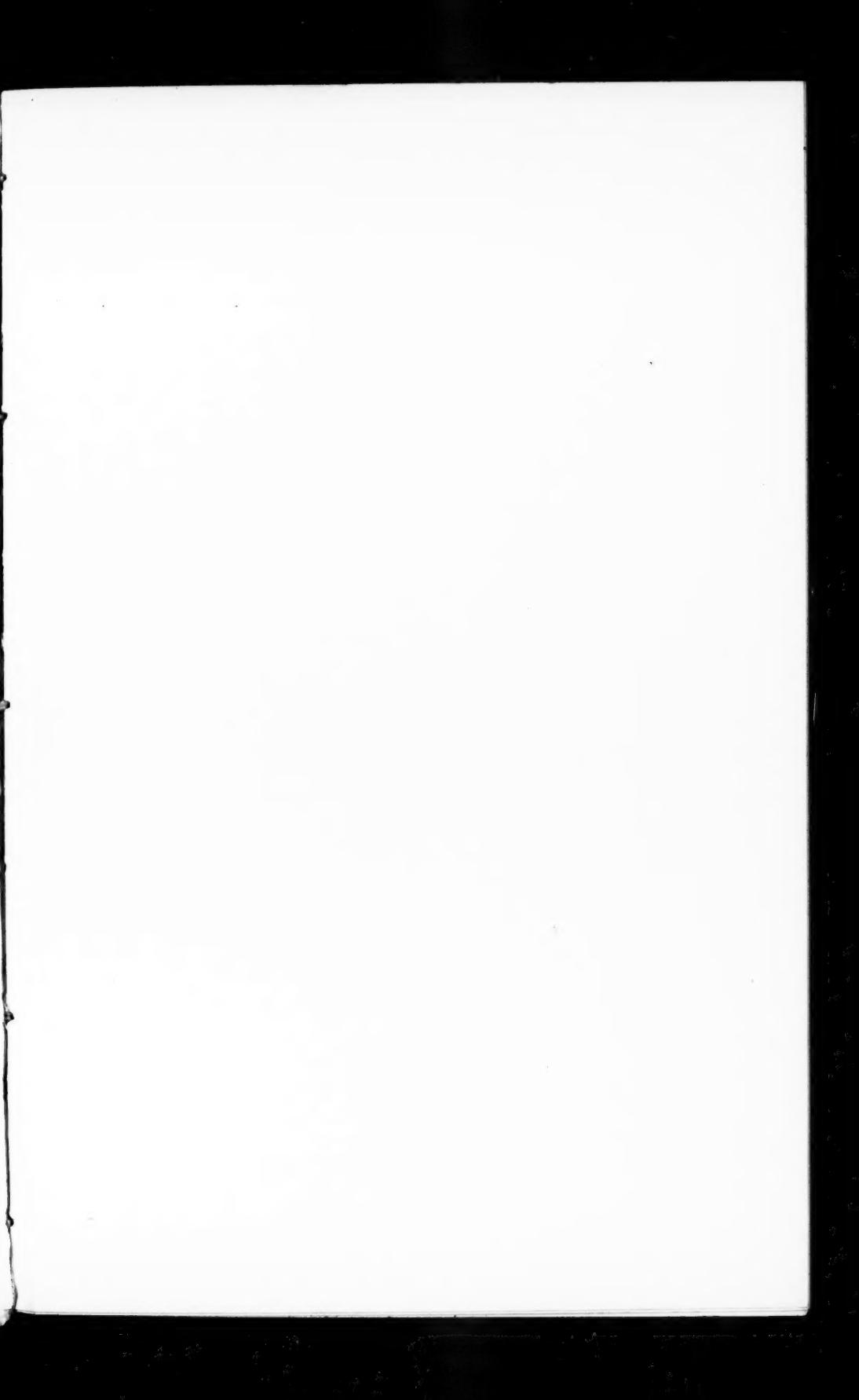
Of the same general origin as Mr. Henderson's book is that of Mr. Krehbiel, musical editor of the New York *Tribune*. In its present form it is a monograph upon the subject, treating it in all needful fullness, and showing the relation of the Wagnerian drama to that of the previous reformers in opera, such as Peri, who founded it, and Gluck, who reformed it in his day. All these advanced substantially the same general ideas, as to the duty of the opera to be loyal first of all to the dramatic needs of the text. Peri, indeed, aimed merely at a properly turned declamation, with the slightest possible aid from musical effects properly so called, for the real force of music as an emotional form of utterance was not then known. Gluck, however, went nearly as far in idea as Wagner himself.

Writings of this kind, from an author of Mr. Krehbiel's standing, have a peculiar value, since they represent the conclusions arrived at after hearing all these works many times, and giving them the study which their importance and the responsibility of the author demanded. The subjects in Mr. Krehbiel's book are these: The prototypes of the Wagnerian drama, "Tristan and Isolde," the "Meistersinger," the "Ring," "Parsifal."





CLARENCE EDDY,
Concert Organist.





MME. FANNIE BLOOMFIELD-ZEISSLER,
Concert Pianist.

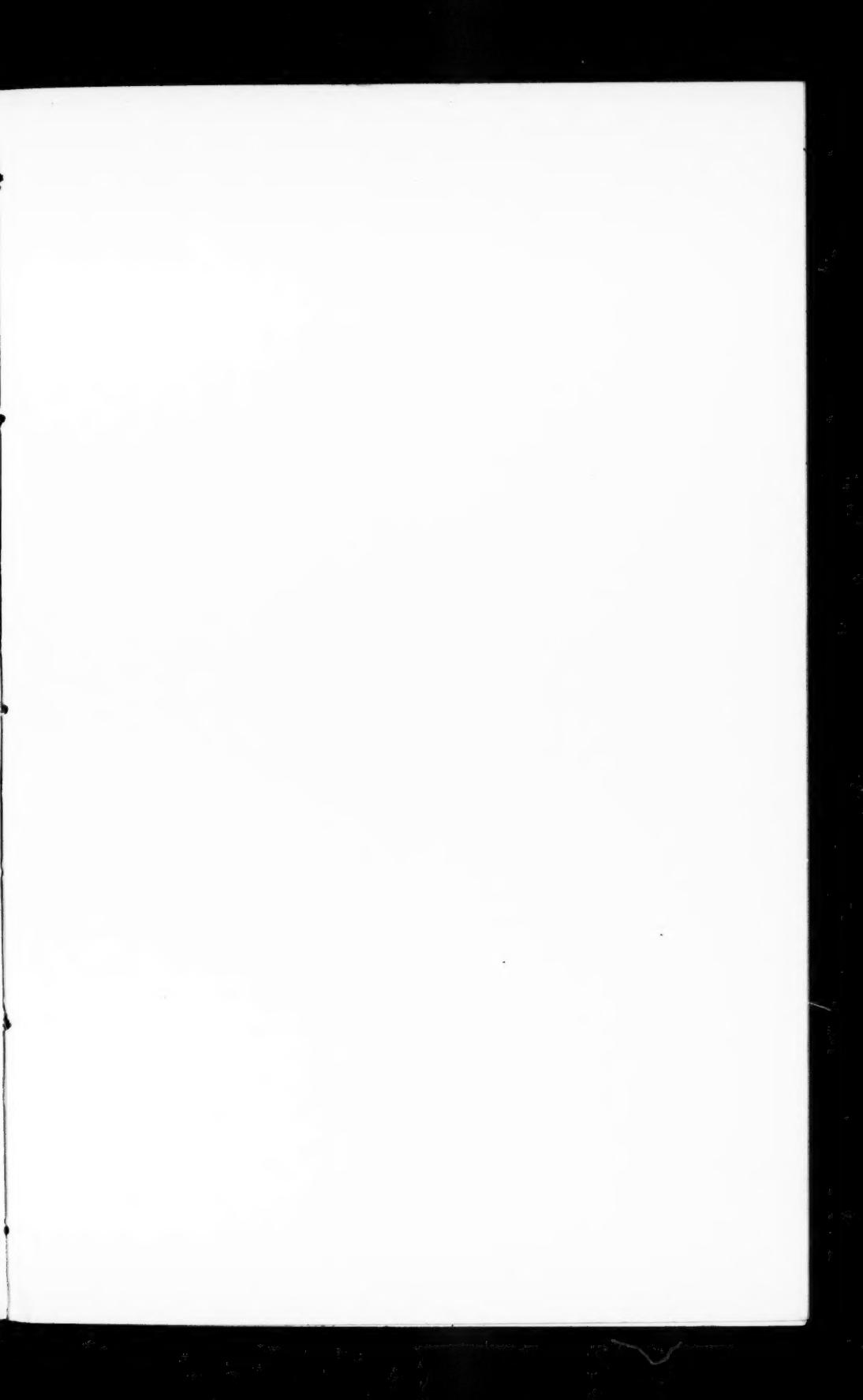
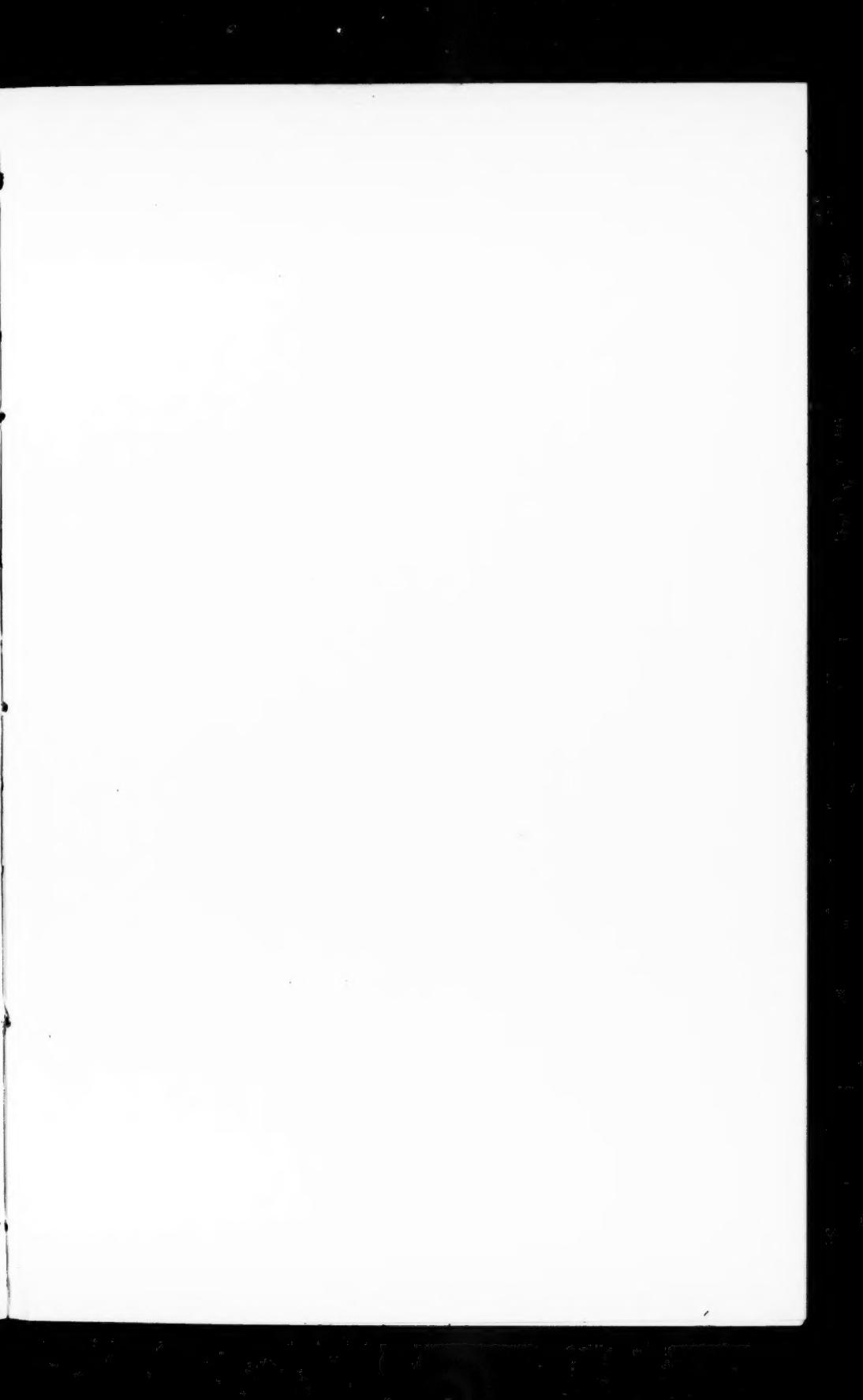




PHOTO ENGL. N.Y.

EMIL LIEBLING,

Concert Pianist.





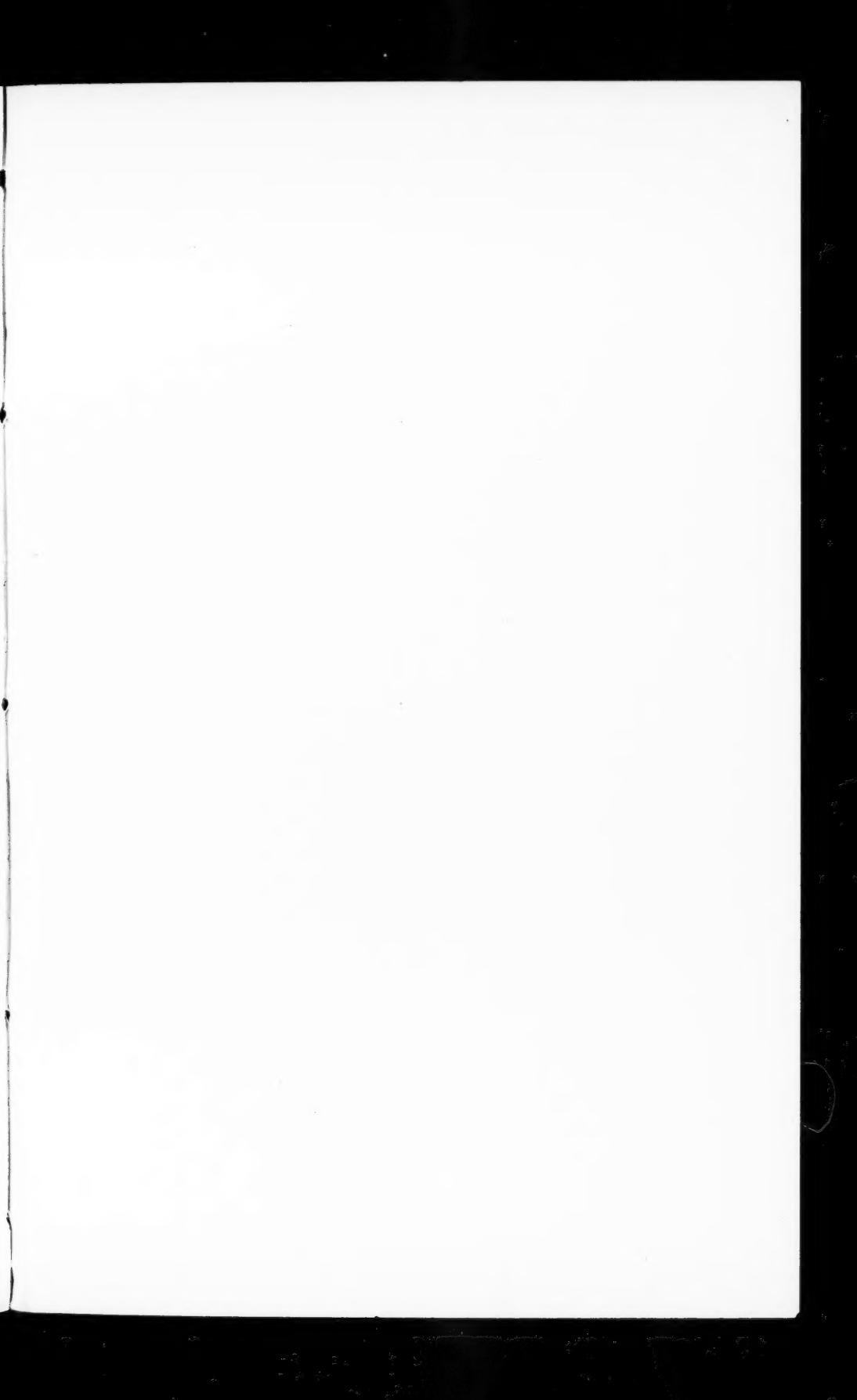
MRS. KATHARINE L. FISK,
Contralto.





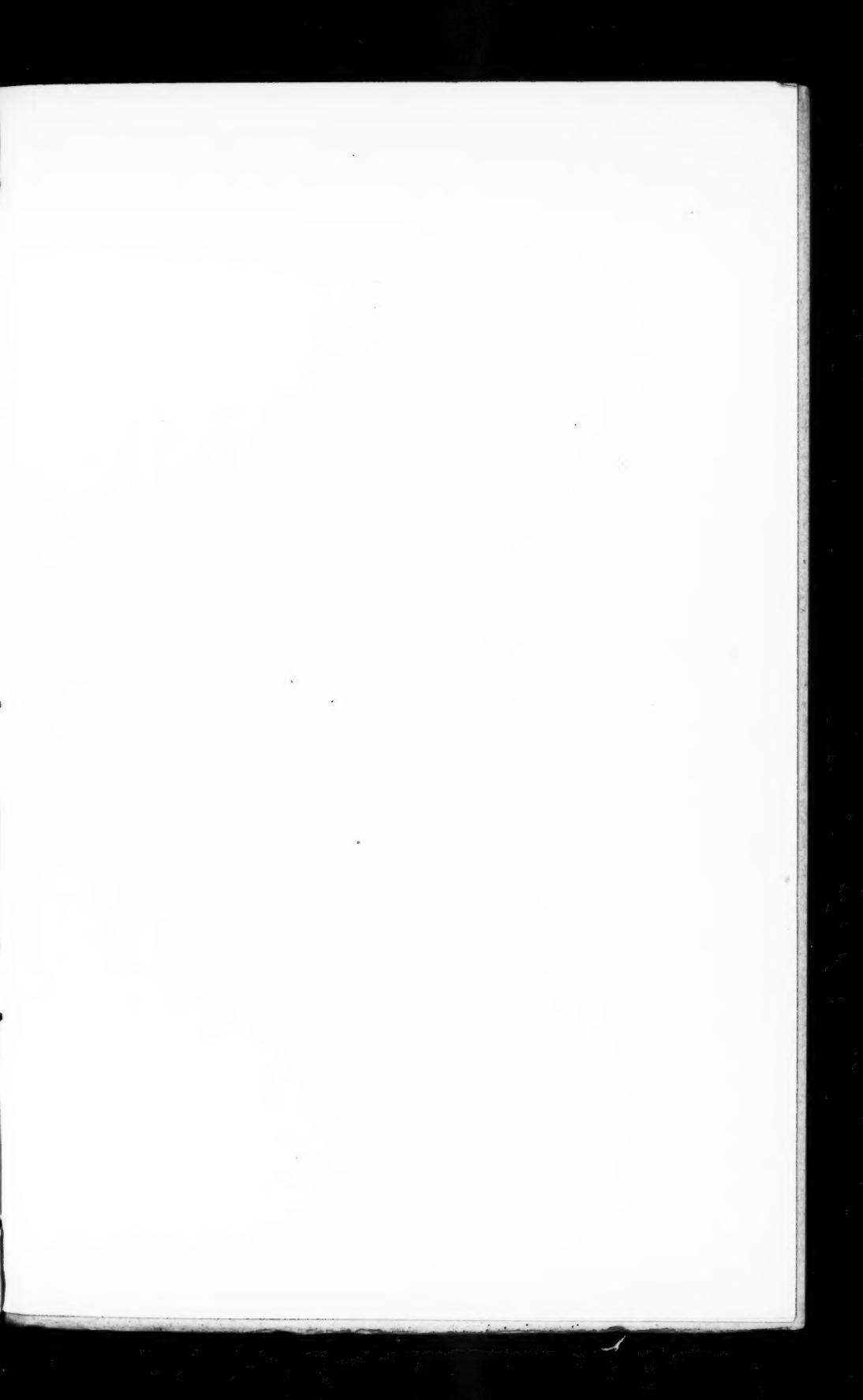
MRS. SARA HERSHY-EDDY,

Teacher of Singing.



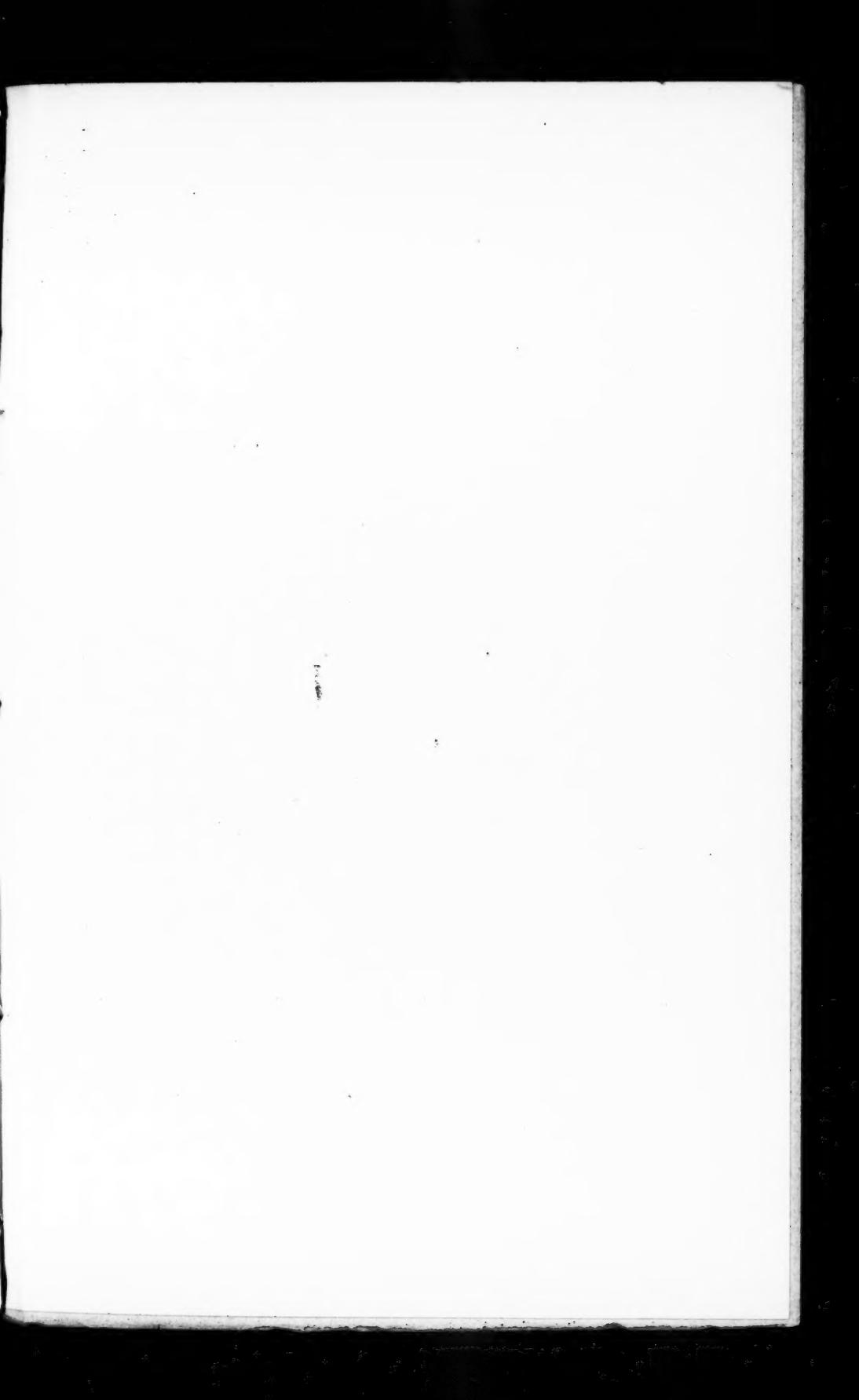


HARRISON M. WILD,
Concert Organist.





MRS. GENEVRA JOHNSTONE-BISHOP,
Concert Soprano.





THEODORE THOMAS,
Musical Director of the World's Fair.

MUSIC.

JANUARY, 1892.

Δάστις ὑλίγη τε φίλη τε.—*Hom: Od., VI, 208.*

(To MR. JOHANNES WOLFRAM.)

PLATO'S POSITION WITH REFERENCE TO ART, AND IN PARTICULAR TO MUSIC.

I.

Plato is uncontestedly one of the grandest and most genial personages who in the course of centuries appeared upon the stage of life. The words of Schiller:

Wenn der Leib in Staub zerfallen,
Lebt der große Name noch,*

could justly be applied to him. Not only Athens and his contemporaries stood under the charm of his doctrine, but even our times know its reviving and refreshing effects. Thus Schopenhauer says: "If my readers understand Plato, they will be the better prepared to grasp me."†

An apology for exposing Plato's views concerning Beauty and Art would seem, therefore, superfluous.

To the initiated it will continue to be a source of edification—*deciens repetita placebit*—i. e., it will continue to please, though ten times repeated.‡

To those less fortunate it will prove a welcome boon, because "those who desire to rise above the daily life, with

* "Feast of Victory":

"Though to dust the body flies,

Yet still lives a noble name."

† Preface to the first edition of "The World as Will and Representation."

‡ Horace: "Ars Poetica," 365.

(I)

its vicissitudes, subordinate purposes and one-sided endeavors, will find a more than ample recompense in the study of philosophy—in particular that of Plato.”*

The ancient Greeks conceived Beauty as the immediate manifestation of Divinity, hence Plato accords to the “Idea of the Beauty” † exalted significance, frequently recurring to it in his dialogues, and exposing it comprehensively in his Symposium (Banquet). The Diotima of his Symposium demonstrates how Beauty is to be conceived as One, and to be loved as One. Whether it presents itself in a single body, as the common occurring in several bodies, or as extending through everything of the universe—Beauty is but one. ‡

“He who aspires to love rightly ought from his earliest youth to seek an intercourse with beautiful forms; first to make a single form the object of his love, and therein to generate intellectual excellencies. He ought, then, to consider that beauty in whatever form it resides is the brother of that beauty which subsists in another form; and if he ought to pursue that which is beautiful in form, it would be absurd to imagine that beauty is not one and the same thing in all forms, and would therefore remit much of his ardent preference toward one, through his perception of the multitude of claims upon his love. In addition, he would consider the beauty which is in souls more excellent than that which is in form. So that one endowed with an admirable soul, even though the flower of the form were withered, would suffice him as the object of his love and care, and the companion with whom he might seek and produce such conclusions as tend to the improvement of youth; so that it might be led to observe the beauty and the conformity which there is in the observation of its duties and the laws, and to esteem little the mere beauty of the outward form. He would then conduct his pupil to science, so that he might look upon the

* Dr. Streiter: “The Idea of the Beauty according to Plato,” page 58. Bonn: 1861.

† “Tungmann *Æsthetik*,” page 8: “The ‘Idea of the Beauty’ appears designedly in place of what some writers wrongly term ‘Idea of the Beautiful.’ The **Beauty** (*rò καλὸν*) is a quality, therefore the expression for an abstract conception. The **Beautiful** (*rà καλά*), on the contrary, is a term of species which comprehends everything that participates in that duality (Beauty).”

‡ *Symposium*, 210-212.

loveliness of wisdom ; and that contemplating thus the universal beauty, no longer would he unworthily and meanly enslave himself to the attractions of one form in love, nor one subject of discipline or science, but would turn toward the wide ocean of intellectual beauty, and from the sight of the lovely and majestic forms which it contains, would abundantly bring forth his conceptions in philosophy ; until, strengthened and confirmed, he should at length steadily contemplate one science, which is the science of this universal beauty.

"Attempt, I entreat you, to mark what I say with as keen an observation as you can. He who has been disciplined to this point in love, by contemplating beautiful objects gradually, and in their order, now arriving at the end of all that concerns love, on a sudden beholds a beauty wonderful in its nature. This is it, O, Socrates, for the sake of which all the former labors were endured. It is eternal, unproduced, indestructible; neither subject to increase nor decay; not, like other things, partly beautiful and partly deformed; not at one time beautiful, and at another time not; not beautiful in relation to one thing, and deformed in relation to another; not here beautiful, and there deformed; not beautiful in the estimation of one person, and deformed in that of another; nor can this supreme beauty be figured to the imagination like a beautiful face or beautiful hands, or any portion of the body, nor like any discourse, nor any science. Nor does it subsist in any other that lives or is, either in earth, or in heaven, or in any other place; but it is eternally uniform and consistent, and monoeidic with itself. All other things are beautiful through a participation of it, with this condition—that although they are subject to production and decay, it never becomes more or less, or endures any change. When any one, ascending from a correct system of love, begins to contemplate this supreme beauty, he already touches the consummation of his labor. For such as discipline themselves upon this system, or are conducted by another beginning to ascend through these transitory objects which are beautiful, toward that which is beauty itself, proceeding as on steps from the love of one form to that of

two, and from that of two to that of all forms which are beautiful; and from beautiful forms to beautiful habits and institutions, and from institutions to beautiful doctrines; until, from the meditation of many doctrines, they arrive at that which is nothing else than the doctrine of the supreme beauty itself, in the knowledge and contemplation of which at length they repose.

"Such life as this, my dear Socrates," exclaimed the stranger Prophetess, "spent in the contemplation of the beautiful, is the life for men to live, which, if you chance ever to experience, you will esteem far beyond gold and rich garments, and even those lovely persons whom you and many others now gaze on with astonishment, and are prepared neither to eat nor drink so that you may behold and live forever with these objects of your love. What, then, shall we imagine to be the aspect of the supreme beauty itself, simple, pure, uncontaminated with the intermixture of human flesh and colors, and all other idle and unreal shapes attendant on mortality; the divine, the original, the supreme, the monoeidic beautiful itself? What must be the life of him who dwells with and gazes on that which it becomes us all to seek? Think you not that to him alone is accorded the prerogative of bringing forth, not images and shadows of virtue, for he is in contact not with a shadow, but with reality; with virtue itself, in the production and nourishment of which he becomes dear to the gods, and if such a privilege is conceded to any human being, himself immortal?"*

Thus the idea of Beauty, in itself eternal and immutable, radiates its glorious effects to the extreme limits of mundane spheres. It does not dissolve itself in its manifestations, it does not sever itself from its manifestations, but stands in a living relationship to them. The contemplation of this living relationship, which connects in gradual succession the highest and the lowest manifestations of Beauty, exercises upon mankind that moral and ennobling influence, of which Plato's Diotima speaks. And only when the Beauty descends to that depth in which the soul merges

* Translated by the poet Shelley.

into the body is it possible to conduct it upward to those regions where the sensuous merges into the supernatural, and the supernatural into the eternal and divine fountain of Beauty.

It may not be amiss, while we are considering the step-like order of the conception of Beauty, to call to mind the step-like order of the perception of Truth, to prove the consistency and conformity of Plato's system.

Plato perceives something true in sensuous manifestations, but he perceives a much higher degree of truth in correct sense conceptions. The real true, he perceives in the Idea. Thus he finds something beautiful in the material and sensuous, far more in the characteristics of the soul and in the higher manifestations of Beauty, in the arts and sciences—but the real beauty he finds in the primary beauty which exists in a supersensual and unlimited manner. He lays down as a law of perception, that the lower forms of perception, are to be considered as steps toward the real knowledge of the Idea. Thus the subjective condition, *i. e.:*

“ His philosophic impulse or desire to enjoy knowledge and to produce it in others, and which therefore is called Eros” is not to stop at the lower manifestations of Beauty which lead to sensualism, but to use them as medium to reach those heights where his soul finds true nourishment.

One word about Platonic love (Eros), so frequently misunderstood. Plato explains the same figuratively in his Phaedrus. He conceives it as the living desire, awakened through perception, to view the eternal beauty, the home of the soul before her fall. The memory of this creates in us that ardent desire to recover what we have lost and what we miss. If one is so impetuous as to still this desire in carnal pleasures, he worships the false love ; but if he raises his desire to that height, whence flows the fountain of this desire and in which the same will be satisfied, he becomes imbued with true love. The Platonic love is therefore not a languishing and consumptive sentimentality, but a heroic desire in the better and nobler part of the nature of man, which climbs from worldly sensualism to that sphere

where peace, happiness—in short, a godly life, is to be enjoyed. This love is therefore a strong, healthy and justifiable feeling, the aspiration which the antique world felt after the lost and eternal home, the lost and eternal happiness—a longing for home awakened by everything calling it back to memory, but which can find its perfect satisfaction only in the home itself. Plato permits Love to be born of $\pi\acute{a}ρος$ and $\pi\acute{e}ρια$ (richness and poverty). She is born through the strong disposition of nature which is conscious of poverty, but also of still possessing the germ of former riches. Hence the desire to bring back her enfeebled nature to that perfection where she can be satisfied by viewing the primitive beauty.

It is well to fix in our mind the reason why Plato considers the Eros and not Art as the organ of conception of the Beauty. This view is in line with the ancients, and rests upon the same fundamental idea, according to which Plato considers science, not as a theory of abstract sense conceptions, but as a conception of what is essentially divine and true, and whose mission is the moral transformation of mankind. According to Plato, the goal of all knowledge is not found in an empirical science, but in the origin of knowledge, in the knowledge of knowledge; and its final purpose is the grasping of the divine primeval idea.

This is true also of the idea of Beauty. Beauty itself cannot be represented by a work of art, but by Eros, in nature half human, half divine, and hence capable of lifting herself from the perceptions and manifestations of the sensuous beauty to the divine beauty. Beauty is not a sense conception, but the Divine itself, which can be grasped only through the instrumentality of the Divinity-related Eros.

According to Plato all thoughts originate in the Divine, therefore every idea, while under contemplation, obliges an apprehension of the depths of the Divine, and only through the spirit related to the Divinity can she be grasped by man. As Plato does not consider art as the proper medium for the realization of the Beauty, he is far removed from many of his contemporaries, who take as Beauty the sensual manifestations of art, and as the highest principle

of Beauty, that which appears most flattering to sensuous representation—hence they are mercilessly combated by Plato. Christianity is in accord with the perception of Beauty through Eros, because it does not overestimate art as in ancient and frequently in modern times. Entirely different from the above is the modern philosophy which contends that Beauty finds its realization in art.

Plato did not consider a complete representation of Beauty as within the province of art, but of ethical philosophy; hence he blames vehemently those poets who accord to the gods sensual representations not in harmony with their exalted dignity. Thus he rejects in music all those modes or scales which are too effeminate, too sensual, like the Ionic and Lydian, but recognizes the Dorian and Phrygian, because the latter are adapted to the interpretation of the nobler and higher sentiments of the soul. He thinks it imperative to keep a watchful eye upon poets and composers, to prevent them from creating what is commonplace or vulgar, because if art is to fulfill its mission, it must strive to trace the essence of Beauty. Hence art in representing the Idea of Beauty occupies an intermediate position between the sensuous and ideal perception.

The lowest order of Beauty reveals itself in sensuous manifestations, and in the forms and appearances of nature. The highest order unveils itself through Philosophic Love, the Eros—and is tantamount to the grasping of the Idea of Beauty.

Art is to accustom the soul to the beautiful and symmetrical, that she may be able thereby to grasp Beauty in its essence. The soul should strive, therefore, as much as possible, after the Idea of Beauty, and not after its phantoms.

Thus the Idea of Beauty permeates the works and forms of art, but her real divine essence lies higher, and can be comprehended only through the ecstatic love of the soul.

The creator as well as the critic of a work of art must be imbued with this Idea of the Beauty. *Hæc hactenus!*

KARL JULIUS BELLING, PH. D.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CHICAGO AMATEUR MUSICAL CLUB.

Fifteen years ago four music-loving women, living in Chicago, made the discovery that it was very pleasant, and not a little instructive to read piano quartettes together, and agreed to set apart an hour every week for that purpose. At first they played such light and brilliant compositions as were originally written for two pianos, but as their musical horizon broadened, they studied piano arrangements of the overtures, symphonies and other master works of the great composers, and by these means familiarized themselves with the themes and structure of a wide range of orchestral literature, so that in after days, when they heard it in all the splendor of orchestral color for which it was written, they could understand and appreciate it as they could never have done without the knowledge thus obtained.

But these four bright women did not rest content with merely strengthening their own musical knowledge and refining their own taste, but soon began to reach out and draw into the charmed circle other bright and music-loving women, and presently a little club of amateur pianists and singers developed itself, and began to be known among its friends as "The Amateur Musical Club." This club had, at first, neither constitution nor by-laws; neither president, secretary nor treasurer; neither assets nor liabilities; and there are not a few among its members now who look back upon those happy-go-lucky days of its existence with something of the wistful regret that the mature woman feels when she thinks of her by-gone girlhood. And it is true that in those times, when the club was very small, and its members all intimate friends, there was an element of sympathy and informality about its meeting which cannot be produced under the altered conditions of to-day.

But the club was destined for something better than merely a pleasant *rendezvous* for a little knot of friends. Unknown to its founders, it had a noble work to do, and was not slow to set about it.

The very first step in its career emancipated it at once and forever from narrow and restricted lines. This was taken when it ceased to meet at private houses, and took up its abode in one of the piano warerooms in the heart of the city. It is hard to be certain, at this late date, which of the piano houses of Chicago was the first to open its hospitable doors to the infant club and give it a home. Nearly all of them have housed it at one time or another during its early days, and the club has much to thank them for. They were always ready to supply it with a room, pianos and programmes, and to take endless trouble to give it all the facilities in their power. Such being the case, the expenses of the club were so light that it was not considered necessary to have any annual dues at all imposed on the members !

But the progressive spirit which had directed its policy thus far, was not content to rest in this embryo condition long, and when the membership of the club reached the number of twenty-five or thirty, its wants began to exceed what even the generosity of the piano firms was willing to supply, and so it was gravely decided to assess the members in future, one dollar a year, and a treasurer was duly elected to collect and disburse this large fund !

This second step was soon followed by another—namely, the making and printing of a few by-laws. And now came an epoch in the history of the organization which was to determine permanently its future character. As I have said, the club numbered now about thirty members ; it held its meetings once a fortnight—on Monday afternoons—when a little programme was rendered by certain of the members selected for the purpose at the meeting preceding. These little amateur programmes were so tastefully selected, and so well performed, that by and by the friends of the members became anxious to come and enjoy them also. Thus the question of forming an associate membership was brought up, and it is singular but true, that the discussion over this

matter was the only heated discussion which has ever taken place in the club's history ; and even upon this occasion, the defeated party resigned itself to its fate with good nature, and at once united with its conquerors to make the club successful on the new basis of organization established so sorely against its judgment.

With the admission of associate members the club rapidly grew to large proportions, and as at that time it was very easy to get into the active membership also, it was not long before the membership list numbered 400 altogether. With this large increase of membership, however, the character of the club necessarily changed. In place of a small circle of friends, meeting to play and sing to each other—each having in turn to exhibit to the others, and therefore tenderly sensitive of the difficulties of so doing; each a student herself in some branch of music, and so personally interested in the work of all the others; and one and all enthusiastic over anything well done, and charitable in criticising what was weak—we had now a totally different atmosphere in the club. The enlarged active membership, drawn from all parts of the city, brought in so many strangers that the social element disappeared entirely, and the members only met on a purely musical basis. At the same time the large associate membership brought in what was practically only a paying audience, and this audience demanded in return for its subscriptions its money's worth of music, and criticised the performers as unmercifully as if they had been professional artists. For a time it seemed as if the club was ruined past redemption, and the original members seriously contemplated abandoning it to its fate, and starting a new club on the old lines.

But that strange, ineradicable affection which humanity is bound to feel for its own offspring prevented them from so doing, and instead they turned back again and took up the club work once more, though it must be confessed, with more conscientiousness than enthusiasm. But now it began to be discovered that if the presence of associate members had taken the social life out of the club, it had introduced something of far greater importance, and this was a musical standard.

The contemptuous criticisms of the associate members on the work of the less gifted active members was so very unpleasant to the programme committees, that gradually the mediocre musicians were not asked to perform at all, and in the course of time the members discovered that unless they could come up to a certain standard they would remain permanently in the background. This knowledge stimulated the active members to work as they had never done before, and so well did they apply themselves, that to-day we can point to not a few singers and pianists, on the concert and operatic stage, who were once members of our Amateur Club, and left it only to make honorable names for themselves in the world of art in Chicago, New York and other eastern and western cities. And as the standard of performance at the club meetings became higher, the standard of admission to active membership became correspondingly higher also, and the music teachers of Chicago began to discover that the greatest incentive their pupils could have in their work was to become candidates for membership in the Amateur Club; and also that there was no place so good in which to advertise their teaching as through the fine performances of their pupils at the club concerts. In consequence of this the active members were constantly "coached" and spurred on to higher achievements by their teachers, and the result was that the concerts became so good that the seats in their little hall were "sold out" long before the first concert took place every winter—and even now, with a membership of 600, this still continues to be the case, though the annual dues have been raised successfully from \$1 to \$10.

I have said that at the time the associate members were admitted there were only thirty members in the club, and its rules and regulations were all embodied in a few by-laws. But when the club began to become large and important it was thought best to frame a constitution and appoint a secretary, treasurer and an executive committee of five members. This committee was elected by the active members at an annual meeting held for that purpose, but it elected its own chairman, and for many years this chairman was the nearest approach to a president that the club had. The

committee meetings were so informal and so harmonious that we never felt the need of a president to conduct them, and there was so much hard work involved in being an officer of the club that the honor was generally accepted from a conscientious sense of duty, by those elected, and no one felt any desire to depose any good working officer, or usurp her place. Consequently they never had any rivalries or partisan wire pullings among their members. If any one showed the least inclination to take a prominent place in the affairs of the club, she was hailed with rapture by the overworked officers, and so speedily loaded with honors—*and work*—that she was very thankful to beat a hasty retreat of her own accord, unless she was “true blue.” Honors without work never existed in the Amateur Musical Club—no superfluous officer was ever elected, and if any one reached prominence in that august association, it may fairly be taken for granted that she served a good apprenticeship first!

A glance at the organization of the club as it exists today will give some idea of what this work consists in:

Its officers now are a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, an executive committee of five, a committee on active membership, a social committee, a committee on vocal concerted music, a committee on concerted instrumental music, nine programme committees, and a librarian—in all about forty officers. It has about 200 active and 400 associate, and twenty-two honorary members.

The concerts of the club are of three different kinds:

I. GENERAL CONCERTS.

These are eight in number, and are open to the entire club membership, but not to any outsiders except such non-residents of Chicago as happen to be guests of the members. At these concerts only the most accomplished members of the club perform, and they are supposed to be correct exponents of its best work. The performers at these concerts are not, however, exclusively club members, for as the club is composed only of women, and women rarely study any instrument but the piano, it would make the programmes very monotonous if they were limited to piano and vocal

solos. It is therefore permitted to have one piece of chamber music and one solo on each programme, provided the musicians taken from outside are not women, and by this means our members have the privilege of playing or singing concerted music with strings and other instruments, and the programmes are agreeably diversified.

II. ACTIVE MEMBERS' MEETINGS.

These are six in number, open to active members only, and are designed to promote mutual acquaintance among them, as a means of fostering *esprit de corps* in the club. A short programme of piano and vocal numbers is given, of which the performers are exclusively members of the club, and after this is over, afternoon tea is served, and a pleasant hour of conversation follows, in which the members all talk to each other without the formality of an introduction.

III. ARTISTS' RECITALS.

These concerts are five in number, and they are open to the entire club membership, and also to the general public, but the latter must secure tickets in advance from the secretary, as no tickets are sold at the door. At these concerts it is designed to give the club members the advantage of hearing such great artists as visit Chicago from time to time, in a hall much smaller than that in which ordinary concerts are given, and under circumstances calculated to display their powers to the best advantage. The representatives of the press are also admitted to these concerts, if they desire to report them.

In addition to the concerts above mentioned the club gives, every year, an extra evening concert for charity—which, like most charitable entertainments, is a social, full dress affair, and does not have any bearing on the regular club work, except to increase it at a time when it presses most heavily.

It will thus be seen that the club gives twenty concerts a season, and we will now glance at the manner in which this and the other work of the club is divided among the forty officers before mentioned. It is the business of the president

to have a general supervision over the work of all the committees, and to make sure that nothing is forgotten or neglected by any of them. Her influence is naturally the guiding power of the association, and her wishes are generally deferred to as a matter of courtesy, but she has no more real power than any other of the executive officers, and casts but one vote in all committee meetings. The same is the case with the vice-president, whose duties are similar to those of the executive committee, except when the president is absent, under which circumstances she, of course, takes the president's place.

The duties of the executive committee are many and arduous. In association with the president and vice-president, it appoints all the officers of the club except, of course, the president, vice-president and its own members; it selects all sub-committees, makes all by-laws, arranges three of the general concert programmes, and all of the artists' recitals, and, in short, attends to every detail of club organization. The duties of the concert committees are to select the music and the performers, attend to hall, pianos, programmes and everything connected with the music of the concerts given into their charge. The social committee attends to the decorations, refreshments and everything connected with the social part of the active members' meetings. The committee on active membership attends to all matters connected with the examination and admission of active members. The treasurer, secretary and librarian attend to the customary duties indicated by their names. The committee on concerted instrumental music trains the pianists of the club to play trios, quartettes, etc., together. The committee on vocal concerted music does the same thing with the singers. Thus the work of the club is divided and subdivided, as the experience of many years has dictated, and the different committees each do their share at the right time.

It often happens that musical women in other cities write to the president, or other executive officers of this Chicago club, to ask something about the methods which have been so singularly successful here. For the benefit of others who may read this article, the writer would like to

say that she believes the success of this club to have been due to the following causes:

First and foremost, because, although it was started by a little circle of society women, they never tried to make it a fashionable or society club, but allowed any respectable woman, who was a fine enough musician to pass the preliminary tests, to be eligible for membership, irrespective of what her social status might be. It is true that the associate membership list contains a very large percentage of Chicago's "four hundred" but the active members, the bone and sinew of the club, are drawn from all parts of the city and suburban towns, and from many different circles of society. Here the millionaire's daughter is placed side by side with the obscure music teacher, and the greatest "swell" is she who can produce the sweetest music.

The second great factor in the club's success has been the policy which subdivided the work among a great many officers, instead of keeping it in the hands of only a few. It is the endeavor of the executive officers to give every one of the active members some part in the club work every season. A careful record is kept of every name, and exactly what opportunities its owner has had to do something in the course of the year, and those for whom nothing is found one year are remembered the next, as far as possible. This keeps a very large proportion of the members actively engaged in working for the club, and every one knows that one loves what one works for in this world.

Finally, its success is largely due to the fact that there have been neither jealousies nor rivalries among its members. For the last seven or eight years its membership has ranged from 500 to 700, but the writer has yet to hear of a single contested election, or mischief making of any kind. Thus far the members have cared for the advancement of the club, and not for the aggrandizement of their own names—and as long as the spirit of liberality, progress and unselfishness which has distinguished it in the past continues to characterize its policy in the future, so long will the Amateur Musical Club continue to live and flourish.

MRS. THEODORE THOMAS.

A MUSICAL EDITOR IN EUROPE.

II.

At Paris, also, Mr. Elson's good luck did not desert him. He arrived while the exposition was in progress, and encountered the great contest between the leading singing societies of France, of which in part the following is his description:

"A moment more, and I was in conversation with M. Emile Devaux, editor of the *Echo des Orpheons*, who from that moment became my 'guide, philosopher and friend.' He watched over me like a guardian angel, and determined that I should miss nothing of the event of that day if he could help it. First of all, he introduced me to M. Massenet, the president of the jury. M. Massenet is active, genial, and as I had expected from his music, very spontaneous. The task before them, he said, would prevent his showing me any hospitality then, but would I call on him the next day at 6 p. m., and did I desire to come to 'Esclarmonde'? He would send me a couple of tickets!

"I was invited to sit with the jury (of course without having a vote), and left the lunch room with them. But my guardian angel, known to men as M. Devaux, decided that there was something better for me. I saw him speak to some attendants, who immediately disappeared, carrying a table covered with green baize. Soon after he ushered me through a little side door, and I found myself on the stage of the Trocadero, alone, in presence of an audience of about 4,000 people. The audience, who had been kept waiting over the appointed hour, burst into applause as I appeared, thinking that I was the beginning of the show, as I certainly was in one sense. I resisted the temptation to deliver a speech in French, and marched to my green table, on which were pen, ink and paper, with the dignity becoming an American newspaper correspondent, and looked as benignant as if I were the founder of the entire contest.

"Fortunately the jury soon followed, and the attention of the audience was drawn away from me, to such gentlemen as Massenet, Faure, Pougin, de Lajarte, Lory, Comettant, Widor and others, who composed it. All through the preliminary contest I sat at my table, taking notes, and trying to appear as if I had the prizes in my pocket, and would present them presently. The contest was a notable and a peculiar one. About thirty of the leading male choruses of France were there, and were divided into four groups, all these being examined simultaneously in four halls of the palace. When the best societies had been selected (one from each group), these were to compete for the *prix d'honneur*. Two selections were sung by each society, one being left to their own choice, the other being a *chorus imposé*, a chorus which had been chosen by the committee, and which each club was obliged to sing. This chorus was the 'Kamarinskaia,' by Laurent de Rillé, one of the best chorus composers of France. I was introduced to M. de Rillé, who is a short, slightly built man, with wavy gray hair, and that nervous and high-strung look and manner which tells of genius and sensibility.

"He gave me a copy of the chorus alluded to. It contains two beautiful Russian airs, as well as some delightful work in the French school, with very effective contrasts. Also, Thomas' 'Nuit de Sabbat' is something that would make a hit at our club concerts, if the tenors could stand the work. This fact struck me during the entire *concours*; the tenors were used unsparingly, and often in a demi-falsetto. Some of the finest tenor choral work I ever heard was at this concert. M. Massenet told me afterward that there is a difference even among the tenors of France, the finest tenor voices coming from the department du Midi, while the roisterous voices came from the department du Nord. But the basses seemed weak in every instance, nothing like what we hear at a Cecilia or an Apollo concert. As each club sang, an attendant stood behind them holding up their banner. Most of the clubs were in full dress, but some had simple uniforms. There were more swallow tails than I had ever seen gathered together before, for a Frenchman appears in

full evening dress whenever he does anything exceptional or public, even if it occurs at 6 A. M. Each club intoned three times, to make things quite sure. During the contest I heard the 'Kamarinskaia' sung six times, and the 'Nuit du Sabbat' (a weird, uncanny, but dramatic, affair), four times, and I can now sing either of these with one hand tied behind my back. I think I hum them in my sleep. The choruses were of widely differing sizes, from forty to 160 members, and many sang without notes.

"At last four champion societies were chosen, and then the real contest began. But before this we went out and got refreshments. During this interval M. Ambroise Thomas, head of the Conservatoire, and the most honored composer in France, came in and assumed the presidency of the jury. I was at once presented to him as a wild journalist, fresh from the New World, and was welcomed with dignity. A tall and stately man, whose form is a little bent by years and labor, whose gray locks make him appear like an ancient prophet, the formal courtesy which he possesses becomes him well, even if one is more warmed by the friendly ways of Massenet. His keen gray eye is most attractive, and shows a man thoroughly in earnest. He became quite lively, however, when I spoke of our Boston singer, Lillian Norton, and, after the contest had ended, he alluded again to the noble voices which came from America. He said, on being told that Mme. Norton had graduated at the New England Conservatory, and on my questioning him regarding his own conservatory, that he believed that we should encourage our native talent by prizes, just as they do in France. He added that there were good pupils at the Conservatoire from America, mostly in voice, and spoke with some enthusiasm of American sopranos. He regretted that there was nothing he could do for me, since he left Paris on the morrow. The next day there came to my hotel his card *pour prendre congé* —his politeness had been punctilious to the last.

"But now I went along with him to the jury. I cannot tell whether the public regretted losing me or not, but I left my table on the stage and sat with the musicians aforesaid, ta the opposite side of the hall. Gloriously did the four

champion societies sing, but finally it narrowed down to two. 'Les Enfans de Paris' and a society with the strange appellation of 'Le Cricksick de Tourcoing.' It seems there is a stream called Sick Creek, in Tourcoing (department of the North), and this society had adopted it as their name. The award was difficult to make. Never did two clubs sing better, or more evenly. The committee were puzzled. 'I never was so perplexed in my life,' said Arthur Pougin to me, as he borrowed my pencil to vote with. Besides this a very pretty girl in the gallery distracted the attention of the jury, and no Frenchman is ever too old or too busy to notice a beautiful maiden. It was a *mauvais quart d'heure* for the singers, after they had finished; they crowded to the front of the stage, a striking picture of full dress suspense. None of the vast audience left, and you could have heard a pin drop, (particularly if it were a linch pin or belaying pin), while the judges were deliberating. Finally the verdict came, eight for 'Les Enfans de Paris,' seven for the 'Cricksick of Tourcoing.' 'The Parisian society has won,' stated the secretary, 'but—but not the butt of the wildest goat would have stopped the shout from the Parisians,—'But! but!! but!!!' shouted the secretary, finally becoming audible, 'the contest has been so exceptionally close that the secretary of the interior orders an equal prize of honor to the Tourcoing society also.' Then both societies left the palace, waving their banners and singing paeans of triumph.

"The next day the promised *fauteuils* to 'Esclarmonde' at the Opera Comique were sent to me, and at 6 p. m. I went to see the composer, as agreed. I found M. Massenet at the piano, playing an arrangement of his new opera. A handsome man, full of life and motion, bright black eyes, a chubby, good-humored and attractive face, a pointed black moustache, black hair brushed straight back from a fine forehead—*voila* M. Massenet! I spoke of the new opera at once, and asked him which of his works he liked best. 'Every father likes his last child best,' said he, 'and just now I prefer, "Esclarmonde."' He played a few airs from this, finally becoming enthusiastic and singing as well, in full, clear tones. He asked about his works in America,

and when I told him of the warm reception of his suites there, he began to play that part of the 'Scenes Pittoresques,' where the cracked village bell calls the peasants to church. He spoke of Miss Sybil Sanderson (the prima donna from California), as the ideal of 'Esclarmonde,' which was in fact written for and dedicated to her. 'You have seen the monsters that sometimes appear in "Traviata," for example? It is difficult to find a heroine to fit a part. Well, when Miss Sanderson sings

Oui, je suis belle et désirable,

(and M. Massenet sang the phrase at the piano) it suits the case exactly !'

"Of American music he knew little, but spoke enthusiastically of MacDowell's works that he had heard, and mentioned some of Chadwick's, of which he had read the scores. 'Where did they study?' he asked, and then suddenly he became very emphatic and excitedly earnest, speaking more rapidly than Phillips Brooks in a state of enthusiasm. He urged the necessity of forming our own composers, and at home; he spoke of the bane of rules alone which crushed out individuality; he cited the two contrasting cases of Grieg, who had retained his individuality, spite of study in Germany, and Gade, who had lost his, and become a reflection of Mendelssohn. He cited the case of a Swedish pupil who studied with him up to last year, and then came back and wanted more, and told me how he had sent him home to become an individuality, to look at his blue skies, green fields and vast mountains, and put them into music; and all his words were aglow with patriotism and lofty inspiration. When I said that perhaps our mixed races militated against the evolution of a true national school, he shouted: 'It must be! I have not seen your country, but I have seen pictures of your great Niagara, your deep forests, your vast plains; they ought to inspire music. And then, your beautiful women! Look in their eyes and find your inspiration.' (It is singular that Wagner, too, had a thought similar to this, and that his 'Centennial March' was evolved by it.) 'And it must be no copy, either,' he added, earnestly; 'the American school must be eclectic.'

"I have given this part of the interview with much care as to exactness, for I consider these views of a most eminent French composer as both important and just. *Du reste*, our conversation need not be so exactly quoted; he expressed almost a certainty of coming to America; he is fond of conducting; he was at work upon a new opera, of which M. Richepin furnished the libretto; he inquired about American poets and poetry; he spoke of Miss Sanderson's high note as being very wonderful (it is G in alt, and pure as a bell) and finally gave me a pass to go back of the scenes at the Opera Comique, saying that we could meet on the stage after the third act.

"The evening, therefore, found me at the theater, listening to '*Esclarmonde*.' I will not write about this in detail, for it has been fully reviewed on the occasion of its earlier performances, but I must say that the librettists ought to be hung without benefit of clergy. The plot is just on a par with, and similar to Wagner's '*Fairies*.' The music is grand and lofty, spite of the heavy handicap, although the composer is obliged to repeat himself, because of the absurd prolixity of his libretto. There was a fine tenor robusto in the cast, M. Gilbert; the second and third acts are the best; and Miss Sanderson carried off the lion's share of the applause, with a sweet voice of remarkable compass. Almost every vein of composition, from rustic Villanelles to grand climaxes, is represented in the work.

"After the third act I went back of the stage, as agreed upon. Massenet was cordial and natural as ever, and soon introduced me to Miss Sanderson and her mother. Miss Sybil Sanderson has certainly achieved very much in Paris, and seemed quite free from any disposition to vaunt her triumphs. She is remarkably attractive, personally, and told me that she was then engaged in studying '*Manon*' with Massenet, and hoped to make a success of that role as well. She has played '*Esclarmonde*' very many times, she told me, and longed to essay the other part, since the novelty had worn off.

"The call boy's bell sent me off the stage, right into a green room filled with members of the *corps de ballet*. I

had never had such a personal interview (or let us drop the ‘inter’ and call it a ‘personal view’) with a French ballet before. From close observation I am convinced that the French ballet girl is young, attractive, and makes a very little cloth go a very long way in the matter of dress. They all had on their summer clothes, and wore their war paint. There were angels with pretty wings and remarkable smiles; there were demons in very close-fitting tights; demons of the most attractive character; demons that would make most charming playmates. But when one of these demons came toward me with evident intent to speak, I remembered that I was a citizen of Boston, and turned and fled.

“I was with Massenet again two days later, and he was kind enough to show me all that was then completed of the score of his new opera. It is on a Persian subject, and called ‘The Magi.’ The libretto is by Richepin and the work in four acts. The character of the subject gives the composer some fine opportunities in local color, especially in the ballet scenes, in which something akin to Rubinstein’s delicious work in ‘Feramors’ is achieved. Massenet is progressive in his instrumentation, and gains many new effects thereby. His use of sarussophone instead of contrabassoon does away with the faulty intonation which is often the bane of the latter instrument. In ‘The Magi’ the master intended to introduce a new instrument altogether—a bass flute. ‘All the other wood wind instruments have their basses,’ said he, ‘the clarinet has the bass clarinet, the oboe has the bassoon; then why not try to extend the register on the flute as well?’ For my own part, I think the idea is feasible, and I am convinced that both the ancient Greeks and Egyptians had deep flutes. The experiments were being made by a prominent instrument manufacturer, and if they were successful, Massenet was to use the new instrument in his ballet scenes.

“On returning to my hotel I found that two fauteuils for the Grand Opera had been sent to me (I was getting the proverbial honors of a prophet out of his own country) and I went to hear the American prima donna, Miss Emma

Eames, in 'Faust.' Naturally I need not dwell upon the opera, and the opera house is the best known in Europe, unrivaled for grandeur, although both the Vienna and Budapest opera houses may vie with it in beauty. The scenery and mounting were not astoundingly sumptuous, as the management were just then in an economical frame of mind. In the matter of chorus and orchestra, the Paris Grand Opera takes the lead. The house was crowded with Americans, who had come to hear the triumph of their country-woman. This triumph was a very legitimate one; there has been no wire pulling or artificial enthusiasm. Miss Eames made her way to the front by talent. She was first engaged at the Opera Comique, but the management repented them of their opening the door to an unknown singer, and gave her no part whatever, and when she begged to annul the contract they very promptly let her go. Since that time I suppose they have been kicking themselves, secretly but unanimously. But the fair Bostonian came out so suddenly and with so little flourish of trumpets that even I, who am supposed to know the musicians of the Hub, and who attend about seven concerts a week as penance for my sins, knew nothing of her. She has appeared in Professor Paine's excellent historical lectures before a vast audience of as many as fifteen people, and had been the 'first spirit' when Mr. Gericke brought out 'Manfred,' but as I was not addicted to spirits, I had forgotten all about this. A pure, fresh voice, flexible and yet expressive, remarkably good intonation and attractive personality, these are the qualities with which Miss Eames rules the stage. Her very first song, 'The King of Thule,' was a charming performance, unaffected and tender, while the 'Jewel Song' aroused the whole audience to enthusiasm, but the grand success was in the trio of the last act, where she gave a marvelous volume of tone. The only fault that the professional fault finder could discern was a degree of calmness in some of the more vehement scenes; it was a tranquil Marguerite, rather than a wretched and distracted one, but this may have been partially the fault of Faust himself, whose acting was remarkably conventional, and whose only mode of expressing

intensity was by puffing like a disordered steam engine. Mephistopheles was excellent, even if he *did* sing his serenade to the gallery instead of to Martha. The opera was given without any cuts—except one alto solo—and with a splendid ballet in the Brocken scene, effective enough here, although I must say that these anatomical displays do not fit to England or America.

"I was glad to hear most flattering comments on our Bostonian singer from the French portion of the audience. '*Marguerite chante bien*' seemed to be the universal verdict, and was certainly a just one. The next day I called on Miss Eames, and found a most unaffected young lady, full of life and fun, of utterly unspoilt by her triumph, and remembering all her Boston friends and teachers. Mr. Gericke was among the first to recognize the future of her voice, she told me, and after her success in the small part in '*Manfred*' said that she had a gold mine in her throat, but when she asked for a chance to *debut* at the symphony concerts he said, 'Not yet; you must study abroad and must appear abroad,' and the advice was wise. Miss Eames spoke of Professor Paine with much regard and admiration. 'You don't know how much good he has done me,' said she, 'for he kept me at work on old, old music, ancient masses and all that, until I could not help acquiring a correct taste.' (Some time after this I asked Professor Paine what music he had given to Miss Eames in her student days. 'Dufay, DesPres, Di Lasso and the old Flemish school,' he replied, and this may be a hint to some of those who desire a solid musical foundation in vocal work.) 'And one of my other teachers I shall never forget: Miss Annie Payson Call; she gave me many valuable points in elocution and dramatic expression, and all the teachers here commended what she had done for me.' Miss Eames told me many an anecdote of the difficulty of obtaining a hearing in Paris, of intrigue and of machination, and how, when she *did* appear, she was a 'dark horse,' unknown to all of the critics, and as they expected little or nothing they were the more surprised. Mrs. Eames, who looks far too young to be the mother of such a celebrity, came in at this point, and the conversation

became personal. One public point, however, was touched upon—the American voices abroad.

"Many of them are sweet, but light, so much so that "*une voix Americaine*" has come to mean a fragile, delicate thing," said Miss Eames (whose voice is powerful enough to fill the vast room of the Grand Opera), and then she went on to tell of how bound up in traditions the stage at the Grand Opera was, and what difficulty she had in getting them to allow her to use her own ideas in certain scenes. In parting, she again spoke most enthusiastically of her friends and teachers in Boston, and sent them her kindest regards. I was impressed, both by the performance of the preceding night and by this interview, with the fact that our young American is at the beginning of a great career, and that she will work out all that is possible for herself, and not remain content with her success, great even as it is."

In another part of his book Mr. Elson gives some valuable advice to American students proposing to study abroad. But for this, excellent as it is, there is now no space. The work is being printed in elegant style and the illustrations are well made, and of a degree of novelty as well as interest. Their general quality will be apparent from the examples which *Music* is kindly permitted to reproduce for the pleasure of its readers. Elson's "European Reminiscences" is sold only by subscription.

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THE STORY OF AN ARTIST.*

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

CHAPTER VIII.

What are called, for lack of a better name, "feelings," have so many channels of escape, only a very clever person can conceal them, and Mrs. Garnett was not at all clever. Her irritation at Miss Goulding's peculiarities, and above all, at the frankness which she characterized to her daughter, as "designing," transpired in small disagreeable looks and words, not to be described.

Once in the train bound eastward, Huldah gave a long sigh of relief. Never again, she told herself, would she accept private hospitality, no matter how vehemently urged, when on a business trip. "And I will not let people become acquainted with me," she said half aloud, and blushing furiously at the recollection that Mr. March had followed her to the station that cloudy morning, and had said with unmistakable emphasis he wanted to know her better.

"Hey?" exclaimed an old man who had also boarded the cars at Chester, and who sat directly in front of her. "Did ye speak to me?"

He had a weather-worn look, and the dark veins on his aged hands, and the thin hair on his temples reminded Huldah of her grandfather.

"No," she said, smiling at the wrinkled face. "I only spoke to myself."

"Well, self is a good one to tell secrets to," said the old man cordially. "It looks like a thaw."

Huldah smiled again, and the old man resumed in a croaking tone: "It's a dreful time fer rheumatiz,

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though, an' when ye git that, ye won't need no doctor to tell what ails ye. No sir."

"It must be hard to bear."

"'Tis, but I ain't ready to die yit," and he gave a cackling laugh, which speedily lapsed into a sigh. "But there ain't no comfort in growin' old. Ye lose yer teeth, an' don't git the good of yer victuals. An' yer eyesight is poor, an' ye walk like an ole pa'r of bars. Folks let ye know, too, ye're all out of date in their 'pinions, an' yer children git 'shamed of ye, an' don't hanker to hev ye round." The old man's face began to work painfully, and his mouth, which stretched itself out sideways as he spoke, and gave evidence that a vast cavity was behind it, suddenly puckered up, as if drawn by a rubber band, and two tears gathered in his dim, hard eyes.

"The weather makes you feel gloomy," said Huldah gently. "Grandfather says he always remembers all his troubles when it rains, but when it is pleasant, he would like to live his life over, taking the bad times, as well as the good."

"Is yer pa and ma livin'?" asked the old man, forgetting his woes in the awakened curiosity which was a passion with him, as any one might guess by the lines about his eyes, and the way his soft hat was set upon his head.

"My mother is living. My father died when I was about a month old. We live with my grandfather, my mother and I. Grandfather is a beautiful old man."

"Um—ah, is he?" Then with a renewed curiosity, "Your ma's pa?"

"Yes."

"I've heard folks say the mother's father was most thought on, but I dunno," and he shook his head doubtfully, as if the statement did not agree with his experience. "You don't teach, do ye?"

"I have a few pupils. I teach music."

"Maria used to teach a school. Live west?"

"In Chicago."

"M'well, that's west of me. I live in York state. My dater, she lives to Chester, an' she's aristocratic.

Podd's her man's name. She was allus a high-stepper, M'ria was," and a glow of pride lit up his worn features. "She's a woman as folks looks twice at, if I say it. I s'pose Chicago is a big place, but la! I recollect when folks went to Ill'noy in waggins. 'Twas like goin' to the eend of the world. I don't like a pray-ree country myself. There's such a thing as havin' things too easy, an' a few stun to the acre is good fer a man. The Old 'un broke his apron string, they say, our way," and again he broke into a cackling laugh. "How much wheat do they raise around Chicago, do ye s'pose?"

"I do not know," said Huldah, blushing. "I have never seen anything but gardens about the city."

"Might 'a' know'd," said the old man to himself, with evident contempt for city-bred powers of observation. "Town folks don't know anything useful."

The train was just beginning to creep over the bridge spanning the Mississippi at Clinton, when a young man, whom the casual observer would at once call "fine-looking" entered the car and made his way to Huldah. All that dress can do for a man had been done for him, and he wore his clothes with no suggestion of the dandy. His eyes, which were a tawny brown, had a way of narrowing at times. His tawny hair, cut close in the prevailing fashion, disclosed two very alert-looking ears; and a certain broadness at the cheek bones, with his silent walk, might suggest to an imaginative mind a beast of prey. Some one whose case was lost when John Rawlinson, Jr., was counsel for the opposition, declared angrily, that no one could expect justice in a court in which a "confounded tom-cat" was admitted to practice. It is certain that to men or things opposed to him, John Rawlinson, Jr., could exhibit, and often used, unmistakable teeth and claws. He was, however, popular in his social world, and though men shook their heads sometimes when his name was mentioned, ambitious mammas told their daughters he was a young man to be encouraged.

There was no indication that he had come all the way from Chicago, at no small cost of hurry and worry, two

things he hated, in order to meet her, when he held out his hand to Huldah as if in pleased surprise, "You are going home, I suppose," he said carelessly. "I am very glad to see you."

Huldah's bow of assent was not gracious. To give her hand in greeting was an expression of warm good will with her, and Rawlinson knew it. But he held the hand she reluctantly gave him an instant, and then seated himself beside her with friendly familiarity, keenly enjoying her blushes, and the inquisitive glances of the skinny old man in the next section.

"What do you think of our young folks making up?" he asked with a swift glance, but in a tone which indicated only polite indifference. "The governor's friends are mightily pleased."

"The date for the wedding is fixed, then?" said Huldah.

"The second of June. I fancied you knew. It was settled when you went away, or just after. Perhaps it is unwise for me to say it, but I see nothing in the affair for any one to be vexed at. If you don't like it I take it all back, and apologize. I need not say the governor is doing everything handsome."

Huldah held up her head, and tried to look dignified and haughty, but finding that did not conquer a rising inclination to sob, turned toward the window. No doubt all her world thought it a fine thing for her mother, the Widow Goulding, to marry Governor Rawlinson. He was of a good family, had considerable fortune, and had an honored name in his profession. But one is not always able to appreciate advantages. John Rawlinson, Jr., the governor's nephew, would now have more opportunity to press his claims as a lover.

"As for me," he continued, "I rejoice on my own account, because we will be—in the same family."

Huldah once more turned to the window. "I do not care to discuss the matter," she said coldly.

Quite motionless, Rawlinson eyed the gray feathers on Huldah's hat with an expression that made the old

watcher in the next seat bend forward, anxious, as well as curious. He had often cursed Miss Goulding's manners, unable to see how they were an expression of the perfect frankness of her nature. How he longed now to possess some power over her by which he could compel her deference, if nothing more! Suddenly she turned, almost surprising his evil look. "I hope," she said abruptly, "you will not feel burdened by the relation—at least till it exists. I am quite accustomed to caring for myself—on the cars, for instance." She grew fiery red under his glance, and felt miserably ashamed; but he was apparently in perfect good humor. "Oh, no," he said quietly. "I am well aware of your accomplishments. I will go in the smoker. Be sure and let me know, if I can serve you."

The old man, who, to watch these two had ridden backward till he was giddy, resumed his old place, and held out to Huldah a bag full of peppermint lozenges.

"Thank you," and she winked back a few rebellious tears. "I don't like them."

"Don't?" echoed the old man regretfully, and cracking a lozenge noisily with his teeth. "Miss Podd don't either, nowdays. Says pep'mint's a mean smell. She wan't allus so grand. *I say* they're hulsome. If ye git too much sugar, why—there's the pep'mint."

As Huldah was smiling again, he continued with determined cheerfulness, "Seems to me a taste fer pep'mint, an' wintergreen, an' sas'fras, an' hemlock gum is nachel, though I don't like pep'mint ile in with my meetin' clothes, as some hev it in Lyons village, whar they raise so much of it. Pep'mint ain't what ye might call p'fumery."

The earth was wrapped in mist, and the damp cold crept into every crevice. As the sun climbed higher, the fog sometimes parted, disclosing long stretches of snow-covered prairie, and at rare intervals, leafless trees blackly etched their delicate outlines against the snow-gray sky. In spite of the old man's quaint and never flagging garrulity, the hours were long before the train plunged into the twinkling lights and busy clamor of the North-Western station.

CHAPTER IX.

It was a remarkably cold spring, the old settlers said. Cantankerous people, with good memories for the unpleasant, declared it was not colder than it was every year in Chester, but they were not considered public-spirited. The snow banks lingered in sunny nooks till May, and the roads, deep with mire, reduced the most top-lofty horses to humility. When at last the daffodils shook out their golden petals, and the oaks and cottonwoods were covered with velvet leaf sprays blushing rosy pink, there came a furious storm which tore up miles of wire fence, swept down a score or more of chimneys, blew in the great rose window of the orthodox meeting house, and so completely wrecked the chimney, built according to Wilbur Calikins' "native idee," that extensive repairs were necessary. Mr. Gregg reminded the brethren that he had opposed the rose window, as savoring of popery and the pride of life, and urged that the space be boarded up. Mr. Dulcimer, and some of the others, whose feelings had been sorely tried by the height to which the Baptists had raised their steeple when repairing it, were determined that the window should be replaced by a much finer one, while Deacon Fultz, who had always felt outraged by the "native idee," was resolved that it should be torn out. Some of the ladies had long wanted Gothic chairs in place of the old hair-cloth sofa behind the pulpit, and were not sorry that lime and debris had crushed the old furnishings out of existence. Two months at least must go by before the church could be put in proper order. At last the long coveted opportunity had come, David March told himself. The habit, strictly followed for years, of giving himself first to his work, had held him from seeking an opportunity to follow Huldah to her home. But now the loveliness of the blossoming earth, all the fullness and glory of the summer, seemed to his sensitive mind to speed him upon his errand, and to promise him success. He had sent her two books, "a slight expression," he wrote, "of the great delight you gave me by your

playing." For these he had received a brief note of thanks, which discreetly breathed no hint of the labor it had cost, but which he cherished unreasonably. At any rate, she had not sent the pretty volumes back, as he fancied she would, were she not in a degree pleased with the giver, and unwilling to hurt his feelings. Arrived in Chicago, however, all his self-assurance vanished, and in its place came swarms of fears and doubts. The great, prosperous city reminded him at every turn, that his was a profession of sacrifice, and a deep humility benumbed him as he went up Forest Place. He told himself that he would make only a very brief call. Dr. Forbes had called upon Miss Goulding when he attended the meetings of the medical association. To be sure, he had not seen her, but he had made the attempt. David March felt it would show timidity to pass through the city, and not make one brief call. Then he could go his way, so far from and unlike hers.

A spider had spun her web across one corner of the doorway. The little porch was dusty, and littered by refuse flung there by the winds. The two tiny flower beds on the minute lawn had been despoiled, and were green with sprouting weeds. A hundred mute things looked, "gone," at him, but he did not understand their sign language. Most of the houses in Chester showed no indications of being inhabited nearer the street than the dining room. If she were gone when Dr. Forbes was in Chicago, she must be at home for him, hope suddenly argued, and after hearing the bell clang in some far-away remoteness, he listened with a beating heart till a shrill, melancholy voice called out behind him—

"They're all gone! all gone away!"

A diminutive old man was eying him from the pavement. "I tell ye," he repeated, "they're all gone away."

"I do not understand you," said Mr. March.

"Don't!" cried the old man, grinning, and coming nearer. "Don't folks ever move, where you came from?"

"Oh—they have moved. Thank you. Where have they gone?"

"Well, sir, the governor and his wife have gone on their towerin'. The second-hand ones do put on style when they marry, I can tell ye, and the governor is a great one for show. Toe be sure, Mr. Schirmer dyin' as he did was kind of a set back. He was an awful nice old man. Never ate cowcumbers. I sold 'em truck goin' on five year, an I know," said the old man, with evident pride that he could speak of the family on some points with authority.

"Is Miss Goulding married?" asked Mr. March sharply.

"M'yas. Been married nigh two months." The old man looked at the minister with evident enjoyment. "It was an awful nice chance for her, too. Miss Huldah—she's gone to Boston with her cousin, Miss Worden, a peaked-nosed woman who allus asks the price of ev'ything. Lord, if it's a head of lettuce, she must know the cost. But I s'pose when the governor, he comes back, he an' Miss Goulding, that was, will be havin' Miss Huldah home with 'um." He paused, rubbed his stubbly beard up toward his mouth, which was drawn into a queer smile, and then added, "That Miss Worden is a widder, an' a great one for music, too, just like old man Schirmer an' Miss Huldah. It was Miss Huldah's ma—that was married."

CHAPTER X.

Two days later David March was in the house in which he was born. Life had always been narrow in it. Since his father's death it had grown narrower, and when he had asked and answered a few personal questions, and had inquired about the neighborhood, and the offspring of Crumple, a certain black-faced cow, once a black-faced calf, and his own property, it was a relief to remember that his sister Persis, whose husband kept the store at Smyrna, would feel hurt if he did not ride over the hills the next morning, and see her.

(3)

He started early, to get the best of the morning, as his sister Sarah had exhorted him to do. The waste fields glowed with the blossoms of the great willow herb, and variously tinted milkweeds. Near the farm houses the hollyhocks were open, and thronging about the gates were groups of "Bouncing Bet," calling the bees to sip at their delicate pink flowers. Jewel weed filled the ditches, and where water from some secret spring had gathered, the arrow head lifted its dark green leaves and spikes of snowy bloom. Here and there a head of scarlet balm blazed amid the rank sedges, Dog fennel, toad flax and white clover struggled for supremacy in the middle of the road. A panorama of ever changing blue and purple hills shut in the horizon. Glimmers of azure told of distant creeks, or of ponds, and over all was the glory of early summer.

Though he was still called "the colt," Foxy had really arrived at the epicurean period of middle-age, when comfort counts before everything, and he did not like the saddle, nor to be deprived of his mid-day refection of oats. If he must be ridden, while his rider enjoyed the landscape, he felt it fair that he should snap a stray bite of sweet grass now and then, and he was irritated that this was objected to. At last, when he had reached a long, low barn, near which was a wide, low house, he stopped deliberately, and would not be urged onward. Not far away to the northward waved a thin pennon of mist, and from the same direction came the murmur of falling water. Around the angle of the house came an obese, moon-faced man, whose toilet consisted of an enormous straw hat, a blue print shirt, and tow trousers held up by red braces. He was meditatively chewing a stick.

"M'well?" said he tentatively.

A soft-toned bell, belonging to a shabby church standing alone among the fields, struck the hour of twelve.

"My horse seems bent on having his dinner. Can you feed him and let him stand in your barn a while? I will go across the fields to the upper fall. It is yonder, is it not?" and Mr. March pointed toward the floating mist.

"Yes, the fall 's yonder," assented the fat man in a tone that was dryly derisive. "'Tain't likely to run away's long's the creek's going." A shrill neigh came from the barn, and March caught a glimpse of a smart, two-seated wagon as he leaned forward. The fat man noted his look. "They," he explained, "are down in the gully. I guess I can keep your horse a spell. They all stop here."

A fat woman, bare-footed and collarless, came to the door, and smiling with toothless curiosity, cried, "Well, pa, what now?"

"Oh, nuther on 'em," replied the fat man disdainfully, twisting his thumb toward Mr. March, who was rapidly crossing the opposite field.

"Lord-a-massy! Ter think of spen'ing time ter see water fall offen a pitch! What's ter hinder it, I wonder!"

Many-hued pebbles gleamed in the bed of Wintergreen creek, green, gold, crimson and blue. As he looked down upon them, David March remembered the bitter disappointment they had once caused him by turning into very common stones when taken from the water. "A good deal depends upon circumstances," he said, smiling to himself with the pleasure the sound of the water gave him. "Beauty may quite depend on being where one belongs." The gray rock at the summit of the fall was fringed as of old with fluttering harebells and adiantum. Down the gorge a hidden wood throstle was calling shyly to his mate. The sunshine drew forth the spicy perfume of the hemlocks and cedars with which the cliffs were lined down to the depths, one hundred and fifty feet below. Suddenly voices invaded the quiet, and springing lightly across the creek David March was just about to turn into a precipitous path which led by break-neck jumps to the foot of the fall, when a tall young woman, all in black, from head to foot, appeared at the head of the broader and more frequented path. With her was a freckle-faced boy.

"Why, Mr. March!" she exclaimed with frank pleasure.

"I thought," he stammered, and putting out his hand, "that you were several hundred miles away—in Boston."

"Oh, I am going to Boston—in time," said the newcomer, blushing. "This is my cousin, Fred Worden."

A slender, middle-aged lady now emerged from the cedars. With her was a second freckle-faced boy. Behind them towered a florid young man, bearing baskets and shawls.

"I hope," said Mr. March, when he had been presented to Mrs. Worden and her son Rob, and had explained his acquaintance with Miss Goulding, "I sincerely hope you are not going to leave the fall at this hour. You will miss"—he paused, then used his sister's phrase—"the best of the day."

"Ah, my dear sir, wait till you are ten years older. Rheumatism and romance do not go together. Dew will then be prettier from a carriage or a veranda. It is quite too damp in the glen."

"It is dry enough here," cried Fred, who rebelled at the thought of eating his luncheon in the wagon, gazing at Mr. Tibb's long, low barn. "This wide stone will make a good table, and we'll have to eat somewhere."

"Yes," echoed Rob gravely; "we'll have to eat somewhere, for it is a good ten miles back to North lake."

A man of thirty does not care to be told he is only ten years younger than a woman of forty, and Mr. March had no mind to reply to Mrs. Worden. "My father and I used to visit this place at least once every season," he said, addressing himself to Huldah, "and we always dined there," and he pointed to the rocks at the head of the fall. I had intended to lunch there to-day"; and he drew forth the little box his sister Maria had furnished him. "It is pleasanter than Farmer Tibbs' cottage."

Mrs. Worden stepped about gingerly for a few seconds, and finding no spiders hanging from the alders overlooking the wide rock, ordered Silas Wilcoxon to spread the contents of the basket he carried upon it, but as he proved as unskillful in his duties as he was democratic in manner,

Mr. March sent him to look after the horses, and attended to the work, with the assistance of the two boys.

"Mr. Tibbs said he should charge 'nine shillin' for our accommodation," began Mrs. Worden, when her party were seated about the wide rock, and despite all invitation Mr. March had betaken himself to the rocks three feet away at the brink of the falls. She did not like to imitate dialect, but anything was better than silence. "He said," she went on, "that he is 'nat'rally neighborly, but he won't be put on, and feedin' and turnin' out two critters is worth nine shillin', if it is a cent.'"

"I," said Mr. March gravely, "shall pay 'two shillin', being a native. Mr. Tibbs cannot overreach me."

Long years afterward he would remember that day as one of the brightest of his life, though the talk was of trifles, and Huldah scarcely spoke.

Silas Wilcoxen, who saw no reason why he should not have been one of the party, looked enviously in their direction from Farmer Tibbs' kitchen, where he was partaking of what he called, "biled dinner" and a "dish o' tea."

"La," said Mrs. Tibbs, noting his dissatisfaction, "do ye spouse they take comfort out there in the weeds and bugs?"

"I dunno," said Silas, attacking the greens with new vigor. "There ain't no tellin' what such darned stuck-up city folks do take comfort in."

"They're stuck-up, be they?" said Mrs. Tibbs.

"I should say they were," replied Silas vindictively. "Treat ye when they've hired ye, 'sif ye wa'n't 'round."

"They hain't nothin' to do but to worry folks as have to work," said Mr. Tibbs, his mouth full of bread. "Land a massy, I wish't I lived in the city!" As Mr. Tibbs never did anything he could avoid, and derived some income from visitors, this talk was unreasonable, but unreason is not confined to the rural districts.

After dinner Mrs. Tibbs arrayed herself in a clean gingham, and put on a brooch the size of a small sauce plate. She also with some difficulty got into her shoes.

Then she sat down to watch. About four o'clock her patience was rewarded by the appearance of the whole party in her front yard.

"Come in and set," she said hospitably. "Pa, he's kinder slow, and he an' Si has so much talkin' to do they'll take their time hitchin'. I s'pose you're tired traipsin' round that gully. I, now, never set eyes on it."

"What?" exclaimed Mrs. Worden—a result perhaps anticipated.

"Never set eyes on it," reiterated Mrs. Tibbs. "Ner pa, he never did, nuther. 'Bout seven years ago we both went up to High lake an' rid on the steamboat, an' that was fine. But they wouldn't let us in the camp ground 'thout we paid a quarter, an' I told pa 'twa'n't right to countenize sech greediness. When I was a girl we used to sing 'salvation's free for you and me,' an' I told pa I calculated it was free yet, and we could go to meetin' at a cheaper place," and Mrs. Tibbs' plump features assumed an expression of virtuous severity.

David March gave a subdued chuckle in spite of himself. Mrs. Tibbs eyed him sharply. "Why," she said, after a minute, "ain't you Dan'l March's son, what went off to be a preacher?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, he was a good man, and I'm glad to see ye," said the motherly creature, putting out her work-worn hand. Then again, unconsciously irritated by the presence of Mrs. Worden and Huldah, between whom and herself she felt there was some strange difference, her face clouded over, and she added with some asperity, "But you don't feature the Marches; you're like your mother's folks, the Dayons. They was awful big feelin', an they wa'n't no better'n other folks. You've got to recollect you're nothin' but a worm o' the dust, if you be a preacher, an' if you're goin' to git souls, you'll have to go into the by-ways an' the hedges, ef the goin' ain't quite so pleasant."

"La now," soliloquized Mrs. Tibbs, when the smart wagon had rolled away, and David March had disappeared in the direction of Smyrna. "Si Wilcoxon might's well

look at the moon as at that tall girl in black, though there be some girls that the men folks all have to fall in love with, whether there's use in it or not. Them folks don't know he's alive, scussly, though he's got as good a farm, and as good a team as any man in the county. He was an all-fired fool to spend his time wi' 'em, an' a-cartin' 'em round. An' that little sharp-nosed woman won't make nothin' by bein' so cool to Dave March when she bade him good bye. Ef he wants to see her cousin again he will. I know the Dayon grit. The world 'pears to be made for young folks, and old folks might's well stand from under."

"What is it, ma?" asked Mr. Tibbs, who, weary with the excitements of the day, was resting in a vast rocking chair.

"Nothin', pa," said Mrs. Tibbs, who found her husband an unsatisfactory confidant"; I was jes' a speculatin'."

CHAPTER XI.

A barn-like structure, expressive of the intellectual poverty that dwelt within it, Pike's hotel faced the west, and the ever changing, always beautiful panorama of North lake. It had, despite its barrenness, a well washed look. This "grace" was the work of Mrs. Pike. Mr. Pike, who had planned it, and, in a way, represented "nature," had aimed only at obtaining a shelter.

At this point the shore was a waste of yellow sand, that took on red-veined, tortoise-shell tints where the water swept over it. The shallows extended about a quarter of a mile into the lake, and upon the stillest summer day the waves gave forth a melancholy murmur. A few dwarf beeches, willows with amber-hued stems, and here and there a button ball bush kept up a meager existence, but no other green thing invaded the sand from the point where it broke away from the oaks and pines. Picnics and fishing parties from adjoining villages kept the hotel feebly alive during the summer. In winter Mr. Pike cut ice and fished, but life, he confided to Mrs. Worden, "was

hard sleddin'." She had discovered the place the first year of her widowhood, and had spent July in its quiet every year thereafter. She had always turned upon the world a smiling face, and had made her home charming to the superficial observer; but she had been a most unhappy wife, and having little of that easy forgivingness which smooths over the rough spots in life to the average woman, and which is in truth a most lady-like virtue, she spoke of her widowhood to herself as "a reward"; and though she believed herself an agnostic, for the late noted doctor, her husband, she had more old-fashioned views, and believed that the devil, whom he had so well served in life, was at last appropriately and warmly rewarding him. Endowed herself with rare musical taste, and some talent, she valued her young cousin's genius as it deserved, and on the sudden death of her grandfather found consolation in the fact that now she could bear Huldah away to Boston—the only casket fit to receive such a jewel, she argued. It was, however, the last of June, and she persuaded Huldah that they needed the quiet of North lake for a month at least before approaching the Atlantic coast. The dreamy, monotonous days were never dull to Mrs. Worden, but Huldah, who cared nothing for botany, or insects, or as yet for curious specimens of human beings, had not been kept from ennui even by the privilege of unlimited sailing in a tub-like yacht with the boys and an eccentric skipper, known as Polliwog Hatch. But the day after the visit to Wintergreen creek, she was suddenly contented to let the boys sail away without her, and went strolling up the sands with Mrs. Worden, who whiled many hours out of her life, crocheting articles of questionable value, and sewing yarn into canvas.

"I think your liver must be out of order, or else that iron tonic is affecting you," said that little lady, moving toward a button bush that partly shaded a little hollow where she could snuggle down and stitch. "You have always gone with the boys before. If you feel dull we can visit High lake. Possibly we may be in time for a camp meeting. Or shall we go on to civilization and Newport?"

"My liver does very well," said Huldah, with visible annoyance. "I'd like a whole mosquito net, a piano, and something to eat, not fried, but I am not sure that I have a liver, and I certainly do not want to leave here just yet," and she stretched her arms out lovingly toward the opalescent lake. "I am just beginning to find this charming place out. Suppose we go further down the shore. There are more button bushes there."

"I'm glad you like it, but isn't the liking somewhat sudden?" said Mrs. Worden, drawing her skirts about her daintily and making little jumps to avoid the pools left by the night's rain. Huldah had a perverse fashion of walking close to the water's edge, and swirling eddies of foam sometimes swept up quite to her feet.

"Oh no," said Huldah, "I have been growing into it since the first night, when the whip-poor-wills made me so lonely." They had come to a wide hollow which had been flooded, and was now black with small, squirming creatures. She bent down with short-sighted curiosity. "Why, they are dying!" she cried, full of pity. "If I stay here much longer, Helen, I shall grow like you, and become acquainted with all sorts of little animals." She had picked up two empty clam shells, and began tossing the tiny things into the water. "They are ugly little monsters, but I suppose they have their feelings about being left here to die."

"They'd not be missed," said Mrs. Worden, who had established herself under a cool-looking willow. "They are bull heads, and there are, no doubt, plenty more."

"That does not make it easier for the sufferers."

"You'll only get your hands messy. I once tried assisting larger fry, and was cured forever of benevolence."

"You give a large sum of money every year to charity. What is the use of trying to make out you are not benevolent? As for me, I am working for a good conscience. What do I care for the gratitude of bull heads?"

"Gratitude is always pleasant to receive. What I give is my share of the sum the fortunate and thrifty

must yearly pay to assist the unfortunate and unthrifty. What I call benevolence gives time, thought and nerve force toward making the poor of more positive value to themselves and to the community."

"You are like grandfather. He gave and scolded just as you do. He said the rich should spend for the benefit of the poor, and he watched every day to see the equestrian club go by. He said riding a horse is a manly exercise, and till he was seventy, he rode himself. But if a man clad in coarse clothing, and walking heavily from weariness happened to pass at the same time with the club, he would cry, 'Look! Each one of those young people spends upon selfish pleasure more than yonder fellow-creature can earn for himself and family by a day's toil! And what toil it is! Look at the man's back!' Then he would lapse into a brown study, and write something for the papers about the workingman. But the next day he might be quite on the other side, and declare that three-quarters of the troubles of the poor are of their own making."

"Our dear fastidious grandfather was a not uncommon combination of democrat and aristocrat." Mrs. Worden jabbed her embroidery, frowning, for her keen eyes had discovered that a tall man was coming rapidly down the sandy shore from Pike's. "He was enthusiastic to benefit humanity, but when it came to close quarters, he fled away to his piano, and Schumann and Schubert, and the composition of exquisite hymns. You have to thank him for a great deal, missy."

"I loved him," cried Huldah, her eyes quickly blinded with tears.

"And so did I," replied Mrs. Worden calmly. "Compose yourself. I think I see your western acquaintance coming. You told me, I think, that he is a preacher."

"Yes," said Huldah reluctantly.

One of those dainty women who can wear soft silk in a brier patch, and who are always immaculate, Mrs. Worden rose and shook out her flounces with the distinct intention of intercepting the coming visitor.

"It's a bad place for men," said Huldah, when she and David March had exchanged a somewhat embarrassed greeting, thanks to Mrs. Worden's management. "The lake has a demoralizing effect upon their characters."

"I do not understand you."

"I do not understand the cause of it. But any one can see the effect of something. The men sit upon stumps chewing or smoking tobacco. A few chew sticks. They become too lazy to keep themselves at all clean. The women, on the contrary, are always at work, like my cousin here," and Huldah shook her head at Mrs. Worden, causing a long braid of her bright hair to fall over her shoulders.

"You, at least, neither toil nor spin," said Mrs. Worden, looking up, "Unless, indeed, playing the organ at Mrs. Pike's place of worship can be called work."

"It is work," said Huldah gravely. "The organ is very poor, even for a reed, and the bellows is out of order. The singing, too, is dreadful. It is labor to listen to it."

"But you have the reward of a good conscience," said Mrs. Worden mockingly. "She does religion for me, Mr. March, and she has her reward, or rather, to speak more correctly, Mr. Pike has her reward, for all the unmarried men who attend meeting at The Corners are leaving their duties to come here to fish. I think they say they come for that purpose. I have, however, discovered that it is an unhealthful locality for women. There is scarcely a first wife in the township. We went to a funeral last week. The woman had been extremely kind. We sometimes lunched at her house when we went up the creek, still fishing. 'Wife after wife departs,' said the minister when he began his remarks. She was a fourth! The pastor is living with his fifth consort. I am going to take Huldah away very soon."

"In the meanwhile you must return to Pike's with all possible speed," said Mr. March, laughing. "I have positive commands from Mrs. Pike to that effect. She says there is a storm brewing. I did not come fishing.

I was at North bay with a party, and I came over expressly to call."

The wind was rising, and flung the water upon the sands with slowly increasing emphasis, while strange sighings and whisperings came from the woods; still it was impossible to believe that a storm was impending, though there were drifts of white cloud in the west, in the midst of which shone a copper-colored cone that pointed toward the zenith.

"A storm," cried Huldah. "Oh, there cannot be a storm. It makes me think of 'To be Sung on the Waters,'" and she softly hummed Schubert's song to herself.

"My boys are out," said Mrs. Worden, who had grown quite pale, and looked helplessly at the man she had not been glad to see. "Both my boys."

"They are quite safe if they are with Polliwog Hatch. He never ventures into danger," said Mr. March, drawing her arm within his and starting toward Pike's at a rapid walk." I knew the Polliwog when I was a boy. He was then just what he is now. I do not think the years take account of him."

Before they had traversed half the distance to the little hotel the wind had become a furious gale, and the lake had lost all its tender hues of pink and blue, and had grown quite black, save where it was ridged with snow-white foam, which seemed to ride the water in furious zigzags. The sand rose in slender spirals, and stung the fugitives like a thousand needles. By the time they reached the house the rain had begun to fall in torrents.

"M'well," said Mrs. Pike, turning her melancholy face from the window. "M'well. All I hope is that Polliwog Hatch has had the sense to take them boys of yours into shelter. There ain't no trust to be put in this here tricky little lake, and his boat hain't no center-board. My Jim's boat didn't have a center-board, neither, an' he went in just such a squall." She took a long breath, and then, as if she determined to be just, added, "But

Pollywog is tol'able careful. He does seem to know more'n most men, 'specially 'bout this lake."

The word of reassurance came too late. Her dreadful suggestions had been too much for Mrs. Worden's overtaxed nerves, and she had quietly fainted. When she came to herself the storm was over. The clouds had parted in the west, and a glorious sea of gold was rippling between them.

"My dear lady, you have small cause for alarm." Mr. March held the little woman's hands in his own warm palms. "The Polliwog knows every inch of the shore of this lake, and it is bordered by inlets and bays. See, the brightness has come for a good omen."

Unaccustomed to being spoken to with warm sympathy, the wonder of it made Mrs. Worden mute. But Mrs. Pike hurried off to the kitchen and wept as she stirred up the fire in the battered cooking stove. "There was just such a glory in the sky after the storm—when my Jim was took," she said to Buck, the huge Newfoundland dog, her kindest friend, for if he could not talk, he never swore. "I says to myself, he must be spared; but he wa'n't. It looks over yonder like it might be the New Jerusalem, but if them boys is took, I can't be here to see it, Buck. I can't, no ways"; and Buck with ready sympathy laid his great head in her lap and whined.

The Pike parlor was furnished forth with a rag carpet, a dozen wooden chairs, two home-made ottomans, and the lounge, on which lay Mrs. Worden. On the black shelf above the imitation fire-place was a loud-ticking clock, on each side of which stood a glass lamp in which was coiled a red wick. The lamps were in their turn flanked by brass candlesticks. Gentle showers fell from the trees as they swayed in the wind, and the robins sang joyfully. Death and disaster surely had no part in this sweet calm, and yet all the little boats along North creek had been torn away from their fastenings, and on the beach was stranded the wreck of a smart little sail boat, which Mr. Pike and a few confidential friends recognized as the property of "Long Bill Simmons," next to the Polliwog the wisest skipper in

the locality. Huldah paced about nervously on the veranda, then returned to the parlor for an instant, only to leave it for one more glimpse of the lake. But David March sat quietly by Mrs. Worden's side, speaking now and then a word of hope, but sharing her waiting for the most part in silence. It was impossible to look upon him as a stranger, whose kindness must not be overtaxed. In spite of herself, the anxious mother accepted him as a friend, and was glad of his presence.

It was almost nine o'clock when the Polliwog beached the White Swan, and Rob and Fred were clasped in their mother's arms.

"Lord bless ye, ma'ams and sirs," said the Polliwog, making a comprehensive bow at the parlor door, and amazed that any one felt fear for him and his charges. "My head piece is a deal better'n a finish to my body. Things on land I lets land folks decide on. Every man to his trade, I say, and when it comes to weather, I don't give in to no man. I uses such brains as God a'mighty give me, an' when that storm were a rippin' around, we was a-eatin' whitefish, an' taters, an' apple pie, at South bay, plum across the lake, victuals as would make a dyin' man onreconciled to go an' leave sech behind. When a storm like that comes, I just let it take the lake an' run it. There ain't room on it fur me. My time ain't so valuable I can't anchor an' meditate once in a while. What I can't do I don't undertake, as playin' melojums here like Miss Huldah at the meetin', an' beautiful too, as folks say as comes miles to hear her, and all thankful. Good night, sirs and ma'ams. As I was sayin', every man to his trade, an' mine's fishin'."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IMPRESSIONS OF BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS.*

THE TWO SONATAS, OP. 27, NOS. 1 AND 2.

"FANTASIE" SONATA AND "MOONLIGHT" SONATA.

The sonatas, Op. 27, Nos. 1 and 2, are each entitled "Sonata quasi una Fantasia," whereby it is seen that Beethoven, although publishing them as sonatas, does not claim them to be pure expositions of the sonata form, and calls attention to the unusual character numbers of the form, at least of the first parts of the works, by likening them to fantasies. Upon closer study of these two masterpieces of musical art, however, it seems more fitting to say of them that they are very nearly sonatas, rather than *quasi-fantasias*, for the imaginative development of the works as entireties is in many respects as fine as may be found in any pieces of music.

The difference between the fantasia and the sonata may be broadly likened to the well defined difference between the concepts symbolized by the words "fancy" and "imagination." The latter signifies a highly developed organizing of composite relations, a manifold unity; while the former denotes a disordered and casual train of fragmentary suggestions. In the scientific exercise of the imagination unities are created, their greatness depending upon the number and variety of the developments. In the unkempt reflection of impressions received from the on-crowding exterior forces, fancy is made manifest. Fancy cannot be justly deemed to be even so much as a faculty of moral being; its influence tends to deforce or dissolve individuality and moral character, for it is only by means of the persistent assertion of the organizing spirit—by the exercise of the pure imagination in the upbuilding of free unities—that the individuality of character is developed and the soul made free or "saved."

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This likeness of differences is, to be sure, an imperfect one. The fantasia as a piece of music is not without considerable strength of form; distinguishing traits are lingered upon, developed and returned to in the train of suggestions, so that it may not be absolutely likened to a mere flow of fancy. But in pure instrumental music the free exercise of the sonata form, more than of the fugue and many another manner of composition, demands the highest development of the powers of scientific imagination. In the sonata form there is the inner fitness which unites disparities, and the invisible relation which harmonizes the compound ratios of organizable parts, and this spiritual essence constitutes free, high manifestation of the principle of soul or unity, which many savants believe to be the supreme aim and achievement of Art. The oneness of the spirit and general temperament underlying a set of pieces, or a larger composition of music, is far more the content upon which one may base his judgment of the degree of freedom of the unity manifested, than is the mere outward form-structure, although in the greatest art, indeed, both of these considerations are among the foremost prerequisites of worth.

In both of these sonatas not only is the spirit and general feeling unbroken in its powerful governance of the thoughts throughout the works, but the formal and thematic developments are such as could only have come from the master in some of his most highly inspired moments. This opinion of these sonatas is probably less liable to be questioned in the case of the "Moonlight" than of the "Fantasie" sonata, from a mere thematic point of consideration, though surely not from the views gained by a pure temperamental analysis. The moods in the "Moonlight" sonata are not definitely manifold, or many; those of the "Fantasie" sonata are both; while the motival identity of features in the first and last parts of the former sonata is very strong, it is probably only after one has caught sight of the inner spiritual thread underlying the latter work that the manifestation thereof in form resemblances is perceived.

In the light of this latter consideration it is that I am led to say, that I cannot see that Beethoven has ever created a

finer manifestation of unity than in the "Fantasie" sonata. Certainly he has not exercised greater art than in the organismal unfolding of the temperament underlying the whole. I can recall no sonata in which there is a stronger spiritual connection between all of the moods represented. There is no break in the logical train of the thoughts, and the moods spring freely, each out of the foregoing. On the contrary, there are not wanting celebrated reviewers of Beethoven's music who seem to think, and say, that this is probably the only one of his sonatas in which there are no traces of unity to be perceived.

The two sonatas, Op. 27, may well be classed as initiating Beethoven's second great creative period. The powerful individuality of the man is already here well defined. The vigor of thought wherewith he formed these works of the second period, which bear the most vivid stamp of his characteristic individuality, was never more successfully exercised. The moods are supreme in influence, they carry the man ; the mind, and heart, the whole soul are absorbed in fully expressing them. The true Germanic primitiveness and directness of the expression, great power of abstraction, as well as concentration and inter-relation of ideas, combined with the warmth and virility of the temper and form which render the thought and the mood everywhere so concise, show an almost unlimited degree of individualized consciousness; and, more than all, a finely fitted counterpoise of the emotions and the soul states with the strong and rich forms of the reason and imagination ; although, it must be remarked, they do not evince that the latter were the informing source of the former, as, it is true and plainly demonstrable, was the case in the probably higher degree of moral art with which Beethoven made the sonatas of the first period. The above-mentioned traits which mark the works created in the second part of Beethoven's art life, embody the sonatas, Op. 27, 31, 53, 54, 57, 78, 81 and 90, and may be traced as largely determining the character of the sonatas, Op. 101 and 106, which two, however, with the last three sonatas, are generally regarded as coming from the third and last part of his life.

THE "FANTASIE" SONATA.

In the "Fantasie" sonata the moods represented are direct manifestations of the mature and overflowing states of soul life, when the individual exaltation is embodied in the forms of unifying emotion ; for these pure emotions—the highest mortal experiences of soul—are born only in those moments when the consciousness of the truth and beauty of union is highest. Then the holy sentiments of brotherhood and love embrace the soul with the sublimity of the infinite essence of Unity. It is then, more than ever, felt that the bonds of union are the features of infinite freedom. Then it is known by faith that they are the laws of divine and eternal life ; that nothing can evade them; that they are the spirit and content of the universal principle, and that in himself alone no one can be complete. In such times the soul pours itself out in expressions of love for nature and for man, as embodiments of truth and beauty, as the incarnate Word of God, of which the soul, then, keenly feels itself to be only a part, and this feeling it is, which embodies the sense of sublimity.

This sonata may be regarded as an expression of the emotions formed by the strong love for the Countess Juliette, which was nourishing and flooding Beethoven's soul-life at the time when the music was composed. In the Andante and Presto, or Scherzo, the unqualified directness of a pure manhood declares the soul's high state ; in the intermezzos—Allegro, $\frac{2}{4}$ tempo, and Trio, $\frac{3}{4}$ tempo—the coquettish indirectness of the not yet entirely by-gone weaker womanhood, asserts the brightness of its love state by deceptive negations. In the Adagio and the Rondo, depths and heights of union are symbolized, all sense of particular personalities is lost, and the sentiment of pure—that is to say, harmonized—emotion is embodied in vigorous tone-forms.

I.

A strongly heart-speaking mood is represented by the first four-bar phrase. It is more suggestive of the exuberant tender and grateful feelings with which moonlight experiences are generally associated than is any one theme in the

"Moonlight" sonata. It is sweet without being cloying, plain and concise without being rugged or angular. (Fig. 1.)

Andante.



FIG. 1.

The second phrase is rather the completion or antithesis of a theme; but it, as also the first phrase, is prescribed by Beethoven to suffer full repetition, as if it were a complete theme, in and of itself, and not merely tributary to the first motive. By the repetition of these parts the coherency of relations in the first sonata movement is easily robbed of much of the virility which it is shown to possess, by a presentation which disregards these traditional habits of arbitrary extension in time. The structure of all of the parts of the Andante is so regular and similar that a burdened sense of monotony always threatens to underlie the impressions gained, even though the parts be not repeated. (Fig. 2.)



FIG. 2.

But as the sonata develops, and all of the principal thoughts spring out of this first eight-bar theme, consisting of the two definite phrases, its strong, clear-cut features gain our admiration all the more for being so plain and regular, because so many of the potentialities of musical art are thereby demonstrated; and as the sentiment embraced in this first theme is considered and the harmonious unfolding therefrom of the varied moods of the sonata is remarked, the triumph of music as an art, and a pure soul-food, is experienced; for it is seen that from the heart, and upon it as basis, the highest living and only true freely developable thought imagination and art, may proceed and be established.

The third four-bar phrase, which may easily be regarded as a variation of the first, shows, as did the Adagio in the

sonata, Op. 22, how universal Beethoven could be in the form of his expression, without becoming commonplace. (Fig. 3.)



FIG. 3.

The fourth four-bar part, which is like an antithesis of the third phrase, is little more than a repetition of the latter. By its sudden change of light, from E flat major to C major, it gives us a glimpse of the personal Beethoven—of the man who sometimes, in seeking abrupt effects, sought to carry, instead of suffering himself to be carried by, the absolute canons of beauty. But, as if trying to hide the sudden freak, it almost at once modulates into C minor, as so closely related to E flat major, and completes a harmonious cadence; thus showing how soon the soul becomes conscious of the limitations into which it falls by any momentary abruptness, and the remedy available by means of successive and gradual variety of relationships. (Fig. 4.)



FIG. 4.

There are no more definitions of the first mood. There is throughout a brooding calmness of the soul and mind. It seems like the thankful song of a strong, loving soul, and it is rather an evening than a morning psalmody, for, more than the forces of the head do those of the heart dominate the expression.

If the last two movements of the sonata, Op. 22, which we have called the "Idealist," would—to some persons—seem to represent the contrasting male and female elements, and the first two movements bisexual strength; so, to those persons—in these regards—the last two parts of this "Fantasie" sonata will correspond to the first two parts of the

"Idealist" sonata, and the part we are now noticing, and the Allegro following, be found to show well defined characteristics of the male and female natures.

In the brisk Allegro there is a *coquetterie* and jocoseness, which, to a person without deep critical insight and comprehensiveness, might seem to be well nigh out of keeping with the simple, earnest, non-versatile manliness expressed by the Andante. This Allegro is almost boundless in its volubility; it whisks with charming terseness through fresh and delightful changes. (Fig. 5.)



FIG. 5.

This is a striking, yet not inconsistent, contrast, for the Allegro has many marks of structural identity with the Andante, and may, therefore, be regarded as the expression of the mood and consequent emotions created in two very different souls by the same outward causes. There is the earnest-hearted youth of the north, and the seemingly heartless, volatile maiden of the south, and it is well known how close is the bond which often unites such souls.

II.

In the Trio (A flat major) or intermezzo to the Scherzo a higher, more feverish, perhaps maturer expression of this same coquettish southern maiden is manifested. (Fig. 6.) It



FIG. 6.

is more akin to the earnestness of the northern manliness, which, in the broad shadows of the C minor Presto (Fig. 7), abandons itself to a wild and boundless surging of passion.

Now—in the C minor Scherzo—the soul is fully aroused, the fresh fire is fanned into an all-consuming flame. Where has Beethoven expressed his own passion more vitally?

How full of the unspeakable sentiment are these black-shrouded, quickly evanishing relations, and the darker, menacing, slow, downward stridings of the harmonic progression!



FIG. 7.

Is not this first part of the sonata—Scherzo and Andante—a picture of Beethoven's own passionate anticipating love? And was the Countess Juliette, to whom the "Moonlight" sonata is inscribed, such a coquettish, fiery and spirited creature as the moods of these two intermezzos do render manifest? This is not impossible; and the second half of the work—Adagio and Rondo, indeed the whole sonata—is probably the fruit of the overwhelming virility of thought and feeling which we must associate with Beethoven's life and expressions when consciously swayed by hopeful love.

III.

There is no name with which to qualify the greatness of the Adagio. The profoundness, purity and universality of the sentiment and thought in this short Adagio are indeed unexcelled by any similar piece of music. It is original, without having any of the Beethovenic taints of mere idiosyncrasy; original in the rare degree of mastery with which it employs and wields fundamental sequences of tone relations. (Fig. 8.)



FIG. 8.

There is here represented that undefined and deepest feeling of man, which one might say implies satisfaction of the soul, only in it there is no tinge of satiety or passivity;

but rather a spheric feeling of faith in the permanency and realness of the infinitely poising and progressive spirit made manifest in the unifying trend of harmony, and the all-pervading assurance of perfect growth in the guidance thereof.

IV.

The Rondo does not, like most rondos, seem to be a conversation, because of the identity of temper which underlies all of the parts. (Fig. 9.)



FIG. 9.

The most vivid intensity is everywhere shown in thoughts and relations. Earnestness, exuberance, volubility, ease, and not a few touches of coquettishness follow each other in quick succession, and seem closely combined by the powers of the invisible relation. An almost fierce tension draws us on ever more powerfully. In a fascinated interest do we strain and tighten the nerves—what a breathless intellectual and emotional chase it is!—we seem to be beside ourselves with excitement. And at last how grand is the soul-satisfaction and triumphant faith when, after the tremendous climax, the profound sentiment of the Adagio is again expressed, and the pacific force of the well remembered mood again embraces the soul with its marvelous restfulness and assurance of harmonious growth. (Fig. 10.)



FIG. 10.

In studying the temperamental and thematic unfolding of the sonata, compare the first, second and third principal motives of the Rondo (Figs. 9, 10 and 11), with the first and second parts of the Andante and the two sportive intermezzos. Compare also the opening of the Adagio (Fig. 8)

with the first and second lines of the Andante (Figs. 1 and 2).



FIG. 11.

There is about this whole sonata something which renders it unique even among Beethoven's works. The sentiments are so natural, the musical forms and structures so general, and yet the spirit in which they are shown is peculiarly vivid and fresh, while still ever intangible and evasive, although the thoughts are all so direct because definite and electric in their stamp. This sonata reaches the heights of human art-expression and stands, along with the "Moonlight" sonata, with which Beethoven himself deemed fit to associate it, among the greatest works of music. Its victorious mood is a sheer contrast to the blighted hopes and lost love symbolized in the following C sharp minor sonata.

THE "MOONLIGHT" SONATA.

Very different indeed are the moods with which the "Moonlight" sonata seeks to acquaint us!

While the connection of the "Fantasie" sonata as a picture of unconscious or hopeful lovers, and a prelude to the "Moonlight" sonata, is not a popularly held view, the acceptance of the latter sonata as a characterization of disappointed love is general and well founded.

To deny the facts symbolized in this sonata, that at full tide of the moon the agonizing sense of separation from the beloved would return with greatest force, and find its climax, is to lay one's self bare to the true charge of being non-perceptive of such a well recognized general experience, inappreciative of one of the deepest soul sentiments, and of the most unequivocal musical meanings. This sonata is entirely pervaded with an expression of the sentiments and emotions born of the soul-state which such a season would induce.

We find in the Adagio the dire woe of ceaselessly, and, indeed, hopelessly surging, inconsolable pain, caused by

the loss, for all time, of the beloved. In the Allegretto may be seen a forced, formal, and perhaps a pretended calm at the moment of final timely parting from the beloved—it may even be that there is here the appearance of a slight but unsuccessful attempt at renunciation. In the Presto, there is the never ending, never, on earth, to be stilled, ever burning and corroding sense of loss and incompleteness of the soul, fostered by the perpetual torture of disunion. There are many persons to whom the expression embodied in the Presto seems to signify the fierceness of a pride to conquer the cruel wrong of the non-reciprocalation of the soul's uncompromising love, by seeking to renounce the love, and flee away from the pain, in a fury of action.

I.

A slight prelude in the minor key suggests the shadows and less vigorously defined motions of the night. (Fig. 12.)



FIG. 12.

The sadness of the minor cadence is fully exposed. Starting from the dark tonic chord, a weary momentary seeking for a hopeful light is soon submerged in the general, or dominant, and then lost in the special central, or tonic, restrictions of sadness which characterize the lesser inharmonies of the minor relations. From out of the deep shadows sad lamentations begin to issue, as mere intonations of the featureless, torturing gloom which follows the death of our brightest, dearest hopes. (Fig. 13.)



FIG. 13.

Almost immediately a fragment of melody attaches itself, ending after two bars in the relative major. It is a

smile through tears, an apparently would-be courageous forerunner of some hoped-for day, because it expresses the confidence of the larger major harmonies. And yet it may be a subtly lurking touch of that dread temptation—hope in the possibility of overcoming the love and the loss—which deludes men into the fatuity of attempting, in the renunciation of a true love, the dissolution of God and His universe. (Fig. 14.)



FIG. 14.

But how little avails the old-time optimism to us now in this new experience of the deepest pain and loss—a torturing merciless need, a starving hunger which nothing on earth can supply, save union with that one other soul; special realization, for us, of the divine life, community of all souls! What is there now left with which to clothe the theory of hope and faith in the omniscience of unity, with the warm flesh and blood and the throbbing bosom of harmonious realization in this earth life? The ghastly skeleton sits there beside us, remorselessly, brutally plucking at our quivering heart strings, lacerating them one by one, while we are shuddering, almost frozen by the fact which God or man can never alter—the broken heart, the present destruction of love, which neither time nor earthly circumstance can mend. And yet our true optimism, by virtue of this awful sorrow, has become more real, and subtends the deviations of our life with far greater force. The idea of God—the reality of the all-pervading, all-constituting good—is not lost; but it is developed and more definitely recognized, for the individual is aroused to a sense of the infinity from which the freedom or purity of his own individuality depends.

Or, indeed, a realization of true love had been prepared for the soul, it had neglected this in the vicious passions of asceticism and puritanism, and now the realization of love is denied, so that its supreme value to the soul may be justly learned. The soul is aroused to a sense of its former insufficiency by seeing that its devotion to abstractions formed

unconsciously selfish limitations; or, perhaps, in another case, the all-absorbing passion of one's love had blinded him to every other lesser claim in life, and now is he brought by the brutal force of the temporary frustration of love to see that these other claims must be observed. Many and manifold are the interests which must be held in the action ere a possible free unity may be developed and poise the life within. And if love is by fateful Time denied us now on earth, it was doubtless because we were unworthy; and we must suffer on, and see this fully; must grow, and struggle against and overcome all temptations which entice us to evade this view; thus we must fight if, for another future life, we would win worthiness to sit at the divine banquet and taste of and be filled with love, which is the blood of God! So it is, that for some souls, all this sad experience must be realized before they can know the meaning of resignation in such a sorrow, and perceive that renunciation is an impossible sin for him who really loves. And this brief bit of melody, which twice only, as a reminder of light, breaks the shadows of the soul's deep night, is great in the value of its meaning when it is deemed to have been born of such true resignation, which by no means alloweth the soul to seek the annulment of its grief.

Nor does all this recognition of facts and causes, and courses to be run, lessen the pain! Does it not rather accelerate the bleeding of the open wound? It is only the most superficial view of God or good which seeks to negate the sufferings and inharmonies of this disciplinary earth life; only a little mind that would deny the use of sorrow in the soul's unfolding. It is indeed the most subtle form of materialism and brutality clothed in a seeming garb of harmonious faith and theory. It would annul all that is sublime and infinite in our personal realization of the principle of soul, by the ultra selfishness of rendering the individual sufficient in itself—that is to say, sufficient not in union, but in isolation! Beethoven, indeed, feels that these subtle vices of selfishness and indifference will successfully besiege the soul if it dwells, for long, in the abode of even the purest resignation, and so the broadened major harmony in

which the fragment of melody sinks to rest, is barely established before it is narrowed into the minor restrictions, and the dark intonations of sorrow are sounded again, now indeed darker than before. They are long sustained, given full expression, they dominate the mood, no ray of earthly hope or renunciation can now creep through, and the line of music ends, evanishing in the deepest possible shadow or minor relationship that would sense the sorrows underlying the dominant soul state.

It has been often and well remarked that the bitter pain reaches a climax in the characteristic chords of the ninth. (Fig. 15.)



FIG. 15.

In the third appearance of the intoned anguish the scene is lighted with an exquisite coloring. (Fig. 16.) It is as if,



FIG. 16.

yet under the darkest clouds, with the sense and fact of painful storm still full upon us, we look outward and see the sun glancing upon some neighboring height, and perceive that in some way, to us unknown, it is discovering to us the fragment of a rainbow; but it is as if it were the symbol of some other person's hope and not our own, for the soul soon returns within itself, sobbing and sighing (Fig. 17) as it



FIG. 17.

regards its own darkness deepened by contrast with the sunshine which lights another's life. The deeply fate-feeling first motive had ascended (Fig. 16) to the tonic C sharp, or

vital centre of the established minor key, the real character of which was veiled by its appearance in one of its relations to the under-dominant center of pain, and then assuming its true face as prime centre of the sorrow, before carrying all to the associations of the dominant circumstances for the setting of a long sustained and passionate manifestation of grief. (Fig. 18.)



FIG. 18.

The dark, painful mood is exhaustively portrayed in the long organ point based upon the dominant tone. From many sides the pain is considered, at first mildly sighing, one might think hopefully enough to signify an expression of prayer, for the minor harmonies are not diminished so as to express the most intense or blinding grief. But the waves soon rise, the surges beat and the heart remembers the intensity of its reduction in the broken diminished chords as they pass back and forth through the scale of the soul's forces, and end in sobbing and unmitigated woe. (Fig. 19.)



FIG. 19.

After the close of the organ point and a reminiscence of the first slight prelude, the first moments are recalled by the memory.

In conclusion, the woeful intonation is sounded by a deep bass voice. It is many times repeated, while in the accompanying minor and diminished broken chords a rain of tears seems to fall (Fig. 20, first two bars). The soul has been able to find no thought or sympathy that can remove its grief—the fact is unalterable, and no force, human or divine, can make the love as if it had not been or had not been broken and lost—and it finally sinks into the depths of silence with a prolonged sigh (Fig. 20, third and fourth bars), while chilling, corpse-like sods fall, in the concluding rhythms and chords, upon the entombment of its

hope for the earthly realization of love (Fig. 20, last two bars).



FIG. 20.

There is in these closing moments no tinge of suggestion that the soul rebels against the cruel sting of fate. It will not, under the mal-influence of some pretty-seeming theory, ignore the depths of pain which the blow has brought, for it has awakened the soul, and keeps it alive to a keen appreciation of the infinite and therefore free law of relationship and interdependence, which now indeed, for the particular sorrowing soul, is accentuated by the deforcement of its highest earthly fulfillment.

II.

But what a perfect picture is the "Allegretto!" The scene changes entirely! Beethoven is now showing us his mood, constrained—as nearly as Beethoven ever could let it be—by some things local, historical, national.

The Countess Juliette must be bidden farewell, diplomacy must govern the movement. Beethoven must attend the festivities when she is wed to another than himself; the stiff, straight-laced Viennese court formalities must be observed in the outward seeming, and this moment must be posited in some general musical form at least. As a matter of propriety, everything must appear highly finished, and with every tinge of heart and soul sincerity if possible, concealed! The court minuet must be walked through—for there is not enough of life about it to lend the body wings for the flight of true dancing.

For this once, indeed, Beethoven was forced to avail himself of a certain amount of the world's formalities. But he will be himself, nevertheless! In one way or another, heart, and mind, and soul, sooner or later, must pervade all, and manifest more or less of his true state. He will be great still. Truth must creep out; no veil shall wholly hide it.

In the deep sentiment of the Trio he tells openly of his bleeding wounds, if only for a fleeting moment, and then passes on in the crystal slippers, over the polished floors of the Viennese palaces, walking again through the threadbare royal modes, with all their empty, hollow, arbitrary, so-called life.

III.

In the Presto Beethoven is wholly himself again, as at first. Possessed and inspired alone by his mood, regardless of time and place, he paints the soul's darkest night, in shadows most intense. The awful earnestness, and anon fierceness, mid the gloom, renders the picture sublime—far more is suggested than is shown.

How indefinite in one sense, though clear cut in another, is the nature of the pain as expressed in the first two bars! (Fig. 21.)

Presto agitato.



FIG. 21.

Why is this convulsive burst of grief brought as if from out of utmost darkness? Would Beethoven hide the cause of his sorrow? No! Not unless it be from those who seek to read it in mere melodic concepts, who seek to penetrate his mood with the microscope! Not in the motive or phrase, but in the whole double verse, or two verses (eight phrases, bars 1–14), is the secret told, that the whole soul is blinded with pain, that all parts of its manifold life are blighted by the chill night. The soul struggles, not to be free from its pain, not to flee from the ordeal, but if possible to fully learn the lesson, and fully realize the degree of limitation to which it is reduced.

What in the first two verses was a fiercely driven storm of the torn and bleeding heart, in the first verse of the sec-



FIG. 22.

ond stanza (Fig. 22.) seeks, though in vain, to become a melody and therewith manifest the state of the desolate mind;

but it can only be a few cadential repetitions of a motive, to show that the heart-and-soul-surging pain dominates the being and almost un-minds the man.

This ascendancy of the heart's interest leads to a complete abandonment of mind and soul to a wild electric glimpse of the dire fate. (Fig. 23.)

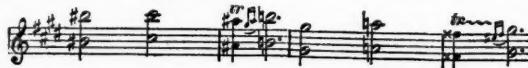


FIG. 23.

The sudden intrusion of the outer world, the duties of society in general, the hasty, uncertain, changing lights with which these interests tend to confuse and dissolve the soul (Fig. 24.) avail naught; they are beaten back, their distract-



FIG. 24.

ing influence is baffled, and the soul meets them well, saying (Fig. 25.): "In the proper time and place, and in the appro-



FIG. 25.

priate measure, I will attend to your demands, but ye shall not disintegrate my soul with your insatiate clamor! Ye shall not now interrupt this holy, sad passion of my being, this moment dedicated to the contemplation and inspired by the failure of the human manifestation of the divinity or unity of personalities." And in an all-powerful elimination (Fig. 26) of this outward confusion, the soul returns to its inner self and its unchangeable causes of woe.



FIG. 26.

In the third stanza the soul, having successfully withstood every influence that would seek to console or render it satisfied with isolation, with anything less than a real unity of personalities, broods and broods over its loss, anon

bursting out in sudden thrusts of grief (Fig. 27.) and then with sobs passing rapidly through the unchangeable round



FIG. 27.

of the tonal relations. (Fig. 28.)



FIG. 28.

Finally, in the third stanza, third verse, it wails and moans, and seems to say, "Irrecoverable! unchangeable! (Fig. 29.)



FIG. 29.

"Yes! Yes!" (Fig. 30.)



FIG. 30.

Then all definition is lost, and the moment merges (Fig. 31) into the returning first large, sublime expression of the mood.



FIG. 31.

In the fantasie part, after recounting the first verses of the first two stanzas, the abandonment to grief, expressed in the second verse, second stanza (Fig. 23) is developed into an expression of genuine and legitimate resignation, forming a marvellous cadence placed upon the dominant minor harmony, as organ point, so that the reign of the great sorrow be in no wise forgotten.

After the repetition of the first three stanzas, the coda emphasizes this reign in more intense shadows, accelerated

successions of smaller parts and loud, fierce exclamations (Fig. 32) of grief. A melody is then again attempted, but



FIG. 32.

the aim thus to define in specific forms of thought that which the soul holds sacred to the sublime and unmeasurable, is, through the long cadenza, again submerged to the surging of the heart; and the broken minor harmonies expressive of dead hopes, which at first portrayed the sublimity and measureless sorrow of the mood, bring the whole to a close.

The closing rhythms and chords in the final line (Fig. 33) are almost identical with those of the final phrase



FIG. 33.

of the Adagio, being but slight variations thereof. Thus Beethoven says, even at last as at first and all along: "My soul shall not be stilled; it shall know its grief even unto the uttermost. Neither the lapse of the years of this lifetime, nor the interests and cares of the new outside growths which it is now my disciplinary task to harmoniously develop, shall interfere with the growing knowledge also of the depths of my sorrow! My pain shall grow by virtue of this knowledge, and develop within my soul boundless sympathy and power to love, and thus, through drinking this chilling cup—even the very dregs thereof—shall my soul's future love indeed be divine, worthy, inviolable!"

This great work of art is not without its great lesson. In it Beethoven seems to say—he seems to be preaching

the greatest of all sermons, and to be saying—"Love is held too loosely in this world ! The hearts of too few men have been lighted in an almighty degree by the fire of this eternal and absolute essence ! When can men be more irreverent than in supposing that this mysterious bond is a matter of human choice, or that it begins or ends with the mortal consciousness thereof—merely with its visible phenomena in time—or that it is not eternal!"

Beethoven certainly felt it, all this holy power of human love, and also the fact that the true soul cannot be unqualifiedly resigned to the timely disturbance of love's ties, or upon any grounds he brought to renounce true love. This right feeling he has translated into the forms of this music. The gloom, or "darkness visible," of the soul is at its height, for the moon is at its full, and yet the moon's tide brings not to Beethoven the climacteric swing and rest of love realized, which it naturally should. It floods not the heart and mind with the blessed peace of pure human soul-to-soul love which alone completes man's individuality, because it is the prime centre of social, ethical and religious life ; and is the highest manifestation on earth—in the individual life—of unity, the God-principle. It is not this heaven of love realized that the moonlight brings to Beethoven now, but the awful sense of the withdrawal and denial of this highest universal gift of God ; and without bitterness or rebellion, monotony or self-consciousness he shows us the anguish which the pain causes him at the return of its deepest thrusts, with the flow of the physical tides and the moon's mood-making light. In thus vividly portraying his own experience Beethoven preaches, to him who can understand it aright, the greatest, because most central and personal, of earthly lessons, and raises up his voice and forms his opinion and expresses his conclusion in the absolute realm of the tone art, creating the art work as food for his own soul's true growth, and impersonally leaving it for others to profit from withal, according to the degree with which they are able and willing to descend with him into the abyss of sorrow and study its worth in the eternal development of man's soul.

FREDERIC HORACE CLARK.

THE MENTAL BASIS OF FORM, AND ITS EXPRESSION.

LEGATO.

Except with a very few artists there is no element of musical form more external to form than that which is termed legato. And this is true, whether we view it as a mode of mere tonal articulation, or a cohering power in melodic outlines or harmonic masses. This externalizing of so essential an element of form is at once its annihilation, for it has, and can have, no existence apart from musical concepts, and hence it is not strange that we hear so many complaints about a lack of "legato playing" on the part of students. If we were to say there was very little expression of legato it would be the truth of the matter, and at the same time hint at the real cause of its absence, for when we say a person gives no expression to a certain idea we know there is no inner concept. So here if there is no expression there can be no *conception*. Or, if the expression is imperfect it is but the manifestation of imperfect conception. This is so universally a recognized principle in everything, at least aside from music, that I should be almost ashamed to mention it, as though it were not a recognized principle of musical thought and utterance, had not practical class room work demonstrated it to be too truly a fact. But it is too vital a principle to be ignored, or passed lightly by, for there can be no rational method of development without it on the part of the student, and no basis of judgment without it on the part of the teacher.

The separation of the legato idea from musical form is the result of a wholly false concept of legato, a concept having its origin in a deep and fundamental error which it is the purpose of this paper to point out—I wish I might add, and prove. Proof in this case, however, lies not in argument

or a philosophical dissertation, but in practical class room demonstration of the opposite.

As a result of this false concept of legato we would necessarily have a correspondingly false process for the development of its expression. This is simply to say that the expression is one with the form, and hence there is *no expression of legato*, but simply an expression of the false concept of legato. Now the effect of the expression of a false concept of legato cannot be the same as the effect produced by the expression of the legato concept. So that it cannot be affirmed by those whose process of development is based upon an idea of legato that is not true, that they reach the same effect. You cannot start from these opposing points and produce the same effect. All that can be said is that possibly an equally pleasing effect is there, or that one is the expression of legato and the other is not, in which case one is at liberty to take his choice, but cannot make the two effects identical.

Again, if legato is an essential element of musical *form* it is of its expression, and the basis for the development of its *expression* is the same as that of any other element. That is, we can't take out this, any more than any other element of form, and say we can develop its expression as a separate thing from the others, and then expect to reunite it with them; for the moment you separate it it ceases to be the thing you call legato, and that which you have expressed being no element of form, is not *in* form and cannot be united with those elements that are.

What legato is and what it is not is then our inquiry, and we will begin with what it is.

Literally, the word means joined. With reference to mere tonal articulation it ordinarily means the continuance of a given pitch till another begins; that progression from one tone to another in which there is no perceptible moment of silence. This is tonal articulation, but not legato in its deeper, more vital signification. This form of tonal articulation can be predicated of much of the playing, and yet there is really no joining together of tones, for there is no life to join them. We have tones in juxtaposition, but no

legato. Lay down a row of iron balls, and while they may touch one another they are not joined together; but turn on the magnetic power of a current of electricity, and the elevation of one is the elevation of all. The electric current symbolizes that unifying principle in musical form which has the tendency to draw all tones into contact with one another (if we may so speak of tones), thus forming for itself an uninterrupted tonal expression, thus expressing itself in unbroken tonal outline. And it is only when this principle of unity has brought tones into continuous form of progression in thought, that we have or can have any true legato in that tonal expression which the ear hears. On the part of the interpretative artist, therefore, this idea must not be a perception of something external to musical consciousness, but a true, living, *musical* concept *expressing* itself only *through* tone. The legato melody is, from this point of view, the highest expression of this principle of unity. It is a most significant fact that those melodies that are universally recognized as the greatest because of their spiritual elevation, bringing "the receding waves of eternity nearer to the heart of man," until, like the poet, we ask, "Art thou the evening breeze of this life or the morning air of the future one?"—such melodies are legato in form, be they for voice or instrument. "He shall Feed His Flock," "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth," "I have Lost My Eurydice," "Adelaide." Recall those themes and melodies from the symphonies, quartets and sonatas that have spoken most strongly to head and heart and linger in memory as temples—

" Built

To music, therefore never built at all,
And therefore built forever,"

and see if this be not true. And there is another significant fact bearing upon this. Any one who has thoughtfully studied the child mind knows that the tendency to express the feeling of melodic unity by an uninterrupted flow of the voice, is as strong as in the case of the unity in language.

What now are the misconceptions? The usual answer of the average student to the question, What do you mean

by legato? is, "sustaining one note till the next is struck." You proceed to analyze the thought, and you find that you must substitute key for note, and it then reads "sustaining one *key* till the next is struck." But this is precisely what legato *is not*. It is not an effect to be gotten at through any such concept. It is an effect cognizable only by the faculty of hearing. Key pressure is an effect of legato, not a cause. Physical activity is not the cause of nor can it in any wise define legato; all activity must grow out of, be defined by, the legato idea, not the reverse. The active power is legato thought.

Again: Legato is commonly conceived of as absolutely unvarying in degree or quality. This is the necessary result of the ordinary definition already given. But this is wholly a false concept. It is susceptible of great variation, of infinitesimal gradations. Two extremes will illustrate this. (1) The legato where the tones, like ivory balls, touch one another with the very smallest point of contact, and through that point of impact send each tone bounding on to the next, till we have a string of pearly intonations. Such a legato is required by the majority of the Mozart scales and figured passages, and some of Chopin—a legato which few, besides a Joseffy or Patti, know how to conceive and express. (2) The legato where the individuality of pitch is lost, and the tones so melt together as to produce the effect of a stream of tone—the lyric legato; the legato of tenderness and strength; the legato of the great majority of Beethoven's melodic ideas, that which was referred to at the beginning of this article.

Between these extremes what opportunities every player possesses! And unless an artist is susceptible to these qualities of legato in the works of the masters, and capable of conceiving them, no true interpretation can be expected from him.

Compare in this respect Schubert and Beethoven, Schumann and Chopin. It is in this quality of conception that De Pachman's treatment of Chopin is so preëminently satisfactory. He has caught the subtle legato quality which can only be likened to the undulation of a tone wave. I mean,

that a melody has in this case that effect which the eye receives when the successive condensations and rarefactions of the air in a sound wave are pictured, an effect that all have seen illustrated perhaps by light, but at least, in every good work on acoustics. In this quality of legato Schubert and Chopin are closely allied.

The prevalent methods for developing legato playing are abortive because based upon the two fundamental misconceptions already mentioned. This is illustrated by a widely indorsed machine for the teaching and cultivation of legato touch. Think of it—a machine to teach legato! The world is machine mad. Why not a machine to teach people who are too lazy to think to pronounce their words clearly, speak them smoothly, and with respectable intonation? Truly Carlyle is right in saying that “the world is grown mechanical in head and heart.” This machine is based upon the idea that legato is the result of lifting one finger at the moment you put down another, which in turn, rests upon the second fallacy that legato is of one absolute quality. What wonder there is a dearth of legato players, and an enormous crop of wooden illustrations of Madame Jarley’s “wax figgers”?

Putting down and lifting fingers can never produce the concept of legato, but the clear concept legato will put down and lift up fingers at the right moment. Supposing it possible to determine by any means how to put down one finger just the instant you lift another, what then? Will a legato effect follow? and if so, what kind? While one piano may possibly produce a so-called plain legato, another may fail to be legato at all. The damping of pianos varies very much, and the sustaining power still more, so that fingers have to be put down and taken up at very many different intervals in order to produce upon different instruments the same degree of legato. But what shall be done when the various degrees or qualities of legato are taken into consideration? And when you have got your so-called legato, how much musical life is there in it? Not by any such process are we to reach the desired result. Concepts, ideas, musical concepts, musical ideas, are the sole basis from which to work out any living activity. If you think

legato you will play legato, and you will play just the legato you think; and if a student is too lazy to think legato, all the machines of men or angels can never give the idea of legato or help or make any one play legato; for without the real and vital idea in the mind, there never has been, and never will, or can be any legato playing. All expressive activity grows out of thought, not volition; volition is only thought in action, and activity is "thought incarnate." The principle of the machine mentioned is at once a proof of this and denial of its right to existence, as far as legato development is concerned. The object of the apparatus is to work the fingers simultaneously.

How do they proceed to secure this supposedly desirable effect? Do they attempt through what is commonly recognized as volition, to raise one finger and put down another? Not at all. Two clicks thought as one, and at a given moment are the motive power. Suppose now we were to grant that an absolutely simultaneous motion of fingers is essential, of what use are the clicks? Why not use the idea legato? The answer is that legato is not a sufficiently definite idea. Definite for what purpose? To get the simultaneous motion. Yes, there we are! We have come back to the original point that muscular activity is made to precede, in fact to define, an idea that is purely an inner quality of tonal relationship. For the clicks do not in themselves give the idea legato, and hence their only value is to produce this simultaneous muscular motion. It therefore follows that this activity is to be translated into legato idea; and hence activity defines the idea. The assertion that legato idea is not easily defined to the mind, is not definite enough to create its own form of expression, is the fallacy. If activity is allowed to develop out of ideas, every one will express the quality of legato that is clearly conceived, and anything less, or more, or different is not legato, and the whole business of the student lies in clearing up ideas, making closer discriminations—perceptive, but especially conceptional—keener differentiations, and the stiffening up of his mental backbone till he is capable of clear, broad conceptions; till he can say "I know," instead of "I believe," or "think," or

"suppose" this, that and the other. What we need is not helps to externalizing and prostituting mental qualities; there will be enough of that without egging it on. There is inscribed on the World's Fair official papers, "Mind, not matter." What we need is helps to internalizing, assistance in *realizing* "Mind, not matter."

The fundamental error of all this lies in the fallacy that a physical form can be created and then the breath of life be breathed into it. This ancient and time-honored misconception of the relations of form to idea and life is repudiated by every form manifested in the universe—every flower of the field, every leaf, every tree, all nature gives the lie to it. But this it is that makes it possible for one to say that if the finger holds down one key till the next is struck you will produce the same effect as that which comes from a form that is the immediate and conscious expression of idea.

Another important misconception demands attention. It is to be found in the relation of "touch" to legato. We are told in Mason's "Technics" and "Touch and Technique" the following: "The secret of legato playing is the transference of this *clinging pressure* (*clinging touch*) from one key to the next without partially or entirely relaxing it just before the next key is struck." It is to be noticed, *sotto voce*, that this is rather a poser for the advocates of clicking machines. For how can one finger be coming up while the other is going down, and yet there be no relaxing one key before the other is struck? This simply shows that the clinging element has nothing whatever to do with the idea of legato. It has to do solely with the idea of depth and breadth of tone. Legato can be and is produced every day with the pedal. A light touch can be just as legato, is just as applicable to the various qualities of legato, as the clinging touch. The continuity of a line of color does not depend upon the depth or breadth of touch of the brush. A delicate line may be as continuous as a deep, broad one. So with tone lines. Nay, more. No two tones may be of the same intensity, depth or breadth, and still the legato be unbroken.

The term "legato touch" is legitimate in the sense that to the muscular sense there is the idea of continuity, which answers to the idea of tone continuity, but the degree of intensity at any given moment may vary without destroying this sense of continuity. That the majority of teachers may find that they can best secure purity of legato through an even degree of intensity, breadth and depth of tone, of which the clinging touch is possibly the exponent, is not only possible but probable, but the distinction I wish to make still remains true. As for my own experience, I do not find it necessary, but, on the contrary, conducive to a heavy over-legato, a more or less mixing of tones, equivalent to a blurred line. In closing I want to say that I have never yet had any difficulty in securing from untutored children the purest qualities of legato, and that, too, without even thinking of mentioning the fact that one finger must come up when the other goes down. And any one can demonstrate it to be entirely unnecessary ever to draw the child's concepts down into fingers if they will proceed upon the principle that idea must incarnate itself, and thus lift fingers into idea.

FOOT TECHNIC.

An artistic use of the pedal is rarely met with, and yet it is no more difficult to acquire a free and expressive use of the foot than the fingers. Much has been said about the when and the how of its use, but the real question, what for, has been all but forgotten. And yet the how and the when are entirely dependent on the what for. A systematic development of foot technic must rest entirely in the ideas it is capable of expressing. The pedal, like the key, is simply a part of the mechanism of the pianoforte for the expression of certain tonal, or rather musical ideas. The foot is the medium through which these ideas are to operate this mechanism. It is the foot, therefore, and not the pedal, just as it is the fingers and not the keys, that stand in immediate relation to musical ideas. And as in ordinary talk we do not speak of playing with the keys, or key technic, so here we ought not to talk about the pedal, or pedal technie, but the foot, and foot technic. Here too we cannot

too strongly insist upon musical concepts and no others serving as the basis for the development of a free and expressive technic. What, then, are these ideas?

I. SUSTAINED TONE.

It is so easy to strike a key with a finger and begin a tone and then let the mind wander off into pastures fair and large during the time of the tone's duration, that we forget that so long as we wish to produce the effect of a living tone, it must really live in the thought so long as the time indicates. A tone sustained merely by the finger is a dead, therefore ineffective, tone; hence the effort on the part of the teacher to awaken and develop the power of the mind to sustain tones in thought, and through that tonal thought the active pressure of the finger in objectifying that thought. But while the power of the finger to objectify thought is known by all, a large number of piano practicers know of no such power on the part of the foot, or at least have never perceived the fact that this relation between thought and finger is precisely what should exist between thought and foot.* The foot activity must develop out of the same expressive relations to tone-thought as the finger. The first and simplest idea for the foot to express is the rhythmically sustained tone—a mentally living, rhythmically progressive tone, and the first exercise should therefore develop the expression of this idea by the foot.

The following simple exercise will suffice :



Play all the tones with arm touch, using the same finger, say first or second. Let the arm sustain the tone two pulses,

*If any one doubts this let him ask the average student to play the scale of C legato with just one finger, all the rest closed into the hand so that there is no temptation to use them, and see how long before the pedal will occur to the student as a means for legato expression. To test it still further, after a few attempts on the student's part, turn him round and play it legato as a demonstration that it can be done, and let him try again. Then let him watch you play it with one finger while you cover from his eyes the use of the foot, and see how long it will be before the pedal is thought of. I have had many pupils declare it was not legato just as soon as I let them look at my finger, when without seeing they had recognized and acknowledged it to be legato.

and then transfer the idea of the sustained tone from arm to foot at the third pulse. This transfer must not be made before the third, or at least the second pulse, at first, in order to avoid the prevalent habit of attacking tones with the foot. The first and primary function of the foot is not to produce but to sustain tone, and by producing and sustaining the tone at first with the finger or arm, and then transferring it to the foot, this pernicious cause of much blurred playing will be avoided, and the foot gain the habit of acting only in obedience to the idea of sustained tone. The object of beginning at a given pulse is to obtain definiteness in the transfer from one channel of exit, so to speak, to another. Notice that it is not said that the foot or pedal is to be put down at the third pulse, but the feeling for sustained tone is to be transferred from finger or arm to foot. Of course the foot will go down, but it makes all the difference between a logical and illogical relation of thought and activity whether the foot goes down because the sustained-tone idea has moved it, or whether sustained tone follows as the result of the idea of moving the foot down.

A definite moment of time will assist in this transfer, and will also be necessary in closing the tone, which must take place precisely at the beginning of the second pulse of the second measure.

The next point to be developed is the more rapid transfer of tone from arm to foot. To secure this make the transfer at an earlier moment, say the second pulse, then second half of first, as follows :



The rests underneath the note indicate the point of transfer—that is, after a pulse, or a half pulse.

Do not carry this any farther at this point, but wait till the study of legato.

II. TOUCH.

The foot has comparatively little to do with the idea of attack of tone, but it does have an intimate relation to the ending of tones, and to the ideas of intensity—increase and

diminish—breadth, and depth, and quality. Hence the term “touch” is applicable. The foot must respond to the idea of a light, delicate quality of tone, with a light touch, and when deep, broad and sonorous effects are desired, a deep touch of the foot is necessary. As the pedal plays the most important part in the ending of tones, let that be the first study. The student will at first cut off the tone like the proverbial student’s leg, “short,” exceedingly square, with a corresponding thumpy effect, caused by the sudden dropping of the dampers upon the strings. This will be remedied by awakening in the student a conception of different endings, from the softly rounded to the vanishing. Begin with the diminuendo of the tone by the foot in the following manner :



By thus shortening the time of duration you will be able to secure as short, even, square-ending a tone as you wish, and without any thumping. Always insist that the tone shall entirely cease exactly with the beginning of the given pulse. Observe also that the foot must never have the feeling of having let go of the pedal. It should be noticed in this connection that the pedal does not take immediate hold upon the dampers, as the keys do upon the hammers, but there is a little leeway. This differs very much in different instruments, but it ought to be uniform.

After this study of ending of tones, the study of the crescendo and diminuendo, as follows :



Every first-class piano admits of such a crescendo and diminuendo, and if it cannot be done it is a sure proof that the piano is not first-class. It rests upon the law of sympathetic vibration, and unless the piano is sensitive in this respect something is wrong—an essential element has been left out.

I have said that this crescendo rests upon the law of sympathetic vibration. That is, as all know, a given tone, if the strings are all left free to vibrate, will awaken not only the expression of itself in all strings of which it is a partial, but all its partial tones will also be expressed by the strings above, and awaken a reflection of themselves in all strings below. On account of the imperfect (the tempered) tuning of the piano, it is not quite true to say all partials, but certainly, in a fine grand, a large number will thus respond.

Now, since quality—which is really to say the form of tone—is expressed by the number and relations of intensity of the partials present, it is plain that any reinforcement of the tone is the expansion of the quality, and this is how the foot enters into relation to the idea of quality. But in doing this, let it be noticed it enters into relation to the true idea of crescendo, which is the expansion, the intensifying of quality.

This study of the relation of the foot to crescendo and diminuendo—that is, expansion of quality—can be followed by a study of softly, lightly sustained tone.

The object of these simple exercises is to bring the foot into expressive relation to the ideas of sonority, intensity, breadth, depth, quality in their simplest, most elementary forms. The refinement of these must come later, in connection with the idea of legato, and in the study of tone qualities in actual compositions; for after all, a mere technical exercise can never serve for developing anything but the most primary effects.

III. LEGATO.

(a.) *Pedal Alone.*

The study of sustaining and ending tones has prepared the way for the most important function of the foot, the expression of legato. It is not always possible for the fingers to produce a legato when needed; the foot must then do it. This it may do entirely alone, or sing one voice legato while the fingers are singing another. Where a very broad tone is required the pedal is needed with the fingers. The first exercise should be a study of legato with the foot alone,

as it is more difficult to secure a clear legato with foot and finger. I want to say here regarding the relation of legato to the foot what was said above regarding its relation to fingers, viz.: That legato thought is the sole basis for producing a proper foot activity. If you wish to play legato with the foot you must think legato—not about legato, or putting down and taking up the pedal according to certain visible signs. Audible signs—the ending of one tone where the next begins, the joining together more or less closely—are the only possible forces for the perfectly exact up-and-down movement of the foot.

The first exercise is the scale, as before, played with the same finger, the foot sustaining each tone till the beginning of the next.

In the majority of cases begin with the melting legato, one tone vanishing into another like dissolving views. Then pass from that through the various grades to the so-called non-legato, where the tones simply touch one another, like a row of balls. All thought about when to put the foot down and take it up must be absolutely blotted out of the mind by thinking only legato, and this must be a clear legato, and not like a blurred line. After this exercise can be played with all shades of legato take the scale (always with one finger, so that the whole responsibility of the legato rests with the foot) in the following rhythmic forms:



As the velocity increases a light quality of tone will be necessary to bring about a light foot touch. Again it will be necessary to keep a very clear tone line in thought, or there will be a blurring effect. Any simple choral that can be played wholly with the arm will serve as a good study for pure foot legato.

(b) Finger and Foot.

To secure a clear legato with finger and foot play the scale in sixths, singing the upper or lower tones legato with the fingers, and the others with the foot. The important

point here is that the fingers that do sing legato should not be allowed to transfer their functions to the foot. A more complex exercise for this purpose is the choral in the Schumann album.

If requisite lightness and accuracy of touch has been secured by the above or similar exercises, and practically demonstrated in compositions which require close thought in these directions the next step can be taken, and that is,

IV. SUSTAINED TONES, OR HARMONY, AND LEGATO.

Tones do not always want to be sustained for merely melodic purposes, in which case legato is also involved. They often have only, or mainly, a harmonic significance, and in order that the harmony may not appear thin the individual tones must be sustained as long as possible, so that one harmony melts into another. But this sustained harmony is often inconsistent with the melodic part, so that it is likely to result in the tones being mixed, and a consequent disagreeable blurring of the melody. Nevertheless, if the requisite clearness of thought can be maintained it is possible to secure a flowing legato harmony and a pure, clear, legato melody. Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" furnish abundant illustrations—No. 1, for example. A simple study is to be found in Schumann's album, No. 28—"Reminiscence." The philosophy of this is to be found in the fact that the harmony, being composed of concords, the individual members through sympathetic vibration tend to reinforce one another, and discordant elements will quickly die out. Hence a very light foot touch will kill a discordant tone entirely, and though it may deaden the harmonic tones for an instant they quickly revive, if the piano be a good one for resonance.

Now if the mind keeps a clear image of the sustained harmony, and also a clear melodic outline, the requisite lightness of touch will necessarily follow. This applies also to the sustaining of single tones, especially fundamental, or bass tones. Take, for example, the Chopin nocturne so much studied, Op. 9, No. 2. The bass tones need to be in many cases softly sustained much longer than the actual time

indicates, but if the mere sustaining of the low tone were thought of the melody would be badly blurred. Schumann is full of instances where a low tone ought to sing on through changes of harmony, and in very many cases it is possible to sustain such a tone for a long time and yet keep the changing harmonies clear. But it can only be done by a mind capable of very clear thinking, and which has developed a power of expression by the foot on the basis previously indicated.

In this connection attention should be called to the fact that the foot is often the cause of blurring melodic outlines when the tones are not dissonant. Some writer on Chopin has called especial attention to this fault in the playing of his works. Take for illustration the closing of the D flat prelude. The melodic outline is as at *a*.



Yet how often one hears it blurred, as at *b* (although harmonically the tones do not sound badly when heard simultaneously), and a false idea of the melody presented!

This is just as truly blurring the melody, however, as though the tones were badly dissonant, and should therefore be carefully avoided.

V. ATTACK OF TONE.

There are very many instances when it is essential to the breadth and sonority of a tone or chord that all the strings should be uncovered simultaneously with the attack of the tone, in which case the attack with the foot is as necessary as with the fingers or arm. A simple illustration is the Heller study, Op. 45, No. 15. And this is nothing to be afraid of if only we keep all activity as the expression of idea. There can be no possibility of a false activity if this principle be steadily applied.

Now the same principle of relation of activity to clearly conceived ideas which, as was shown above, develops out of the idea legato a free and expressive finger activity in the untutored child — this same principle will develop in the same child a free and expressive foot activity, and I have

not yet failed to secure as perfect a legato as could be desired from the smallest child that had reached that development of tonal thinking that necessitated a use of the foot. And here there is no more necessity for speaking about the up and down of foot or pedal than there is about up and down of fingers. So that as soon as the child is capable of thinking a composition that requires the pedal for the expression of legato, it is time for him to make use of it. And I want to note this, that with the untutored child one does not have to go through any preliminary steps, such as have been suggested in this paper, but we can begin immediately with the legato idea.

One more point needs to be touched upon, and that is the utter incapacity of any signs to convey a true idea of the foot activity. All that they can do is to suggest the ideas which have been discussed above. The moment they become signs for putting down or taking up the foot they are wholly pernicious, and death to the very ideas which the foot should be the means of expressing.

CALVIN B. CADY.

THE RITTER VOM GEISTE.

III.

(CONCLUSION.)

Some years ago my attention was attracted by the interesting Spanish Rhapsodies of Anselmo del Valle; this pianist showed in the treatment of the themes fully the same mastery of piano effects which makes Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodies the *pieces de resistance* of almost every concert pianist.

There was also very noticeable the same species of technique which Gottschalk employs with telling effect in his most characteristic works. The peculiar rhythms of sunny Spain afford, as yet, a rich mine of musical material to the one who will develop it with ability. Russian music has so far hardly equaled Russian literature. Tschaikowsky may be considered its chief exponent, for Anton Rubinstein presents in his works very little that is typically Russian; his music might as well have been written in Dresden, Berlin or Paris, as in St. Petersburg. The early local influences which often give a peculiarly national coloring to a composer's works, seem in his case to have been wanting. There is a barbaric splendor about Tschaikowsky's B flat minor concerto which fascinates and excites from the very start. The opening theme in its grandeur can fitly be compared with the beginning of that heroic Polonaise, Op. 53, of Chopin's. And a delightful little souvenir to the musical world is presented in his "Chant sans Paroles," in F major, which is a veritable gem. Anton Rubinstein has embellished every art form which he essayed; perfectly at home in the largest, as the smallest, he charms equally by his concertos, symphonies and chamber music. The same hand which wrote the colossal "Ocean Symphony" traced the delicate lines of the "Kamennoi-Ostrow" portraits and the "Près du Ruisseau"; while the ballet music to "Fer-

amors" is unrivaled for expressiveness and directness of musical effect. The nihilistic tendencies which prevail in the Russian empire may be responsible in part for the musical efforts of a number of men, who seem to have started out with the conviction that in order to create a new school it is necessary at first to destroy the existing state of music. In the works of Rimsky-Korsakoff, Liadow, Stcherbatcheff, Cui, Glazounow and many others, whose very names have a revolutionary sound, we find chaos exemplified, and one is excusable in doubting whether Russia will equal in the near future musically what has been done for her literature by Turgenieff and Tolstoi. A delightful exception is Genari Karganoff, who died a couple of years ago somewhere in the interior of that great empire, of whose vast distances only a Kennard can adequately judge. We meet in his compositions a charming musical personality, which engages our sympathy and interest at once. His mazurkas are full of the melancholy impressions of the vast "steppes"; the nocturnes are tender and elegant, and no doubt inspired by the princess to whom they are dedicated. Though his course of life was run in far distant climes we seem to know him well.

We have only to cross the Baltic to find ourselves in northern lands, from which have sprung a race of musical Vikings, who are making their influence strongly felt, wherever the art is cultivated. Haberbier was a strange genius, selling his "Poetic Studies" to Hamburg publishers for a pittance, and dying an early victim to his excesses. Neupert visited our shores, and impressed his audiences with the sincerity of his art. His "Spring Song," Op. 21, is the daintiest of trifles, and many a treasure is hidden in his numerous Etudes and other piano works. Sodermann became famous through that "Swedish Wedding March" which is played and sung wherever jolly people meet. Kjerulf's songs are placed side by side with Jensen and Lassen's inspirations, and Svendsen, Gade and Hartmann are bright stars in the musical firmament. It has been the good fortune of Edvard Grieg to outrun them all in the race for popularity, and deservedly so; he combines all the peculiarities of Scandinavian music, and at the same time

develops his themes in the most legitimate manner ; pleasing the populace by the charm of melodic invention, and the critic by the original development and skillful treatment of his subjects. The Piano Sonata, Op. 7, contains a very characteristic menuet ; more national in conception is the Violin Sonata, Op. 8 ; the Humoresken and Lyric Pieces present much that is interesting, albeit not always beautiful, as he delights in strange and devious cadences and " discordant harmonies," which somehow or other always end well. His setting of the German words "*Ich liebe dich,*" is most expressive, though hardly as effective as that by Foerster ; among his later works the Holbein Suite shows a happy appreciation of ancient forms, and a little "Pièce Erotische" is inspired by deepest emotion. His early studies took him to Leipsic, and here we find still at work one of the most sympathetic of artists, Carl Reinecke, who has just missed being a very great man ; no living artist combines more delightful qualities ; he writes songs of such charming simplicity that children can sing them, and concertos of such difficulty that grown people cannot play them. Endowed with the happiest musical perceptions, fully ripened by profound study and experience, he is equally as happy in his elaborations of ancient dance forms as in the most modern effects. Nothing could exceed the musical ingenuity which is displayed in the effective arrangement for two pianos of a theme from Schumann's "Manfred." All the tricks of musical craft and lore are at his fingers' ends, and always employed to serve a truly musical purpose. A pianist and accompanist *par excellence*, the honored master of the Gewandhaus concerts forms a unique figure in German art.

At Munich the three brothers Ignaz, Vincenz and Franz Lachner did much to raise the standard of music. All three were thorough musicians ; Franz's orchestral suites will always possess a more than merely historical interest. Many names crowd upon us, claiming a membership, and rightfully so. Kullak exhibited fine qualities in his transcriptions of German songs ; Seharwenka shows spontaneous genius in the Scherzo of his Concerto, Op. 32, and works up tremendous climaxes in the same composition. Reinhold,

of Vienna, has composed a lovely suite for piano and string orchestra, in which we find a happy combination of natural melody and mastery of musical form. Jean Vogt's "Night Song," Heinrich Hoffmann's "Italienische Liebes Novelle," and Gustav Schumann's "Tarantelle," give evidence of their worth. Meyer-Helmund has given to the public a number of melodies which will long haunt the concert room. Loeschhorn, the veteran Berlin teacher, has written many works which would do credit to more exalted names. Heinrich Dorn, the "doyen" of German musical art, still lives, full of delightful reminiscences of Wagner and Schumann, to both of whom he gave lessons in harmony and counterpoint.

Perhaps the most sympathetic and lovable exponent of German art in its most refined, and one might almost say, aristocratic aspects is Moritz Moszkowski. Perfectly frank, and often naive, he meets his friends (and the world is full of them) like a thorough good fellow, puts them perfectly at ease, gives them no intricate musical nuts to crack, and affords real and thorough enjoyment to a vast multitude of art lovers, who otherwise are often dangerously near the precipice of boredom. His Barcarolle, Op. 27, might have been inspired by Shakespeare's "Passionate Pilgrim." The Tarantelle of the same opus far exceeds in brilliancy and effect any similar work. The Menuet, Op. 17, is good, healthy music, serving a direct purpose admirably; a Berceuse, Op. 38, is delightfully suggestive of tenderest emotions. In some of his later compositions we plainly discern the influence of a sojourn in the French capital, where he wooed and wedded Mlle. de Chaminade, whose sister is a most interesting musician. A grand pianist, a certain reticence on his part has prevented the mass of his admirers from hearing him. His piano duets have never been excelled. The six characteristic pieces, entitled, "From Foreign Parts," the German Rounds, Op. 25, and the duets, Op. 33, are a distinct and new departure, and a decided enrichment of that class of literature. The singular aptness of his Spanish Dances is admirable. To have written this music Moszkowski must have looked deep into the eyes of some black-eyed *senorita*,

while quaffing the wine of Xeres and Oporto ; or, perchance, while listening to these entrancing strains we are enjoying reminiscences and impressions of moonlit evenings spent among the ruins of the Alhambra. A new opera from his pen, entitled, "Boabdil," is soon to be brought out at the Royal opera house in Berlin, and will no doubt add luster to the fame of the most charming of men and composers, whom to know personally, it has been my good fortune.

He is never commonplace or dull; no true Knight ever is. Abt's swallows may homeward fly, but it would take a good many of them to make one musical summer, and they are more like chickens coming home to roost, and quite unlike that dainty little prophetic bird of Schumann's, which in its dread of the concert pianist who is about to pluck its feathers with brutal hand, flutters from limb to limb, and finally vanishes in the dim distance.

It is a long time ago since the musical world turned to Italy for its inspiration and knowledge; still we find members of the brotherhood in that beautiful land; Sgambati is a master, and a few years ago the house of Ricordi published a set of duets by an Italian who used the *nom de plume* "Burgmein," and entitled "Pierrot and Pierrette," which furnished a very delightful and new musical experience, and Cesi's transcription of the Gavotte from *Mignon* is novel and interesting. These are able followers of that good old Padre Martini, whose Gavotte still maintains its coy grace and dainty freshness, though written over a century ago.

It was in Italy that Sir Jules Benedict received a great deal of his musical training, which he afterward turned to good account in London, where ability and merit have ever found hearty welcome and loyal recognition. Sterndale Bennett manifests fine musical instincts and knowledge of highest order in his concertos, a fascinating "Rondo Piacevole," and three piano pieces, Op. 10. Arthur Sullivan and Theodore Marzials excel in writing English ballads in which music and words are happily blended; Silas' Gavotte in E minor is played everywhere; and mention must be made of Berthold Tours, who, though Dutch by birth, has become thoroughly Anglicized.

In our own country we can boast of two masters of the art, John K. Paine and Dudley Buck. A most powerful factor has been, and is, William Mason, who has perhaps more of that instinctive quality which the German calls *musikalisch sein*, than any other American. The "Monody" is particularly attractive, while the "Silver Spring" has maintained its place in the front rank of the best salon music. The intricate problems presented in the "Romance Etude" will repay earnest effort, and even the little "So-So Polka" shows in its clever treatment the skill of the accomplished musician. The late Alfred H. Pease possessed the rare gift of genuine melody. Among the song writers of the present day, Nevins is particularly attractive. As long as we have men like MacDowell and Foote, and among our Americanized foreigners Joseffy, Brandeis, Klein and Sternberg (not to mention a host of others), who strive for the best and noblest in art, we need not fear a decadence or interruption in the development of musical art in America. Perhaps the most attractive figure was Louis Moreau Gottschalk, of whom those who heard him, speak in the highest terms. His compositions evince genuine musical instinct and depth of feeling, coupled with skillful treatment of the themes. "Oh, Loving Heart, Trust On" will always thrill the listener, and "Ricordati," "Serenade" and the first movement of "Murmures Eoliens" contain much that is beautiful, while the introductions to the "Marche de Nuit" and "Last Hope" demonstrate considerable ingenuity and musical imagination of the highest order.

Many other names present themselves for recognition, but space forbids, although men like Schytte, Gernsheim, Leschetitzky, Brassin, Niemann, Seeling, Schloezer, Schuett, Jadassohn, Bendel and Seiss have long been recognized as following closely in the wake of greater examples. The "Ritter vom Geiste" will always flourish; their aims and achievements remain the same. Though men may come and go, art remains eternal. And in close touch with their efforts is that vast body of *connoisseurs* and genuine art lovers, who outside of their own occupations are in sympathy with genuine and sincere efforts. They form the honorary membership.

EMIL LIEBLING.

STUBBLE MUSIC.

Would you hear Pan's very double?
Take your way along the field,
Over new-cut buckwheat stubble—
List the music it will yield;
Notes to witchery annealed,
Music such as elfins play,
From the stubble pipes is pealed—
Hear the dainty melody!

Rippled notes that chime and bubble,
Fancies ne'er before revealed;
Luring thought away from trouble—
Interposing as a shield.
Such enchantment as may wield
Sprite and forest-haunting fay,
On the rapt sense is unreeled—
Hear the dainty melody!

Tunes that savor of the cobble
In the ballet toed and heeled;
Airs from operatic rubble—
Unto these the ear is steeled.
Mellowly their fate is sealed
By the stubble's magic lay;
Youth returns with hope vermeiled—
Hear the dainty melody!

ENVOY.

Urban poets, pave congealed,
Far from any genial ray,
Seek and cross the stubble field—
Hear the dainty melody!

PHILIP BACON.

HARMONY LESSONS TO A CHILD.*

LESSON II.

CHORDS.

A chord is a combination of two or more tones, harmonically related. What is meant by harmonically related you will gradually learn, as the lessons proceed. At present it is sufficient to discriminate between miscellaneous associations of tones, like C C sharp D and E together, and such combinations as we have been making in the previous lesson. A chord of two tones at the interval of a third is the simplest chord in music, and the foundation of everything else in harmony.

A chord of three tones is sometimes called a triad, a Latin word meaning about the same as "*a three-er*." You have already made the leading triads in your previous lesson, when you took for bass a tone not belonging to the third itself. Thus, when you added C as bass to the third E-C, you formed the triad of C; when you added to the third A-C the tone F as bass, you formed the triad of F.

Before passing to the construction of triads more fully, it is first necessary to learn one of the most important practical principles in harmony. Sound firmly middle C and the E above. With these sound C an octave below as bass. Now, instead of middle C take the C above, with E on the first line of the staff; retain the low C as bass, the same as before. You are to listen and tell me whether it sounds to you like the same chord in both cases. In case you cannot quite tell, owing to the change of the effect when C is taken higher, you can refresh your ear by sounding the original third, C-E, with C an octave below as bass; then E with the higher C, and C as bass; then the last form E-C with A (first space of the bass staff) as bass. In the latter case you will immediately discover that the effect is totally different, the A putting a new element into the chord.

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Again, take E flat (first line of the treble), and the C above. Sound with it C (second space bass) as bass; now change the bass to the A flat below. Here again we have a real change of chord. Next sound G (second line treble) with B above, and G an octave lower as bass. Now take in place of G (second line) G an octave higher. You will find, I think, that the G makes just as good a bass as it did to the third, and that harmonically considered, the effects are equivalent to each other. There is a test to this: Whenever the same bass tone is satisfactory to the changed form, the chord is unchanged, and we have only a different form of the same harmonic combination. Hence the following principle, which you must learn and understand:

Octaves are harmonically equivalent, and the octave above or below any tone may be substituted in a chord without changing its essential nature.

This kind of change makes what is generally called inversion. All the thirds in your former lesson may be "inverted" by taking in place of the lower tone its octave above; or in place of the higher tone its octave below. The best bass for the chord when thus changed will remain exactly the same as in its original form. You are now to go through Lesson I and try all these changes upon the thirds you had there. Inversion, therefore, is the substitution of the octave for one of the tones in a chord, *in such a way as to reverse the order of the tones from their original form*. Thus, when in place of E in the third C-E we take a higher octave of E, we have no inversion, because the combination, reading upward, is still C-E; but if we take E an octave lower, we do have an inversion, because now the order of the tones is changed; and the combination will read E-C.

In ordinary parlance it is said that a third when inverted becomes a sixth. It is not true that the third *becomes* a sixth, but the third *gives place* to a sixth. I call this new interval which arises by inversion the "complementary" interval—"complementary" means "filling up," or "completing," and the complementary interval

is that which added to any other interval completes the octave. A third and a sixth together are equal to an octave. It is easy to remember what intervals are complementary, from the names. The sum of the two numerals is always 9. Hence the complement of a third is a sixth, and of sixth a third, etc. So also, although we have no immediate use for it, you might learn the following table of complements :

1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 intervals.

8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1 complements.

Observe, then, that in any chord that we may hereafter make, any kind of inversion may take place between the different elements in it, *but so long as no new element is introduced, it will still remain a form of the same chord.* Thus, so long as we have the tones C-E-G or any octaves of them, in any order, we have always and exactly some form of the chord of C.

A triad consists of any tone with its third and fifth.

You may now learn to call off fifths, as, *e. g.*, C-G, D-A, E-B, F-C, C-D, A-E, B-F. All of these, you will find, except the latter, are of the same dimensions, having how many half steps ?

Is the fifth B-F larger or smaller than the others ?

All the others are called "perfect" fifths.

If you examine the triad C-E-G you will observe that it is composed of two thirds, C-E and E-G. The upper is minor, the lower major. Please try different tones for bass, and decide which one makes the most suitable. I think you will find it to be C.

If now you were to take in place of the middle tone of the triad E, E flat, a half step lower, you will find that the entire triad takes a minor character, although there is now no more minor third in it than there was before. As in the first place we had a major third below and a minor above, now, on the contrary, with C-E flat-G we have a minor third C-E flat below, but a major third, E flat-G above. Nevertheless the best bass still remains C, but the effect is minor. Thus upon every tone we may form a major and a minor triad, which are precisely alike as to

the outer tones (of the primary form) but have a different third. You will also notice that we are using the term "third" in two senses, which you must not get mixed. We have third, a chord, consisting of two tones three degrees apart; and third, the third from a given foundation tone of a chord.

In the same manner as we could take either tone of a third for bass, so also we may take either tone of a triad for bass, without changing the radical nature of the harmony, although the effect is very much impaired, being less reposeful, if any tone is taken but the original foundation of the triad. For example, take the triad C-E-G. You can take a lower C, or E, or G for bass, without changing the chord. But you will find that only C affords a sense of repose. Try it, please, and assure yourself that this is so.

If now you will turn to the thirds which you changed by supplying a third and independent element for bass, as when you added to the third C-E flat a bass, A flat, you will presently discover that you simply made a different chord.

There is no other tone than one of the original three of a triad which will answer for bass without changing the harmony.

You are now to form upon all the tones of the key of C, major and minor triads, and write four forms of each chord, with the substitutions of the octave, above or below any of the tones. Do the same thing in the key of G. The same in the keys of D and A, and other keys. You are to become familiar with all keys and chords, and train your eyes to recognize them quickly.

MUSIC:

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THE OPERATIC SEASON AS A WHOLE.

From an artistic point of view the operatic season was a disappointment. It is true that it made us acquainted with one of the most distinguished artists now upon the stage, in five or six of his best *roles*, and for this we have reason to be thankful. Mr. Jean De Reszke has been heard as Lohengrin, Raoul in the "Huguenots," Faust, Rhadames in "Aida," and Otello. In all alike he has shown himself possessed of rare dramatic powers, and of a beautiful lyric style. His voice, also, is one whose rare quality grows upon one the more it is heard. His brother Edouard, also, proved himself a favorite in everything which he undertook. He is best as king in "Lohengrin," where alone, of all the *roles* in which he was heard, he had melodies of such breadth and power as to fully employ his magnificent organ—which is one of the best ever heard here. Next these two artists, both of whom came with the charm of entire strangeness to the American public, was Mme. Albani, who in everything that she essayed showed herself a thoroughly good—one might say great—singer, and an actress who, if somewhat conventional in her methods, nevertheless contrives to impart to all her impersonations much of dramatic charm and intensity.

The younger American singers, Miss Eames and Miss Van Zandt, if less commanding in their gifts and personalities than the great artists preceding, are still very attractive. Miss Eames was generally regarded as having most distinguished herself as Santuzza in "La Cavalleria Rusticana," where she was less conventional and more natural and apparently more full of feeling than in any of her other *roles*. Her voice is very beautiful, but it is not emotional, neither, as a rule, does she appear to be personally affected by the *roles* she assumes. Miss Van Zandt has a voice of singular purity and carrying power, and in the *role* of Mignon she did some of the most finished and matchless singing that has been heard here in a long time. Her vocal method is such as to give delight to all who admire the voice as an instrument. Mme. Lehmann had no *role* except Norma in which her dramatic powers could be shown. Her present tendency seems to be a somewhat kittenish disposition to indulge in light and frisky *roles*, like that of Filina in "Mignon," for which her figure no longer fits her.

The great disappointment of the season was the repertory, which consisted mainly of the most hackneyed operas of the Italian list, and the meagerness of the casts upon the side of the *ensemble*. In "Lohengrin" this was less noticeable, there being at least five great or fairly presentable artists in the cast. Miss Eames and the two De Reszkes formed a trio which left nothing to be desired beyond a deeper naturalness in the soprano; and Miss Ravogli was at least respectable as Ortrud. In all the other casts, we believe without a single exception, important *roles* were confided to singers in every respect incapable of rendering them in a first-class manner. Perhaps the New York verdict will be less severe, since the casts may be strengthened there, and at best it is open to the management to claim truthfully that a "Lohengrin" with Valero in the title *role*, or a "Huguenots" with a Vinche as Marcel, is but little worse than a "Meistersinger" with Kalish as Walther; but two wrongs do not make a right. Poor Mozart was honored (?) by a gala performance of "Don Giovanni" on a Saturday night, in a style worthy of the memory of one of Mapleson's Saturday

nights after a good matinée. Upon the female side the cast was not so bad, although Mme. Lehmann was very absurd as *Donna Anna*; but upon the male side there was only Edouard De Reszke's *Leporello* to save it from perfect inanity.

This was a very different case from the Italian season in the same place two years ago; for while many of the casts then were shamefully incomplete, there was the compensation of Patti, who is still by all odds the most interesting singer to the public. There have been no houses this season like the Patti houses of the season when the Auditorium was opened.

Upon the side of repertory, moreover, it is to be placed upon record that in spite of all the preliminary flourish of trumpets and the many promises, there was not one single new opera given. Here we had singers who had created the leading roles in the best of the new operas of the French and Italian school, yet we go on with our eternal round of "*Martha*," "*Norma*," "*Faust*," and the like. (The latter, however, is to be forgiven, since it brought two such superb assumptions as Jean De Reszke's *Faust* and Edouard De Reszke's *Mephistofiles*.)

It is ten years since Ponchielli's "*La Gioconda*" was introduced here by Abbey with Christine Nilsson in the chief role; meanwhile it has become a household word in all other parts of the civilized world, being known by heart in Italy, so that, as the present writer noticed in Florence, the very ushers and standees in the foyer actually join with the orchestra singing the beautiful melody which concludes the prelude. Yet we never get it in America.

There is another side of this discussion: Where does the American composer come in? Or where will he ever come in? Why must American singers sing to American audiences always in Italian? Why cannot new works be performed once in a while? Were a habit of new works to be established, the American composer might some day break in. There are many grand operas in manuscript by American composers—composers, too, who have demonstrated in other departments their familiarity with

musical material and their intuition of dramatic representation by means of music. Had the German opera gone on in New York another season, it is more than probable that we would have been treated to a still more absurd spectacle—of the production of a new opera by perhaps the most distinguished of American composers, whose name is known and honored by musicians everywhere—an opera written in English, but for this production in his native country translated into German, and sung by German artists. Even this would have been better than to have let a great work like the one in question go unhonored and unheard until, perhaps, after the death of the composer. All this bondage to foreign tongues and to American singers under foreign aliases is unworthy of a great nation, and absurd, in view of the patent fact that despite our restrictions we are making great progress in original musical creation.

The real fact is that all this operatic business in German and in Italian is outside our national life. Opera in this form is a mere exotic—half starved at that. We will never have a national school of our own, resting upon rational thinking and intelligent hearing until we have opera in the English language as a common form of entertainment. Nor is this something very far to reach. We already have our light opera in English, and it will not be very long before even the fashionable world will confess to itself the weariness of sitting through long dramatic performances, all of whose fine points they miss through sheer ignorance of the tongues in which the action is taking place. Disguise it as we may, the fact remains that it is not possible to follow a dramatic performance with a really fine intelligence without understanding the speech in which it is being conducted—understanding it in the sense of being able to converse in it and carry on literary discussions in it. This, it is unnecessary to say, is not true of ten American persons in any single operatic audience. Considered as culture, therefore, our operatic fad is mere veneer, of extreme tenuity.

What follows from this? Are we to abstain from all operatic performances, as a matter of conscience, until such time as the operatic speculators see fit to give them to us in

our own native tongue? By no means. Opera is music as well as drama; and while the music is not always, or indeed generally, of the highest quality, it is at least pleasing, and no student or *connoisseur* can afford to ignore it. Only let us not delude ourselves with the mistaken notion that we really understand it when we hear it apart from the text, which was intended as the key to the whole musical painting. The music and the text mutually illustrate each other, and the hearer who listens to the music without understanding the text which it carries, is only a degree better off than the hearer without an ear for tune, who enjoys only the verbal part of the performance and the action. In the lyric drama the music, the text and the action are intended to "make a one." If now we ignore one of the elements in the composite "one," as we do in fact when we do not understand the words, we are exactly so far short of comprehending the full meaning of the lyric drama as a whole. This position is incontrovertible.

To the objection that these old Italian operas would lose a good deal in being translated and sung in a language for whose cadence and accent they were not originally written, two answers are ready: The loss could be reduced to a minimum by care in adapting the new words, as is always done in adapting German words to Italian operas; and second, what would be lost in neatness of fit between the musical and verbal cadence would be more than gained in increased intelligibility and effectiveness of the fine dramatic points. Be the loss what it may, it is only in this way that we can eventually arrive at intelligence in appreciating the lyric drama, and only by this way can we hope to come to a creditable productivity of American works of art in this line.

THE Mozart chapter ended with the words: "His music glows with the radiance of immortal beauty." Whereupon the compositor, being a gentleman of fine large taste, adorned the chapter with an appreciative "tail-piece":



REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

MY MUSICAL EXPERIENCES. By Bettina Walker. "What I aspired to be and was not, comforts me." London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1890. Chicago: Lyon & Healy. Octavo, pp. 330. \$5.50.

Miss Walker has added one to the number of readable books about music. Inspired by Miss Amy Fay's "Music Study in Germany," she has set down here her experiences under a variety of teachers of the most eminent kind. They were Sir Sterndale Bennett, Tausig, the genial and fascinating Italian master, Sgambati, Liszt, Deppe and Scharwenka, and Henselt. The book is printed upon thick paper, with wide margins, whereby the bulky octavo contains only about the same amount of matter as Miss Fay's charming little volume, which has been so eagerly and widely read. The book is valuable for two things: Its reflections upon music and the order of study, and its glimpses of remarkable and interesting personalities. In point of style, it is easy and unaffected.

Miss Walker's story is a very interesting one. Gifted with an insatiable love for music, she was permitted to study it for some terms in London, under Sir Sterndale Bennett, who from her account must have possessed a highly commanding personality. At various periods in the course of her life, family reasons led to giving up music entirely for months, and upon one occasion for years. Her first continental acquaintance was Tausig, whose playing and manner she describes in glowing terms, but with whom she did not study. Sgambati she met in Italy, at Rome, where she not only became a pupil of that master, but also an intimate personal friend of himself and his charming wife. In this part of her book the interest is equal to that of a novel. Then she met Liszt, at first at Rome, through the intermediation of Sgambati, and afterward at Weimar, where her account gives a good idea of the curious atmosphere of that pianistic court which surrounded Liszt during the last twenty or thirty years of his life. In Weimar, by a curious chance, she lived in the house of the grand-daughters of the master, Hummel, and she prettily tells how upon one occasion Liszt, visiting her at her residence, seated himself at Hummel's piano and played with his best manner one of Hummel's compositions, adding in a tone of reverence that the A minor concerto of that master would long endure—or something of that sort. From Weimar she went to Berlin, where she made the acquaintance of Deppe, but upon Deppe telling her that in order to learn his method it would be necessary for her to throw aside everything whatever that she then played, for at least two years, at the end of which time she would not possibly be able to play anything more difficult than an easy Mozart sonata, her courage failed her, and

she entered herself with Scharwenka. Of him she gives a very pleasing account, testifying to his great care as a teacher. Nevertheless, she had been fated to learn more of Deppe, and it came about through the accident or Providence of two well known exponents of the Deppe system coming to live in the same pension. These were Mr. Frederic Horace Clark, the highly valued new contributor to *MUSIC*, and his modest and artistic wife, Frau Steiniger-Clark. Mr. Clark's story of his own early education and trials, as she relates it, is so thoroughly American, and at the same time so distinguished in its combination of childlike faith and courage, that it must be given entire. The whole story with its introduction here follows:

"I lived in a pension where only ladies were received as boarders, and the fact that there are so many such pensions in most German cities renders a stay in that country most convenient and pleasant for both young lady students and older ladies who wish to live abroad. Mr. Clark had introduced his wife to me the very next day, I believe, after he and I had met at Deppe's. I had found the pair very sympathetic and interesting, and they had asked me to go and see them. I had paid them one visit; but when I had left Deppe, and when, later on, instead of returning to him I had consulted Scharwenka, I did not believe the Clarks would care to see me again; I therefore did not seek to renew the acquaintance, and it was by no means agreeable to me to hear that they were coming to spend a few weeks in the same pension with me. I thought of all this, and arrived at the conclusion, that although we might be neighbors we need not discuss the Deppe method. And yet the Clarks had not been in the house a week before by the wish of all three I sat beside them at the table, and it seemed to us quite a matter of course that, instead of retiring to my own room after supper, I should turn into theirs, and that we should spend the evenings together in a frank and simple interchange of our thoughts and feelings. Need I say that the subject which we discussed most frequently, the one in which we all three waxed most eloquent, was music, and above all, piano-forte music? Mr. Clark was one of the greatest, the most ideal enthusiasts, I have ever met with, and the intercourse I had with him and his gifted wife was the nearest possible approach to what one might picture the intercourse of primitive yet cultured men and women ought to be. None of us attached any value to externals. Anna Steiniger wore short hair, and did not try by pressure to give any conventional symmetry to her large and by no means ideally proportioned form.

"But it will of course be asked, What was her playing like—was it beautiful, peculiar, masterly? To which I reply that it *was* all these, and that, moreover, it had a special quality of simple unobtrusiveness, which at the first hearing prevented one from realizing all that was in it. Mr. Clark had irritated me greatly, the first time I had heard her play, by saying, 'If you are smart you will see that there is a sincerity, a simplicity and an unaffected sweetness in her playing which you will scarcely ever find approached.'

"I could not, and I would not in the first instance, accept this judgment of his; but living in the same house with her for several

weeks, and hearing her practice as I went up and down the stairs, and walked along the passage which led to their room, I came insensibly under the charm of her truly unaffected and unobtrusive depth of expression; while as I stood beside her as she was playing, and perceived from the expression of her face, and the ease of her position, that she was in a state of the highest possible enjoyment, I was forced to acknowledge her great mastery over the keyboard.

"One evening we agreed to tell each other the history of our musical aspirations, and it was on hearing Mr. Clark relate his, that I arrived by a sudden leap at the fullest and clearest idea of what it was (as regards the pianoforte) that I had been longing for all my life, and yet had been unable to express in so many words.

"'My family,' he said, 'had been for one or two generations settled down in one of the loneliest and most isolated spots you could possibly imagine. They had cleared a tract of land in the heart of a great American forest, built a homestead, and reared a large family there. I was the youngest. One or two of my sisters had been sent for a year or two to relations who lived far away, and while there had got a little smattering of pianoforte playing—just enough to bungle through waltzes, potpourris and the like. My parents bought an old piano for them, and while I was still a small child, I used to listen with awe-stricken admiration to their performances on it. It was to me quite an enchanted sound, and as I grew bigger it was the greatest joy of my life to be allowed to try and learn some of my sisters' pieces. Having made these my own, I began after a while to hunger for more. Several odd chances so favored me at different times that I gradually got hold of many pieces by Bach, Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn. When I was about twelve years old my parents began to turn over many plans in their minds for my future, and finally deciding that I was to learn the book business, sent me for the purpose to a distant town, where I would have the advantage of living in the house of a near relation during the years of my apprenticeship. It was then that I first heard of Liszt, and, some of his compositions falling into my hands, I threaded my way through them, and actually believed that I was on the road to playing them so as to astonish the public. I say I believed myself to be on the road to excellence,' continued Mr. Clark, 'but my musical instincts told me that I should not reach the goal to which I aspired, without help. In Germany, the land of music—in Leipsic, at that time regarded as the first musical college in that country—there alone was that which I needed in order to realize my dreams! But it seemed hopeless to wish—to think of ever getting there. I thought and thought, however, planned and planned; the upshot of all this thinking, all this planning, being that I resolved, by doing various jobs out of working hours, to earn the money which would bring me to Germany—to Leipsic. Once resolved on this, it was my thought by day and night for several years. I gave music lessons in the evenings, did a good deal of copying, and finally, at the age of sixteen, in counting up all I had put together, believed the sum total would enable me to travel the whole way from America to Leipsic, and there I hoped my talents

—of which I had no mean opinion—would gain me free instruction at the Conservatory of Music. I knew my parents would never have given their consent to such a step; and therefore, without saying anything to them of my purpose, I left my country and came to Hamburg in a steamer. When I reached this city, I found that I had only a few marks in my pocket, and there was, therefore, nothing for it, if I ever wished to reach Leipsic, but to travel there on foot.'

"Mr. Clark must have had an admirable memory, for he described each day of this journey, and every little incident that marked the various days. He was deeply religious, and he told us that he prayed earnestly that people might be kind to him. He was thankful to sleep in stables and haylofts, and people were sometimes so kind as to give him a good meal for nothing; while there were dreary days, when he was very thankful if he had succeeded in getting enough of dry and stale bread to satisfy his hunger. One day it had been raining hard for hours, and he had been trudging on, footsore, and weary in body, but brave and hopeful in spirit; but, as he himself said in relating the incident, 'I was but a boy after all; and when night came on I was worn out and very wet, and as I walked on, I prayed that I might find some sheltered corner in which I could lie down and rest myself. The country all around was open and bleak, and it seemed as if I would have to trudge on all night; my clothes were soaked through, and I was in the greatest state of exhaustion. My courage gave way at last, and flinging myself on the ground, I cried, "Father, is it possible that you have no pity for your poor child?" Just as I had uttered these words, my glance lighted on a haystack, which was quite near, though I had not before perceived it. How glad and how thankful I felt as I saw it! And how I chid myself, and kneeling down, prayed to be forgiven for my want of faith! How sweet and refreshing was the sleep I enjoyed that night in the shelter of that most opportunely discovered haystack!'

"At last, however, he reached the long-wished-for goal—he arrived at Leipsic. 'You may imagine,' he said, 'after the exposure and fatigue of that long, weary journey, what I must have looked like when I presented myself as a candidate for admission to the Conservatorium! I had, however, immense belief in my own talent, though I noticed that the professors looked at one another and shook their heads, when they heard, in reply to the question, "Where have you studied music up to the present time?" "I have studied by myself—both at home, and in the city where I was learning the book business." "But your teacher, or your teachers, who were they?" "I have never had any teacher, but have studied by myself." I saw them shake their heads at these replies; but I was no whit daunted by their looks, and was quite ready to show them what I could do. Need I tell you that, even before I had left America, my playing was nothing—could, indeed, have been nothing—but a wild chaos, especially in the mazy intricacies of Liszt's compositions? You may imagine what it must have been when want of practice and extreme fatigue were added to all the other drawbacks! Yet, so little was I conscious of my own deficiencies, that, instead of choosing for my trial piece before the examiners a piece of any ordinary difficulty, I

attacked a difficult polonaise of Liszt's, and, with all the presumption and foolhardiness of unblushing ignorance, would have played it on to the end, had not the examiners angrily called out to me to stop—that I knew nothing—that they had heard quite enough, and would not listen to any more! I begged them, however, so earnestly not to send me away without one more trial, that one of them—who, it seems, had from the first moment felt an interest in me—asked if I was able to read at sight. And when I said that I could, he induced his professional colleagues to give me another trial.

"Mozart's sonatas were placed before me, and my reading, or rather my attempt at reading these, immediately influenced the board in my favor, and I at once perceived with joy that I would be admitted into the Conservatorium. But before all this was finally arranged, my ideal conceptions about musical Germany, and, above all of the world-renowned Leipsic Conservatorium, received a cruel blow. I had fondly believed that such musical genius as I supposed myself possessed of would, even in the crudest possible state, have at once gained me admission—that, in fact, I should be admitted into the Leipsic Conservatorium, have all my expenses paid, and have my musical education free. I was, therefore, thunderstruck when the question was put to me, "Who is going to pay the fees for your instruction, and the cost of your living here?" I was overcome with sorrow, for it seemed as if, after all I had gone through, my plans were to end in nothing. But my great earnestness, my firm belief in my own powers, and perhaps, still more than these, something in my bearing which showed them that under my shabby attire there was one who had come of well principled and worthy parents, won them so far in my favor, that they said I should remain there at the expense of the board until I should have written to my parents, and ascertained whether they were willing and able to promise to supply the funds during my stay there. My parents were good enough to forgive the runaway, and guarantee all that the board required. In two years and a half I took my diploma," continued Mr. Clark, "and, returning to America, sought for and obtained a position as organist, which, giving me a small income, relieved my good parents from the burden of supporting me. In America I continued to study with unflagging industry and zeal during the next three or four years. I gave several concerts, at which I played nearly all the pieces which form the programmes of the leading pianists. But I was restless and dissatisfied with myself; there was a want in my playing, which went far deeper than a mere inability to master a difficult passage. Not only did I fail to produce the quality of tone for which my nature was always craving, but I never could be certain that when I laid my hand on the keyboard I could produce an even succession of rich, clear tones. The consciousness of this feeling gradually increased, until it became so intense that even in my sleep it let me have no rest, and I have dreamed that the piano played of its own accord, and in tones whose delicious *timbre* thrilled me with delight, and with a deep satisfaction which was at once physical and spiritual. At last I could bear it no longer. I felt I could not rest without trying to discover if there was any way of producing tones similar to those which

haunted my dreams ; I must try to realize what I heard in my sleep. I tried, but it was like being in a labyrinth, in which I could not see my way to any possible outlet. At last I was unable to bear this strangely mingled physical and mental strain any longer. I once more saved up a little money, and again crossing the ocean, returned to Germany. There I had almost at once the singular good luck to hear of Herr Deppe, and to be introduced to him. The moment I heard my Anna play, I knew that my quest was over. I was at the goal of my desires ; these were the tones of which I had dreamed ! If I had gone on,' continued Mr. Clark, 'giving concerts and refusing to listen to the voice of my musical conscience, where should I be now ?'

The next one to testify to her musical experiences was Mrs. Clark herself, but unfortunately Miss Walker neglects to give the narrative in proper detail.

"When my turn came," she continues, "and I spoke of my past and of St. Cecilia, and related what I was doing at the present time, Mr. Clark, who was utterly unworldly and unconventional, burst forth with all the fervor and all the heat of one who feels that vital interests are at stake: 'My Anna there has not one-tenth part of your natural gifts—for I have been listening more than you can surmise to your practice since you came here. Ah, how conscientiously you go to work, and how you toil at the keyboard, and yet, alas ! it will result in nothing but pain and dissatisfaction with yourself.' Whereupon seeing that she was not willing to hear what he had to say, he gently detained her and went on:

"'No, no,' he said, 'you shall not evade me; if you never hear the whole truth in your life again, you shall hear it now, and hear it to the end; and you may be as angry just at this moment as you like at the freedom which I take, yet I know when we are in different parts of the world, perhaps never to see one another's face again, you will forgive me—you will say it was true, deep and tender interest in your welfare that made me insist on detaining you against your will. I repeat once more, and repeat it in the presence of my wife—in natural gifts you stand far, far above her; but this makes it all the sadder, that in art she—ah! she is up there,' and, suiting the action to the word, he raised his hand as if he were pointing to something towering far above us, 'and you are down there'; and he brought his hand lower and lower, as if he were directing our attention to some yawning depth. 'You know it in your inmost heart,' he continued, 'but you won't listen to your conscience and give in. You will not strip off all those rags of pretension, and become like a little child. I could weep for you,' he continued, with ever increasing fervor, 'for your aim is ideal, and you will suffer cruelly when you at last discover that you have never even been on the road to it.'

"Such was the force of his eloquence that, although I would not at once tell him so, he had nearly won me over to return to Herr Deppe, and thus become truly their comrade in art. But a friend at whose house I was a constant guest never ceased to influence me against Herr Deppe and his followers. I, moreover, did not like the idea of offering a slight to Scharwenka, whom I liked and admired, and who had taken pains with me, and was in many respects an admirable

teacher; I therefore decided that when the summer came, and I should be away from all personal influences either for or against Herr Deppe, I would think it out for myself, and decide whether I should join his school. When I said good by to the Steiniger-Clarks early in July, it was, therefore, quite with the idea that we should all three be much together during the following winter.

"This is, I think the best place for quoting some every interesting observations of Anna Steiniger's on pianoforte playing, of which I made a memorandum at the time in my note book. She was a woman who had thought profoundly on this subject.

"The question is not whether we study with many subjects, nor, as regards art, whether our knowledge extends over a large surface of the special department or section in which we work. No; the question is, to select certain points which we feel to have special value for our special individuality, and dig and delve there, until we get all that can possibly be got there, deep down below the surface. We must live ourselves, as it were, into a musical composition before we can reproduce it, give it again that life and pulsation which it has lost, as it crystallizes into mere notes and passages on the page."

"With regard to slow practice she says, 'People talk here and there of a person reading off anything at sight, as if that were the *sine qua non* of a finished artist; but what can there be to interest in such sight reading? When the performer begins to work at a sonata, or a concerto, or such like, he must play every passage, so as to observe, without hurry or anxiety, all that is in the composition, and all that is in his or her performance of it—touch, phrasing, etc. With every several repetition the observations are more rapidly taken in, and after a while, without any strain or effort, the whole develops just as calmly, as silently and as harmoniously as a flower.'" But space forbids other citations from this very interesting volume. It is sure to find its way.

MUSICAL MESSAGES FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR. Selected and arranged by Rebekah Crawford. New York: G. Schirmer. 32mo, 370 pp.

This is a little volume, each page devoted to a single date, and a single sentiment from some eminent writer. For example, January 1 has this from John Ruskin: "I am thankful to be permitted, in the beginning of the new year, to repeat with all the force of which my mind is yet capable, the lesson I have endeavored to teach through my past life, that this fair tree Ygdrasil of human art can only flourish where its dew is affection; its air, devotion; the rock of its roots, patience; and its sunshine, God." March 8: "Music is the child of prayer, the companion of religion."—*Chateaubriand*.

July 19th: "Genius is the agency by which the supernatural is revealed to man."—*Liszt*. Yet, again, October 28: "If I had to live my life again I would have made it a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps the part of my brain now atrophied would then have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly

be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."—*Darwin*.

In short, Miss Crawford has made here a sort of anthology of sentiments relating to music, and the little book is one that every person might consult with profit and delight.

MUSICAL MOSAICS. A COLLECTION OF SIX HUNDRED SELECTIONS FROM MUSICAL LITERATURE, ANCIENT AND MODERN. Compiled by W. F. Gates. Philadelphia: Theo. Presser. 16mo, pp. 294.

This work consists of impressive fragments from a large number of writers. Some are aphoristic in quality, brief, terse, incisive; others are longer, extending in some cases to several hundreds of words. There is an index of subjects, and one of authors. The total number of authors cited is about 200. Opinions will differ as to the value of a book of this kind, according to the point of view. It treats nothing thoroughly, it merely suggests. The reader desiring something complete will seek for it elsewhere. These are the kindling wood of thought, indispensable when the fires have not yet begun to glow, but unserviceable for purposes of permanent fuel supply. Mr. Gates has done his work well. Indeed, it is likely that the collection was begun and mostly completed as a private scrap book for his own satisfaction. Only later was its public utility suspected. There are few students in music who would not be edified by having a book of this sort handy for use in leisure moments.

TRANSPO, A MUSICAL GAME. Buffalo : Denton, Cottier & Daniels.

In curious resemblance, and at the same time in strong contrast, with the elaborate and truly educational musical game of Mr. Derthick (noticed in the first issue of *MUSIC*) is this of Transpo, invented by Marie L. Burden. The present game consists of a full pack of cards, in number corresponding to the usual pack for whist. In place of the usual suits we have here two in red, three sharps and four sharps, respectively; and two in blue, four flats and three flats respectively. The cards are planned with reference to taking the place of the usual whist pack in all the standard games, such as high, low, jack, euchre, etc. The hypothesis is that the use of the musical symbols will be more becoming in musical students than to play with the hackneyed and inartistic symbols in common use. Whether a jack-pot opened with a pair of "Transpos" and a three of sevens would be any surer than when opened with a pair of aces and a three of common seven spots, is a nice question which might take more paper than at present available to discuss "from the ground up," as the Germans say. It is also the idea of the author that the cards may be used incidentally as convenient conundrums in musical notation, for the examination of young pupils. Upon the whole, the game would seem to appeal mainly to the class which would like to play euchre, and other ever fresh amusements, if it were not for the evil associations of the playing cards in common use. To all such it may

be confidently recommended, since while the principles of euchre and other youthful pastimes may be put in practice by means of this apparatus, the scrupulous parent may rest assured that without elaborate rehearsing with the real cards, the neophyte will be but a helpless duckling when in the company of those who have taken the chances in the usual way.

Dear Mr. Mathews:

I hardly know whether on the whole it is commendable in me to write you again, having so often trespassed upon your good nature. But the exigencies of the case, coupled with the fact that I have so allied myself with you, following out, or trying to follow out, your theory in matters of teaching, that I think likely you will have less hesitation in replying to my questions than you otherwise would have.

I feel sometimes like the prophet of old, who exclaimed "I alone," for truly among the reputable teachers in this place I do not know of one who teaches after Mason's system, and were it not that I have such implicit confidence in the system, in Dr. Wm. Mason, and last, but not least, in you also, I should feel doubtful of the results. Just now it is a time of sowing with me. One thing I find, and have found always since adopting the system, that my pupils take real interest in their technic, though I don't know as they work any more faithfully than others; yet I hear no grumbling as to the stupidness or wearisomeness of the practice, the general verdict being that when they settle down to it they do not mind it; but like all exercise, it is hard at times to settle down to it. Yet another result have I found, that of pleasant touch, which is not so readily developed in other ways; and of an increased intelligence, which results from the oral teaching involved, as compared with the old book method, of "so many lines for next lesson."

There are two questions I should like to put, and then I have done.

First.—I see no reference in the system either in your "Twenty Lessons," or in the "Technics," book I, to "the stocks," so called; that is, such exercises as are found in Plaidy, section 2, those where two or more fingers are held down while others are manipulated. Such exercises I have had a profound dislike for ever since a child, and have avoided as being more likely to injure than to perfect the touch. Though they tend to make the fingers independent, yet they tend to a stiff performance; at least, so it seemed to me. I have lately, however, heard of very good teachers who make quite a point of this sort of practice, and only this day I learned that W. H. Sherwood, who is certainly an advanced thinker, heartily approves of these exercises; so that I begin to fear that I may after all be not acting right in ignoring their use, though I deemed hitherto that the clinging touch answers the purpose in part, though of course pupils do not raise the fingers in this as they do in "the stocks," as it would materially tend to disconnect the tones. Now will you kindly give me your views on this subject? Certainly this sort of playing, if persisted in to any great extent, would tend to pull down any musical concepts which one may be otherwise successful in forming.

Second.—Regarding the early use of arpeggio in your "Twenty Lessons," I have endeavored to follow it out, but with no very good result, save perhaps that of interesting the pupil, who likes the novel method of progressing more or less quickly from one end of the piano to the other. I know Mason recommends—nay insists upon—the practice, and as I have already said, I have even in the case of beginners with small hands endeavored to have them commence as early as the third or fourth lesson with the practice. I have been reading with great interest Vol. III of "Touch and Technic," and trying as far as I can to put the precepts into practice, which in the case of those moderately advanced I have no hesitation in doing; but in the case of those whose touch is not formed, and whose hand does not yet fall naturally into shape, and lastly whose ability to move the thumb under the fingers, and the hand over the thumb, is positively *nil*, it seems to me forcing things to try to have them practice the arpeggio exercises in lesson 30. Yet such is my reliance upon you that I have persisted in so doing, but with indifferent results.

I have been using the book with all my beginners ever since it came out, and have spent many hours in trying, and I think successfully mastering its details to a large extent, and have moreover actually written it out in the Braille point system, which I can and do refer to at my leisure. This I did not do till this year. The consequence was that last winter I had a hard fight recollecting the material contained in each lesson, and keeping somewhat, at any rate, the order prescribed by you. Of course, I could not give lesson for lesson, as our lessons here are, according to custom, unfortunately only half hour lessons, and the pupils are for the most part school girls who have not much time at their command in which to practice. I found with at least two of those with whom I used it excellent results. One, a little girl of eleven, not over bright, but faithful, occupied the whole of last season in going through the book, beginning in October, 1890, and finishing in June, 1891, reviewing it again briefly on her return in September; and I am well satisfied, and her parents also, with the development, both technically and mentally. Likewise she has intelligent notions of form, phrasing, periods, etc.; can, without hesitation, tell you the central tones of any of the twelve major scales, and reads correctly and easily, notes carefully the fingering, so that to give her a small portion of a piece to read is to get it the next lesson prepared faultlessly, fingering and all. She is now playing such a piece as Lichner's "Mignonette," which, for the sake of information, I should like to know if you consider a fair advancement for one season's work, considering age and the fact of but one hour's work. Please tell me candidly if this would be considered a fair average, or if it is too little to have accomplished. I have for the past few years been placed in connection with many beginners, and this is unfortunate, as I think I can succeed better with the teaching of more advanced work, in the higher grades; but like many others, I take what I can get, and try to do my best.

SEPTIMUS FRASER.

The editor trusts that the somewhat personal character of these questions of his valued Montreal correspondent may be forgiven, in

consequence of the general interest attaching to the problems involved, as several other letters received at this office show. It is said, therefore, in reply to the general observations at the beginning, that twenty years ago there were no teachers using the Mason system aside from a very few who had enjoyed personal instruction from the inventor, Dr. Mason, himself. The present interest in it may be inferred from the fact (which the editor of *MUSIC* vouches for), that about 10,000 copies of the first volume of "Touch and Technic" have been sold by Mr. Presser, and the sales of the "Arpeggios" and "Scales" reached above 5,000 copies each before publication. Somebody is looking into these ideas. Now as to the questions :

1. In regard to the so-called "stocks" nothing better has been said than the following, from one of the heads of the pianoforte department of one of the largest music schools in the United States, the writer of them being a fine player and a painstaking teacher :

"I do not believe in any exercises whatever consisting in holding one or more keys while playing with other fingers. If there is anything that will do better than another, it is to make the wrist stiff." The independent action of the adjacent fingers, the high raising of one while the other is holding a key, is a very important faculty to cultivate, and there will be no objection to doing it with the "stocks" if the wrist be kept low (about half an inch below the level of the keyboard), and the points of the fingers raised high without constriction. The fingers may be held loosely, and nearly straight, so that the touching is done with the soft, fleshy part of the points, and not on the end. I accomplish most of this part of the training by means of the two finger exercises in broken thirds, played legato, raising the fingers very high preparatory to touching and at the completion of the touch. I do not think there is any objection to cultivating this part of the technic upon the practice clavier, or upon the technicon, if the teacher pleases. When it is a question of prompt up motions of the fingers, the practice clavier affords the pupil a check, by the aid of which he can more readily tell when he is getting it and when he is missing it, than when he relies upon his own ear entirely. At the same time I do not deny that there are great advantages in arriving at this result in the manner that Mr. Cady recommends, for if the pupil gets the right action in obedience to the ear, he is surer of retaining it, and he has moreover a musical effect in stock for later use. I do not think the five-finger exercises of the "stock" variety are very safe for practice. They are rather more apt to harm the touch than to help it. I would strongly recommend the correspondent to investigate the practice clavier, for it will enable him to assure himself concerning certain elements of the pupil's technic more easily and more surely than he can at the keyboard, especially in consequence of having to depend entirely upon his ear, many of the pianos meanwhile being in so indifferent a state that the ear is not able to hear fine points of technic.

2. The difficulty in regard to the early use of the arpeggio as indicated in my system for beginners, will continue to exist unless the teacher takes care to assure the proper motion of passing the thumb and preserving the legato while doing so. This motion (and an exer-

cise for assuring it) is taught upon page 11, No. 10. If played with the wrist in a soft and pliable condition, and with the necessary lateral swing toward the right or toward the left, according to the direction in which the new position of the hand lies from the old one, this exercise will not fail of getting the proper arpeggio motion and effect. Dr. Mason thinks that the rapid passage of the thumb will come right of its own accord, if the "velocity" practice be given early. He says that in the effort to "get there" quickly the pupil will inadvertently acquire the proper motion.

In conclusion it may be said that the Lichner "Mignonette" is perhaps a sufficiently creditable piece for the experience mentioned.

From Prof. John R. Gray, Bloomington, the following ideas upon the development of touch, and of the importance of the up strokes are given :

I think the most important organ to cultivate in the matter of touch is the ear; after that the sense of touch itself at the finger tips. Now there may be a dozen different ways to develop the right kind of touch—and the wrong kind, for that matter—but it has been my experience that a sensitive ear will develop a good touch with a poor method and wrong principles, while a poor ear will not develop a good touch under any circumstances. I think the half of our American pianos—foreign, too, for that matter—are ruinous to any one's ears. I dare say that I am "cranky" on that subject.

As for the fingers themselves, they should be exercised in lifting more than in striking. The majority of otherwise good players fail in not letting go of a key at the right time, caused by the weakness of the lifting muscles, which are not practiced enough in ordinary piano exercises.

I think the up stroke the more important in all exercises for the fingers and wrist. The down stroke is easy enough for any one who has ears. Of course it can be modified a thousand ways, according to the amount of pressure used. I have noticed that such artists as Rubinstein (he stands alone in the matter of touch, to my notion), modify their touch more in the direction of the accompaniment to the melody. Any fool knows that a tone on the piano cannot be changed in the least after it is struck, but he makes it apparently grow stronger, rise and fall at will, by his wonderful management of the accompaniment.

I have heard him a couple of dozen times, and there is no one living, to my notion, who can get the tones out of the piano that he can. I always think of him as the musical ventriloquist, because he can make a melody come from overhead, while the accompaniment seems to come from somewhere behind the scenes.

Rubinstein declares that he never practices exercises of any kind. I doubt if he has any ideas whatever on the way to produce a good touch.

I dare say you do not care anything about my ideas on the subject, but I wanted to give them, and if they tally with the "Technics" you will know whom to blame.

You asked if I had any ideas on the arm in piano playing. I have some crude ideas on the subject, but they are not clear enough to my own mind to try to form them into an article. I dare say they are not new to you or the majority of musicians. I am surprised that none of our leading pianists and teachers have written a treatise on the development of the arm in piano playing. I feel that it is sadly neglected. No one can deny that it plays a most important part, if not *the* most important part in all artistic playing.

I do not agree with the old rules regarding the arm. I think one was to keep the arm near the side at all times. This might do with Mozart's piano well enough, but our present piano keyboards would demand long forearms, at any rate, to observe the rule. I believe the arm ought to be trained to move with certainty and rapidity sideways, both from the shoulder and elbow joints. That they move at both places at the same time is evident to me, at any rate. It might be possible to in some way drill each movement separately, but I doubt it.

I believe that the forearm should be drilled in some way, and be made to play in a manner like the pure finger or wrist movement, and also in a way to bring out the whole power of the entire arm in heavy chord passages.

No artist plays even all of his octaves, let alone heavier work, with the wrist alone.

I know you are apt to ridicule old Leipzig. Now the man with whom I had piano lessons was not a genius (Johannes Weidenbach) but he had as fine a technic (pure and simple, without any charlatanism) as a man who teaches several hours daily can have. He also had a remarkable ear. Was unnecessarily strict.

He used all the materials he had, from the shoulder down to the fingers, in playing. He wanted the fingers first, then the wrist, then the rest. He cultivated the fingers first, then the wrist, then the rest. Everything that could be played with the fingers, had to be played by them. When they reached their limits, the wrist took it as far as it could, and the arms and shoulders brought up the rear. This is not very clear, but I think you will see the point.

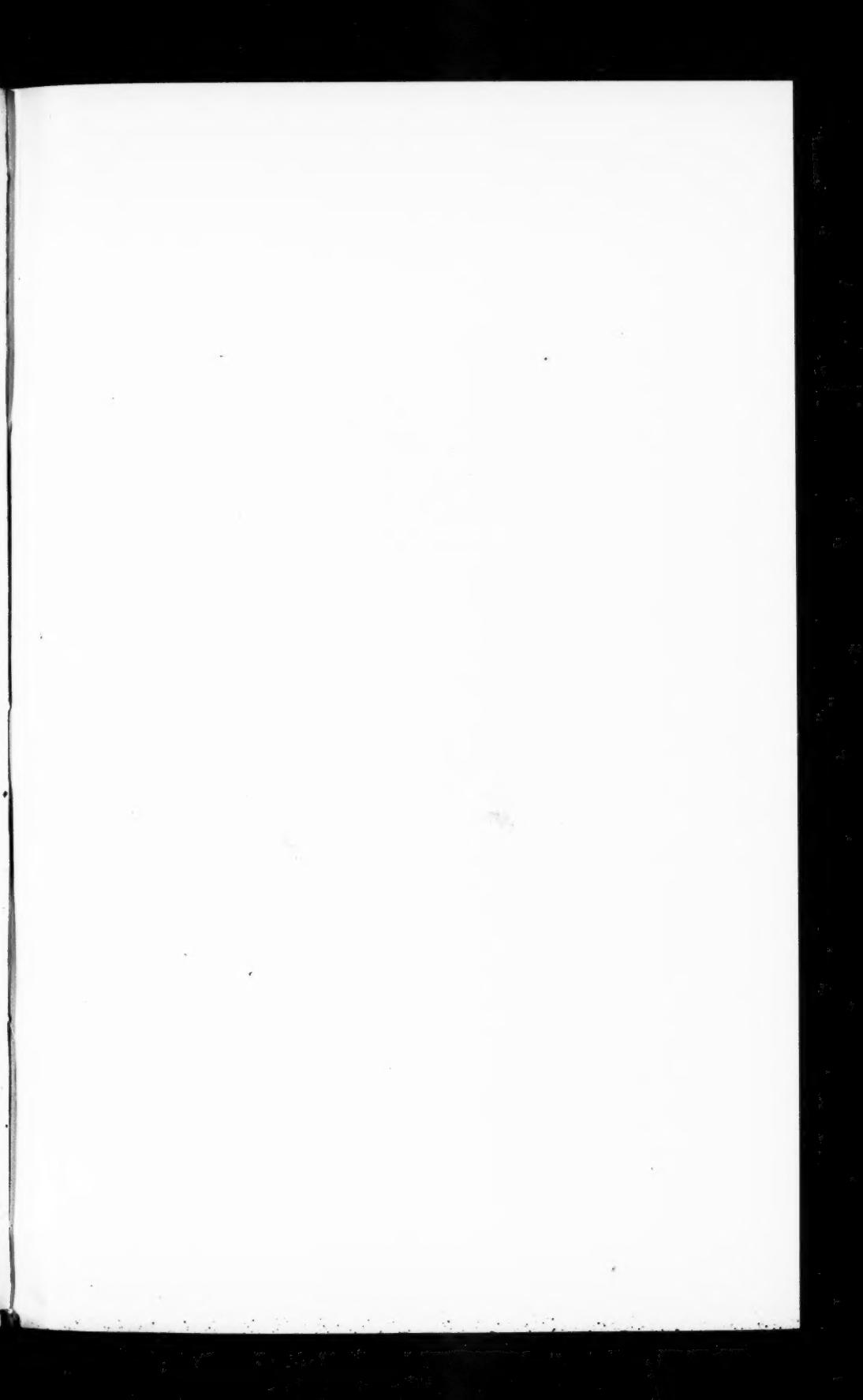
Now then, I should like to reverse the order, in as far as drill is concerned. I have tried with a couple of pupils to drill the arm, then the wrist, and then the fingers last. The result was better than I expected, and it may be due to the fact of their being sensible pupils.

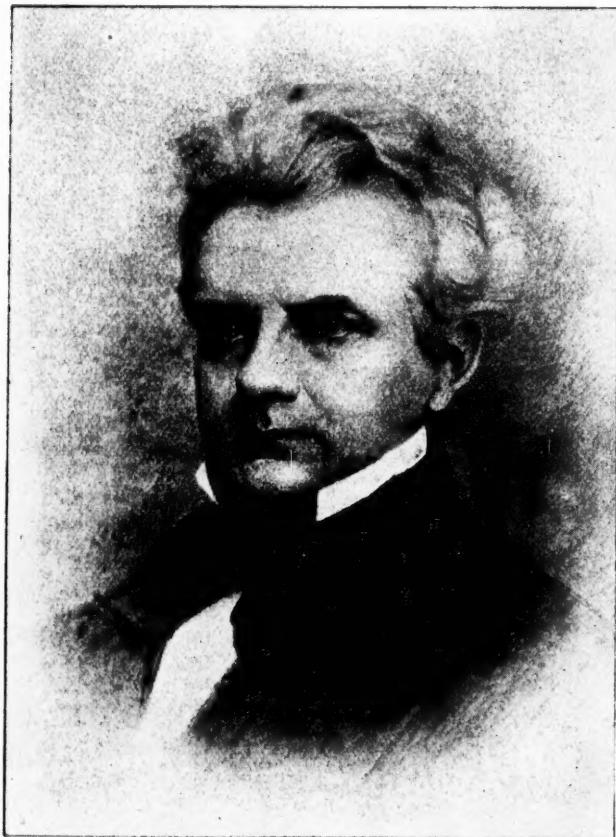
I honestly believe that the arm and wrist ought to be well cultivated before anything is done with the fingers. If they were we would have no trouble with touch.

I am beginning my pianoforte exercises with arm movement, followed up with wrist, before introducing the fingers.

Do not know what you will think of this. I am in the dark myself, perhaps more than I am aware of.

Use these ideas, if they are worthy to be called ideas, in any way you like. I should be very glad to have light on the subject, and have not the slightest objection to being told that I am entirely in the wrong, provided something better is given me instead.





LOWELL MASON.

(AGED ABOUT 60.)

MUSIC.

FEBRUARY, 1892.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION IN MUSIC.

In spite of many and great difficulties in the way, I am confident that we are near the solution of one of the most important problems which musical progress in this country has ever had to face—namely, the application of the principles of university extension to the practical study of music. By this I do not mean the study of books about music, and the production of certain papers for central boards of examiners. Such papers would not be difficult to outline, and there are many who, with enthusiasm and steady application, would carry on the study necessary for preparing them. But this would not be directly a musical progress. What is needed is some method by which ambitious amateurs and young teachers in all parts of the country may pursue courses of practice and study, to a certain extent adapted to their needs by a central board, having before it a fairly good statement of the candidate's experience and present state. This definition of the end proposed immediately takes it out of the Chautauqua precedents, and transfers it to a class of its own. Any one may enter the Chautauqua circle without previous examination, and continue there so long as the small fees are forthcoming. In music this sort of thing will not do at all. Music is an art appealing to highly specialized faculties, and the current education in it is so imperfect that the fact of the candidate having been a student of such or such a school for a certain length of time would signify nothing, certainly, to the distant examiner.

(1)

Nor would the information that the candidate played such and such pieces habitually and with ease, mean anything definite ; for the value and meaning of the playing would turn upon the "how," which is precisely the point to be determined before any place of beginning study can be determined. It is true, unfortunately, that very much of the piano teaching in all parts of the country is faulty to such a degree that students who have taken lessons and practiced regularly and industriously for many years are by no means certain to have acquired a correct touch, a pure legato, or any notion of music as to its inner meaning, its phrasing, its expression—its soul. Upon the latter head the very fact that the individual has an appetite for improvement is a favorable indication, and if it were not for doubt concerning the technical attainment upon the piano, the candidate might be taken "on probation," without further question. But the fact is that unless the candidate has a sound principle of touch, and a pure legato, all her practice is as likely to lead her away from good playing as toward it—and this, no matter what selections might be assigned for practice. It is true that it is quite possible for the teacher to modify the student's style of playing by the selection of pieces bearing certain relations to each other in point of style. But this proceeds upon the assumption that whatever is assigned will be properly studied ; and here is the very pinch of the whole matter. Hence no one can successfully assign a candidate to a place in the course without having before him a statement of certain vital particulars concerning her style of playing, her faults, and its quality as to musical intelligence. The question is, How are these points to be ascertained to the satisfaction of the central board, and at the same time at a minimum of expense and inconvenience to the candidate ?

Here we come upon an analogy where experience in other provinces may afford assistance. In the business of life insurance the company has to be sure of the state and expectancy of the candidate. It becomes so through the intercession of local examiners, who for a small fee apply to the candidate all the tests which science has devised for ascertaining his physical condition and vital expectancy in every

respect. The report of the local examiner is referred to a central examiner, who passes it in review. If in his judgment the candidate is a profitable risk, he is accepted by the company, and his policy duly written. All this is so well done that many millions of capital are yearly at risk upon lives selected in this manner. Something like this has to be done in music before we can hope to direct the studies of those at a distance from us.

Nor do I think that this will be impossible. We have now in all parts of the country a few good teachers of music. There is not a city of 10,000 inhabitants which has not one or more fairly well educated teachers of the piano, who, if not what could be called shining lights, from a national point of view, are at least thoroughly competent to ascertain and report upon the state of a candidate proposing to enter upon the extension course. If papers were properly drawn, especially if the test questions as to style and quality of performance were properly drawn, it would be quite possible for the central board to have a very good idea of the degree of advancement and the still more elusive elements of personal style in playing, such as would render it safe to assign certain pieces and studies to be practiced for a length of time, until another examination would be in order. Even in the case of a candidate showing fatal defects in technic, such as false legato, her connection with the extension would not thereby be necessarily closed. On the contrary, by being "conditioned" she would immediately place herself under instruction until the defect had been so far remedied as to render self-directed study safe. Here the local examiner would come in for certain incidental advantage from his connection with the movement. Since from the confidence shown in his judgment by his being appointed to the responsible duty of passing upon candidates for admission, he would have an indorsement which would undoubtedly add something to the estimation in which he would be held in his locality.

Thus the practical difficulties in applying university extension to a somewhat evasive art, like music, would reduce themselves to the question of competence in local

examinations, the accessibility of the same, and the expenses for supervision and books. As to competence, there would be mistakes made; this we must expect—it would be hoped to reduce the number and gravity of them to the lowest possible terms. Then as to expenses, they would mainly depend upon the number of examinations per year, and the manner in which the needed books were furnished. Supposing the special editions of the works studied to be furnished the students at the lowest possible expense, and the examinations to be taken four times a year, all these together might cost no more than \$12 or \$15, and might cost \$20. In the larger cities, supposing the examinations to be taken under the leading professors, the cost would run still higher, perhaps to \$30 per year. Nevertheless, so much might be accomplished for this amount that very large numbers of students would surely avail themselves of the opportunity. So much upon the practical and administrative side. But what of the musical end proposed?

The object in view in inaugurating a movement of this kind could not well be anything else than the extension of a genuine musical taste and appreciation to localities where at present it exists, if at all, only in meager degree. The course would have to be both practical and theoretic. The practical part would include an acquaintance with representative selections from Bach, perhaps from some other writer of his day—Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Weber, Schumann; and some of the later writers, such as Rubinstein, Moszkowski, Saint-Saens and Grieg; and a few American writers, such as Gottschalk, Mason, Foote, MacDowell, Wilson G. Smith, Liebling and the rest. Instead of one progressive course there would have to be several, differing from one another in the order of taking the composers, and according to the grade of the student. In the third grade of difficulty, for example, there would be very few Bach or Beethoven selections available, and none of them very characteristic. Greatness in music is greatness of idea and conception, which in turn is apt to exceed the limitations of small technical equipment. Most likely this work would eventually assume the form now so

common in the curriculum of colleges, where there are many courses in mathematics, physics, Latin, German, French, etc., the student being obliged to take at least a certain number of courses preparatory to a degree. In such a study of music as we are now considering there would be at start say certain independent courses, such as a Bach course, a Beethoven course, a Chopin course, a Weber course, a Romantic course, a Mendelssohn course, a Schumann course, Grieg, etc., each composer being represented by a selection from his works carefully placed in progressive order, from a certain grade of difficulty to the highest thought advisable to include. Then a student manifesting certain peculiarities of taste and style of playing would be recommended to take such and such parts of such and such courses, and to practice in at least three different courses every day. In this way the playing would be diversified, the peculiarities of the composers would presently become appreciated, and the player would at length get into sympathy with all of them. At the same time an equally catholic method would be applied to the technic, and the range of exercises recommended for daily practice so planned as to keep the playing fresh while supplying the missing ingredients for interpretative tasks likely to come later.

Perhaps, instead of three courses of poetic composers going on at once, the student with but a limited amount of time at disposal would be asked to give a third of it to exercises; one-third to poetic composers and one-third to parlor or brilliant compositions, of which a course might be made up in which all the leading styles would find place. All these are details which we may well enough leave for later experience.

The theoretical parts of the courses should include harmony, counterpoint, musical form and musical history. It is altogether likely that courses of reading accessory to music would also be added. The examinations in all these would naturally come to the central body in the form of papers worked out without assistance. The reasons for including these branches are numerous; among the more important is this very vital one, that growth in musical taste

is impossible without corresponding growth in musical intelligence. And this, again, is not possible without the elementary training in the principles of musical expression—using the term here to mean the art of putting tones together for the expression of ideas.

At best much would depend upon the manner of administering the prescribed examinations. The art of examination is still so new in the higher departments of music that few can be said to have mastered it. What we desire to have demonstrated in the playing of a candidate is not whether a certain rate of speed is reached in certain difficult passages; or a certain degree of force, or anything of that kind. One cares very little what particular selection of pieces has been studied, except in so far as it would have a bearing upon the incidental cultivation of the candidate's taste. But what we do desire to know is the manner and quality of the playing, upon the musical side. Questions of technical defects must be met, because technical ability is the means through which the interpretation of the higher kinds of musical selections in the advanced parts of the courses will come to expression. But in a demonstrative examination the first thing is to permit the candidate to play at least three pieces in succession quite through without a single word of criticism or comment. Only in this way will the candidate have time to recover from any temporary embarrassment, and to awaken herself into a musical enthusiasm. When a fair test of this kind has been afforded it will be time to examine by sample, so that the critical points in the more important pieces of the list are passed in review for ascertaining whether the candidate has the correct idea of their style.

The practical influence of a musical organization like the one here outlined would be incalculable. Not only would it stimulate many hundreds of amateurs to take up again their musical studies with a view of supplementing their deficiencies, but it would increase the general appreciation of music as a form of art beyond any possible estimate. In this respect it would have far more extensive consequences than have been observed in the case of the Chautauqua movement and the university extension, because no literary amateur

is so isolated as the musical amateur. Whatever the locality, the intelligent reader has at least a few choice spirits for sympathy; but the musical amateur, if idealistic in spirit and ambitious in his aims, finds in the majority of small places not a single individual prepared to sympathize with him understandingly. All this our movement would change in very many villages and small cities. Like the prophet of old, the student would discover that he had been by no means the only one in all the musical Israel who had not bowed the knee to Baal. A half dozen students, holding stated meetings for study and conference, would mutually stimulate each other, and around them would cluster a younger body of aspirants, their own students, perhaps, and an older body of the past music lovers of the vicinity. Thus not only would there be a stimulation for study, but what is far more important, the conditions of mutual helpfulness would crystallize themselves, and many musical enterprises become possible in the village for the first time. Culture advances by geometrical progression—doubling when it advances. And so before one knew it the very musical millennium itself might happen to us. But setting aside utopian considerations of this kind, it is quite certain that the general organization of such a movement as here described could not possibly have other than highly advantageous results.

There still remains the very important question of the sanction under which it is proposed to conduct such a movement. That, I answer, could not well be any other than of a body of musical educators especially organized for the purpose, composed of men of such eminence that their recommendations would carry authority, and their breadth and catholicity be beyond question. The American College of Musicians would be a good starting point if it were not also the finishing point. Moreover, that extremely well meaning body has not yet succeeded in acquiring national currency for itself. And its charter and nature of organization do not adapt it for the service here proposed. No! It will be necessary to begin at the foundation, but not necessarily with entirely new men. Such educators as

Prof. E. M. Bowman, Dr. Mason, Constantine Sternberg, Arthur Foote, John Orth, Carl Faelten, Albert R. Parsons, Dudley Buck, Wm. H. Sherwood, Edward Baxter Perry and the leading contributors to MUSIC could not well be left out. All this, however, is to be decided later. Suffice it for the present to say that the work here outlined is under consideration, and plans are being discussed for carrying it out upon a wide scale. Correspondence is invited, to be addressed for the present to the undersigned.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

PLATO'S POSITION WITH REFERENCE TO MUSIC.

II.

In Plato's time poetry and music were considered as one art, poetic productions being not only read or spoken, but also sung, accompanied by musical instruments. Music belonged to poetry, and was a most important means in heightening the effects of poetic declamation.*

With this view Plato agrees; yet it appears that he considered music also as an art of itself, and independent of poetry. In "Protagoras" music is totally separated from poetry, he declaring "both a secret sophistry."† The reason that Plato seldom evolves the conception of music in this narrow frame, is to be found in his view that both poetry and the tonal art are of necessity intimately united. He explicitly censures the disunion of poetry from music, when metrical lines of the poet are not suited to a melody, as also music without a text—a mere playing of the guitar or flute. His reason in the latter case he states, is that it is difficult to discern in the rhythm and music without a text, a definite character, or what is purposed to be expressed or imitated. This reprobation, as far as poetry is concerned, applies only to the lyric, as other poetry is in its very nature totally distinct from the tonal art.

In order to draw near the peculiarities of music in the limited sense, it is necessary to explain first Plato's definitions of harmony and rhythm, the two elements of it, his views concerning the influence of both, and what he requires of music, in a harmonic and rhythmic sense. Rhythm does not exclusively belong to music, but also, when it manifests itself in the movements of the body, to the art of dancing,

*Cf. Mathews' "Popular History of the Art of Music," p. 48.

†Protagoras 316 D. E. Cf. also Koerner's "Brevis de vocabuli *μουσικής*" * * * apud Platonem vi et potestate disputatio." 1827.

which Plato treats separately, though it is associated with music. According to Plato, rhythm is the adjustment of voice, the regulated proportion of the rapid and slow; harmony is the adjustment of the voice in regard to the blending of higher and lower tones, *and both together constitute the tonal art.*

It may appear remarkable that he has in mind in all these definitions vocal music only. The trifling value he places upon instrumental music explains this.*

Rhythm and harmony, the two elements of music, are, according to Plato, from one and the same origin. The impulse to move, to excite voice and body, the inability to remain quiet, is peculiar to young animals, hence they jump and ejaculate all kind of tones. The sense for the regular and irregular in movements is peculiar to men. Feeling,† harmonically voiced and rhythmically excited, is joined to delight; ‡ but the delight in what is harmonically and rhythmically regular, is decidedly harmless, and music yields not momentary pleasure alone, *but is destined to meet higher purposes.* Harmony, whose motion is related to the circular currents existing in the soul, is beneficial to him who serves with reason the muses, and is not conducive to unreasonable delight. Harmony is for the regulation and inner consonance of the unharmonic currents arising in the soul. Rhythm, the muses provided as a remedy for man's inner qualities lacking measure and charm.

What harmonies and rhythms has Plato approved?

Plato gives concerning this, in his Republic, a concise and brief explanation.

Among all the tone systems, which are derived from the different determinations of tone intervals, only two are considered worthy of adoption, viz., the Dorian and Phrygian.

Rhythm and harmony contain imitations of morals. In the third book of the Republic he defines the two approved harmonies as imitations of sounds, and emphasizes of men

* This, in turn, is to be explained by the meager tonal resources of Greek instruments.—*Editor MUSIC.*

† ἡ εὐρυθμός τε καὶ ἐναρμόνιος αἰσθησίς.

‡ Plato's νόμοι, 2, 653. ("Laws," 688.)

engaged in warlike or violent activity, and also of men engaged in peaceful, voluntary and thoughtful pursuits; but this definition is not to be taken as external, because what is characteristic in the language of the brave as well as in that of the thoughtful, is imitated in musical tones. THE PURPOSE OF MUSIC, THEREFORE, IS THE IMITATION OF CHARACTER.

The reason why Plato permits these two harmonies to prevail, the following elucidates :

If only those songs and dance movements are beautiful which emanate from spiritual virtue and bodily fitness, or from an image of the same, it is easily explained that either power, courage, bravery—in general a manly character—or modesty, the noble feminine character, must express itself in them ; because other virtues with difficulty step into manifestations through tones and movements.

Music belongs therefore to the imitative arts, and is like these charged with the same reproach of bringing forth phantoms only. Music cannot be expected, therefore, to give true imitations of virtue ; because in doing so, the perception of the nature of the good and bad is involved, and Plato does not expect that imitative artists should cope with that.

To be sure, tones are nothing essential ; notwithstanding this, because of the intimate union of harmony and rhythm with the essence of the soul, it follows in consequence that the most pure expression of the soul and the most speaking imitation of different characters are recognized in the harmonies and rhythms of music.

Generally speaking, it appears to me that Plato, when indulging in harsh expressions concerning art, has in mind the degraded condition of the same, not its mission. Art, according to Plato, is to be under the supervision of the state. He declares that changes in music have in train political revolutions, and that in the plays of boys and girls continual alterations and innovations should not take place, because they influence unfavorably the formation of character; and, as youth is not capable of earnestness, these plays take the place of an earnest education. It should be, therefore, the most zealous endeavor of the state to prevent in

regard to dances and melodies that boyish desire for new imitations. It would seem judicious, therefore, to give, as in Egypt, religious sanction to certain dances and songs, and to prescribe for performance at festivals certain fixed songs and dances.

Plato certainly did not desire to impede entirely the introduction of new productions, but simply to prevent the rude and changeable taste of the *hoi polloi*, who regard everything flattering sensuality as beautiful, from gaining supremacy and subduing the judgment of the sensible. Such a "theatroracy," in fact, ruled musical Athens to the greatest peril of the state, because from music emanated the self-conceit (when to know everything is everybody's claim) and the consequent lawlessness and impudence which threatened to bring back the unbridledness and indomitableness of the old Titans.

He desired it to be brought about, that the *hoi polloi* learn to find pleasure in the truly beautiful only, and that their delight and pleasure be directed to that worthy of it.

Such an education only will prove a proper preparation for correct intelligence, and prevent aberrations.

The delight in everything beautiful and the displeasure at everything ugly, wherever and whenever it may occur, Plato esteems as a more perfect fruit of the musical education than the artistic execution of songs and dances.

In ascribing such a significant influence to an education well regulated through the instrumentality of music, it is a matter of course, that music has a diametrically opposite effect upon passions, than music and poetry in their corrupted condition. Thus he expressly calls to mind that in order to subdue sensual desires, the muses must be asked to coöperate.

Not the rhythms and harmonies only shall be carefully selected, but the character of the accompanying instruments must be examined into with caution, and their use accordingly determined.

Thus the flute is exiled from his "ideal state," and guitar and lyre only are retained.

KARL JULIUS BELLING, PH. D.

HOW CAN AMERICAN MUSIC BE DEVELOPED?

Every one knows that we have no national music. A few war songs, more minstrel songs, and a mass of Sunday school books constitute ninety-three per cent of America's contribution to the world's music. Boston, New York, Chicago and some other cities contain, here and there, a real musician who is trying hard to develop the interest of those about him until appreciation of the great works of his art will secure permanent support for its growth as an American institution. Failure alone has so far succeeded! Yet it cannot be said that the American people do not desire that which is best. The works of Herbert Spencer were read and appreciated here before they were generally known in England. The works of Richard Wagner are more popular here than in any country in Europe except Germany. The work of popular education begun at Chautauqua a few years ago, has found support in 10,000 American homes. Why is it that in music we have made so little progress? Why is it that we have so few native composers, conductors, pianists and singers? Is it because we have no musical ability? I think not. I think we have more ability than anything else. Let us consider this subject step by step, proposition by proposition, in strict accordance with logic and the scientific method. Let us take out of the discussion all personal feeling, and strive for the truth; for only upon truth can we hope to build securely and lastingly.

I.

Individual Development is Dependent upon Individual Action.

If I wish to increase the strength of my arm I must use it, I must bring its muscles to the verge of fatigue every day. What my friend does in the gymnasium will not

benefit my arm in the least; I must act. If I wish to play the piano I must train my fingers by daily practice to run nimbly but surely over the keys. The fact that my teacher does it for me helps my mind but not my fingers. I see how it is done, but can never become able to do it myself until I have labored long and carefully. If I will interpret music I must put my mind into that line of action in which rhythmic, harmonic and melodic effects are balanced and brought into such a relation to my other experiences as to express some of them in this peculiar sound language. When I study another's interpretations my mind is actively engaged in its receptive capacity. When I interpret for myself it is yet more actively engaged, for it is re-creating. Both processes are necessary before I can use with eloquence the language of music.

II.

National Development is Dependent upon Individual Development.

Since a nation is but an aggregation of men and women its character as a whole is but their individual characters taken as a whole. The individuals are but the parts which taken together constitute the nation. If in fifty million people only five million could hear we would call the whole a deaf race, the five million being considered as foreigners or as exceptions. If in a nation of fifty million not one million were truly musical, we would hardly call that a musical nation; the one million would be foreigners or exceptions. But if forty million were musical, both naturally and by study, we would say that the nation as a whole was marvelously musical. These forty million individuals who have developed, one at a time, their musical natures, have developed the whole nation, considered as such, and have earned for it its name and reputation. The influence generated by such a nation would be such as best assists in the development of musical perception, conception and appreciation. The unmusical would feel the effect of the artistic natures about them, and would almost unconsciously adapt themselves to this prevailing spirit. Thus the national

development would be forwarded by the development of these heretofore unmusical individuals.

III.

Well Regulated Independence Produces Strength.

In training the muscles of my fingers for playing the piano I develop technic by using, when possible, one set of muscles at a time, forcing it to bear the whole burden of force expenditure. If I wish to become a singer I develop strength in the muscles of the tongue by forcing it to articulate with great energy and precision. I train the muscles of the lungs and abdomen by themselves, until they will act instantly as I desire. Day after day I develop the larynx by special exercises, bringing it into one mode after another of natural action. When I sing before an audience no one in it knows or cares about the manner in which I have gained the power of using my vocal organs; the whole effect, *considered as a whole*, is all that is of interest; but I, by a final coördination of the action of all these several parts, independently developed, am able to appeal to musical perception and power of enjoyment. But in thus developing myself, I have acted as an individual, to a certain extent independent of all others. I have done my own practicing, I have done my own studying, gone to my own lessons and have stood—perhaps almost overcome by fear—before audience after audience, relying at such times only on myself, and consequently developing a self-reliance which finally enables me to go before the most critical with confidence. My independence of action has made me strong, and what is true in my case will be more or less true with others who pursue a like course, until so many individuals of the nation of which I am a unit have developed this order of strength, and have manifested it, that the nation as a whole becomes possessed of it, and comes to look upon itself as able to stand, in this capacity, before the other nations of the world. But while I have been independent it is only within certain limits. I have followed the path made sacred by the feet of the great apostles of musical art. I have conformed to their law because their laws are the art which I would interpret. I

have regulated my independence by their experience. In the growth of our nation politically we see the advantage of well regulated independence. Our forefathers in their declaration did not claim to be independent of natural law, of moral obligations, of religious feelings, of social courtesies; and the history of a hundred years is the history of the development and protection of these and the final dependence upon them for future prosperity. But they declared this nation free to develop these attributes in itself, and for itself, by its own action. A hundred years has declared that we are great because we have done great things, thought great thoughts and suffered and rejoiced in the fullness of our own souls. Thus have we as a nation become what we are; we have made ourselves—but out of the whole world. We have received from all nations new blood, new ideas, new hopes and new fears. We have regulated our independence.

IV.

Constant Dependence Produces Weakness.

If I am a lover of music I will very naturally desire to perform it in some way for myself, because only then can I speak it as my own language. The American who spends a winter in France, and being unfamiliar with the language invariably employs an interpreter, will remain almost entirely ignorant of the speech of those about him. The beauties, the contrasts, the different modes of thought which it contains—and would reveal to him—are forever hidden. The soul of the nation which uses it as its expression he cannot know, for he cannot feel with it as it feels; he cannot think with it as it thinks. So it is with the musical language: One must speak it, and read it, and think in it, and feel in it, to understand it. He who only judges of it as some one else uses it, is sure to remain ignorant of that peculiar and inexpressible something which thrills a performer's soul, and his judgment will frequently be narrow, critical of technical faults, and often confined to comparisons between rates of tempo, etc. His dependence upon others has bound him, prevented his progress, and his condition

compared with his possibilities, shows that it has produced weakness. What is true of the performer is true of him who might develop into a composer. He feels often an inclination to construct some form of music. He may sit at the piano and play theme after theme which he feels could be the subject of a worthy composition. But the path to composition is long, and rough, and steep, and hard to climb. He dreads the harmony and counterpoint, the rules of composition, and the criticisms of the world. He feels that plenty of music has been written—especially plenty of bad music—and so reluctantly he gives it up. He will play what has been written ; he will enjoy what others have accomplished, and so his own career never even begins. What is true of the individual is true of the nation if the individuals composing it follow the same course under the same conditions, and the result will be a nation that can produce neither performers nor composers. If a nation gets its music ready-made from another nation, listens to and purchases only that nation's productions, its dependence upon that nation will not only produce weakness in itself, but will ultimately result in its own musical suicide.

V.

Music Is an Expression of Emotion.

The succession of sounds that constitute a melody cannot represent any definite conception unless it is agreed upon beforehand what they are to represent. This is true of the motives of Wagner's music-dramas ; we must learn the motives and their meanings before they can tell to us their wonderful story. But before we have learned these meanings we can have our feelings swayed by the irresistible magic of the music just as it sounds to us. I have seen people in tears while listening to the overture to "Tannhäuser," and yet they knew nothing of the construction of music in general or that selection in particular. The feeling contained in a symphony can be expressed in words just as precisely as the feelings of our own hearts can be expressed in words; that is, they can be described by comparisons. An idea can be expressed in words, but a *feeling* can only

be described. The emotion of our souls finds an expression, which seems to be an embodiment, in music, and thus the verbally inexpressible burnings in the composer's soul may be transmitted to those who listen to his music.

VI.

Emotions are Developed by External Occasions.

If I love, I love some being who has drawn me toward him or her. If I loathe, it is because some one is repulsive to me, whose nature so affects mine. Only after I have been acted upon can these feelings exist. The feelings which manifest themselves in music are dependent upon external occasions. Often a composer will draw inspiration from hearing some great work, and because his own soul demands expression he will give to the world a priceless treasure. Had he been shut off from the sound of music, that part of his nature would have been starved and debilitated until production were an impossibility.

VII.

Emotional Manifestations may Be Proportionate to Their Development.

The most intense love will, while it lasts, show itself in proportion to its intensity, if the conditions are favorable. A lukewarm love may continue for years almost unknown. In music when the feelings are thoroughly aroused the composition will be likely to bear their impress in due proportion. A cold nature can only produce its kind, and an emotional nature that has never been developed by the fires of adversity and disappointment will rarely be able to give any deep musical expression to such feelings. Indeed it can know nothing of them, since it has never experienced them. However, a nature may be highly developed emotionally, and yet, unless it has learned the musical language, it cannot express itself musically. By a long experience within the influence of music, such a nature may become able to use this purely emotional means to relieve itself, and the joy or sorrow which is embodied in the music may be transmitted by it to those who listen. The more it embodies the more

it can transmit, and all that it can embody it must derive from the composer's own emotional nature. Its power and depth will depend upon inherited tendencies and the development from external occasions ; its power of musical expression will depend upon inherited tendencies and the musical development occasioned by external forces.

VIII.

National Music as a Manifestation of Emotion is Dependent upon National Musical Development.

Even the simplest music is really quite complex. It can hardly exist without two chief characteristics, rhythm and melody. Any near approach to regularity of accents or beats requires a very delicate perception of lengths of time, for the beats must be equi-distant. Given the length of time of one beat (which is really the whole duration, beginning with the instant when the stroke is made until the beginning of the instant in which the next stroke is made) it is far from easy to strike twice during that length of time, instead of once, and have the strokes equi-distant. It is yet more difficult to strike three times or four times, and yet in the full development of music we often listen to twenty or thirty such divisions accurately made. Rhythm, as such, is but one element in music. Melody is equally prominent, and more difficult to construct. A child will display its feelings by crying, or by laughing, or by shouting; but it will not arrange these sounds rhythmically or melodically. They will not succeed each other regularly, nor will they conform to any special order in their pitch relations. But the weary mother will unconsciously hum some tune learned long ago, perhaps associated with tender memories, and her soul rests itself and unloads its burden of sorrow in those regularly recurring sequences of sound. She has learned this musical language, and can and does use it; her power to express her emotions musically is dependent upon that fact. Nations have their folk songs, their war songs, their religious music. Great needs call into being great helps. In time of war the love of country causes men to hear divine melodies through which a troubled people, a struggling

army, a dying soldier, a weeping mother, can pour out their grief and hold on to hope. But this can be done only when the nation has advanced somewhat in the use of the musical language. The French nation could pour out its flood of heroism only through the Marseillaise, but Beethoven's soul, in its contemplation of France's greatest hero, soared to the zenith of musical art and spoke through the Heroic Symphony. The musically educated and developed nation will continually seek to express itself in music. It will compose and sing and play its sparkling dance tunes; it will murmur its songs of love; its prayers will be clothed in reverent harmony.

IX.

The Highest Music Comes from Those Nations Whose Musical Development Is Broadest, Deepest, and Most Universal.

Italy, Germany and France have given to the world its music, and each of these nations in its turn has outranked all others in its general musical development. Beethoven could not have been before Mozart, Haydn and Gluck; these could not have been, had their lives been cast in Asia or Africa instead of in Europe. They were the outgrowth and expression of the musical feeling of their time, and the feeling, as they felt it, was in advance of the already existing means of its musical expression. Therefore they were needed, and therefore they existed.

X.

Emotions are Not from Necessity Expressed Musically.

Poetry, oratory, laughter, tears, oaths and social intercourse are the most common means of expressing one's feelings. The first and second require previous culture; the third and fourth are hereditary; the fifth is an evidence of depravity; the last may be the outcome of all these causes. A musical nature is both inherited and cultivated; heredity alone is not sufficient.

XI.

Musical Development Depends upon the Hearing and Performing of Musical Compositions.

What we know we have learned from experience, generally our own, possibly that of other people. We inherit and develop the power to experience, and through experience become able to perceive and perhaps understand. Our knowledge may be grouped under heads representing the kinds of our experiences, and the extent of a group is measured by the totality of experiences of its kind. Our knowledge of music is determined by our musical experiences. We may know *about* music that we have never heard, but we can know nothing *of* it until we either hear it or learn that is like something which *we have heard*. If we wish a still more complete acquaintance with a work we must perform it for ourselves. The great conductor really performs the work, his orchestra being the instrument upon which he plays. By our own action we develop our own natures, and by experiencing the power of music, by absorbing the floods of emotion which it pours out, we develop strength and grow in appreciation and understanding. In this connection what is true of the individual is true of the nation.

XII.

Composers can Only Write while They Hope that Their Work will be Heard.

Written music is not music, for music is sound. The composer hears in his own mind every sound that the musical characters he writes represent. He writes to be heard; he writes what he thinks sounds well—not what looks well. Nor can he, more than other mortals, work without hope. It may be dim—almost covered up in despair—or it may be for a distant future, perhaps after his hand shall have become still forever, but yet he hopes that the language of his soul will be heard sometime and somewhere by those who can feel with him—perhaps suffer with him. Richard Wagner, alone, without money or friends, was able to forget

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himself in his solicitude for the child of his genius, the opera "Lohengrin," and thus he wrote as he sat contemplating its silent pages: "I felt something like compassion that the music should never sound from off the death-pale paper." He, like his great fore-runner, Weber, wore away his life and strength to give to the world a complete rendition of his last work. His nature was human nature, and human nature as a part of the universe is of divine workmanship, and is not to be despised. It reaches out towards the unknown, and has and will through all the ages. The mental picture which the composer draws of the vast multitude of breathless listeners, swaying like mighty billows upon the ocean of an eternal art, loving, hating, blessing, cursing, and over all hoping and trusting with a constancy that could be only God-given—this picture inspires him, he longs to speak as an oracle, as a divine messenger, he longs to be able to blend their souls with his in the majesty of universal harmony.

XIII.

Public Performances are Dependent upon Public Support.

Unfortunately perhaps, but surely, musicians are obliged to eat and sleep in order to exist and carry on their life work. Therefore they are obliged to charge money for their services. Not infrequently they make their life work a trade and not a profession, and for this they are more or less to blame. But when those who wish to hear music bicker about what they shall pay, it is not unreasonable to expect that the musician will bicker back as to what he shall receive. The giving of musical performances is a matter of business, and must be treated as such, or else the musician as a social factor will cease to exist. As public performances of great works are not of daily occurrence the musician who, being led by his artistic nature, confines himself to these, will be out of employment much of his time. But he must live upon those days that bring him no income. The outgo is as great for them as for the "working days." Therefore he must charge enough for his labor when he is employed to support him

when he is idle. Unless he does this he will cease to exist. Since the great mass of people which constitute "the public" are possessed of but moderate means and therefore cannot afford to pay out large sums to hear musical performances, it becomes necessary to appeal to larger numbers who will share the burden in such a proportion that it does not rest heavily upon any single individual. This I call *public support*, and upon this rests the future of American music.

It now becomes necessary to make an application of the foregoing deductions and principles to the needs of the hour, that we may see clearly what there is for us to do in the work of realizing a high order of national music which shall be peculiarly our own.

Under our first proposition we saw that we must act if we would develop individually our musical natures and our musical knowledge. Under Proposition II we found that only by a more universal application of the same principle could we become a musical nation. Under Proposition III we saw that only by being reasonably independent in forwarding our growth could we acquire sufficient national strength and courage to be able to take our place before the nations of the world as their equal in this great art. Another consideration must be presented. We cannot claim to be their equal until we can produce works that are equal to theirs, not only in average merit, but in *originality*. We can never claim to be the equal of Germany musically while we copy Beethoven and Wagner. There are more reasons than one for this. One is that Beethoven and Wagner are German in their natures and in their music; we are not German in our natures. Our music must find its source in *our natures*, and as we cannot bring out of them that which they do not contain, we cannot produce a musical expression of German nature. Our only prospect of future musical standing is easily seen. *We must develop a music which will express our own American natures fully and completely.* To do this we must be reasonably independent, and do our own work to a certain extent in our own way, and in strict

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accordance with the best elements in our own natures as men and as a nation.

Under Proposition IV we saw how constant dependence produces weakness. We saw that if we confine ourselves to using the music that others have written we will write none for ourselves, and so never become able to write that which has merit. This leads us to the full appreciation of the very important fact that to develop the highest forms of music it is now, and always will be, necessary for us to encourage first attempts. Too much emphasis cannot be put upon this point, and there is none which Americans at home and abroad need more to perceive and appreciate. Far too much American music is the growth of a single night; our art must be encouraged in moderate, modest, conscientious beginnings, that are but beginnings, before it can hope to become a representation of our national character.

Under Propositions V and VI we found that music, being an expression of emotion, would in its extent and power be dependent upon the depth and intensity of the emotional nature that produced it, that spoke through it. And we found that emotions are primarily occasioned in an individual by forces external to himself, thus making him to an appreciable extent dependent upon them. The emotional nature being in part inherited and in part developed, and musical ability being in part inherited and in part developed, and development in both cases being dependent upon external conditions and forces, it is readily observable that in order to produce music that shall express deep emotions the individuals of a nation must be brought into contact with, and under the influence of those powers which will produce this development. The question arises at once, What are they? And the answer is not difficult to find.

The emotional nature of a nation is developed by its joining in great enterprises, celebrating great events, honoring its heroes, its statesmen, its thinkers and in a multitude of other ways. Its musical nature is developed by the study of music as an art and as a science, by hearing great compositions, by taking part in great performances, etc. In

both cases its own activity develops its own strength, and when subjected to proper external influences its progress is as certain as its coöperation.

Thus it is that great works become possible and indeed probable features of our own national future. Under Proposition VIII it was shown that national music is dependent upon the general musical culture of the nation as a whole. We must therefore develop in all possible ways popular musical education and appreciation, creating and increasing popular interest in the production of an American school of musical art by teaching the people to like only the best and to demand only the best, whether in performers or in compositions; and to take pride in every success scored by an American, feeling that they, too, share justly in his honors.

Under Proposition IX it was shown that we can hope to rank with those nations who have produced the highest music only by forwarding a deep, broad and universal musical culture which shall serve as an ever present source of power and inspiration to our own composers, sufficient to produce their greatness. Under Proposition X we found that if a nation is to express itself musically, it must be taught to do so, trained to do so, habituated to do so. Under Proposition XI we found that musical culture results only from the direct influence of music itself. Therefore, if we will develop the American people in this art we must bring them where they can hear the best and study the best until they can, from their own experiences, appreciate it.

Under Proposition XII it was shown that a composer needs the hope that his work will not be lost to the world without at least being heard. If America is to produce composers she must listen to them as a mother listens to the first indistinct words formed by her child, and must encourage further efforts. While it is necessary for us to learn of those of other lands who have gone before, it is not necessary that we should confine ourselves to performing their works, continuing to do so in the hope, perhaps, that some day we will produce a full grown composer equal to Beethoven or Wagner. Such a course would prevent the necessary development, even if a man existed in our midst who had all the

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needful natural ability. Works by Americans must be produced at public performances, carefully rehearsed by competent artists, and then received by the American people with some of that pride and admiration for home efforts which characterize the Germans, or we will never come even in sight of Germany as a musical nation.

Under Proposition XIII it was seen that public performances are dependent upon public support ; that the people must with their money support this undertaking of developing American music, and furnish the bread and butter to the musician while he is doing the work and furnishing the talent necessary to its consummation. The musician is willing to struggle along with a little bread and much appreciation, but when it is all bread and nothing else that he may even hope for, his musical nature dies of starvation. Every city of 200,000 population in these United States ought to and is able to possess a competent concert orchestra and a thoroughly organized vocal society, working together for their mutual support ; and every such city ought to take just pride in these institutions, and attend their performances in such numbers as to support them. Twenty orchestral concerts and ten choral concerts—thirty in all—are none too many for the education of the people and for their musical entertainment. The burden is also better divided, for an orchestra properly organized could perform at the ten extra concerts without much real cost to itself, and its remuneration for those services would help greatly toward making up the total yearly cost. Short tours among smaller neighboring cities, if properly managed, would add to the remuneration of the performers, and forward popular education at the same time. The great difficulty is to make a beginning, and so far only one solution to it has been found : It is for some wealthy men to boldly face the yearly deficit, trusting to proper management of the organization itself, and to the growth of public interest, to ultimately make it self-supporting. With an orchestra and a choral society working in harmony in each of our principal cities, with music schools and private teachers giving technical instruction, with a press heartily endeavoring by its criticisms to

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build up and not tear down, remembering that it takes more musicianship to see and enjoy the good points than to discover and berate the bad ones, we could feel that the development of American music and American musicians was assured, and that the future would enable us to stand beside Germany, Italy or France as a standard bearer in the victorious legions of the divine art.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

HOMER MOORE.

THE PIANO AS A FACTOR IN MUSICAL ART.

I.

It may be well to prelude this article with just enough of that dear old friend of all of us, the first personal pronoun, whom we love so well but keep so sedulously out of sight—just enough, I say, to assure the reader that it shall be my serious purpose, without the predilections of a pianist or the bias of a teacher toward his chosen instrument, my honest endeavor, I say, to regard the subject as a musician, and not merely as a pianist.

A bird's-eye view of musical history reveals a remarkable coincidence between the mechanical state of instruments and the epochs of musical composition. Thus the rude stone instruments of China, no less than the mystical and semi-ethical lore, woven like a parasite around music, will help us to gauge the Chinese conception of the art. The instruments of Hindooostan, the tomb pictures of Egyptian harps, the wind instruments dug up from buried cities of Greece and Italy speak a clear language in reference to the purely melodic character of that much praised, emotional Hindoo music and reveal what must have been a lamentable lack of ear among the ancients, at least among the ancient Egyptians.

When Christianity had leavened the whole lump of European barbarism and had absorbed into itself all the vitalizing forces of civilization, we find first of all instruments, the pipe organ reaching perfection and pouring its slow, solemn thunders through the lofty congenial arches of the cathedral, and by its sustained intricacies of sound giving birth to counterpoint—counterpoint, the sorceress who began by beautifying music, but ended by tattooing it—counterpoint, the fascinating savage who heightened decoration into grotesque confusion.

In the seventeenth century the violin, out of the weltering and bewildering mass of bowed instruments, rose like

Venus in matchless loveliness, and, influenced by this palpitating, agile instrument, the human voice began to grow florid, till at last through a century of development the inane extravagances of Caffarelli and Farinelli were attained, and the singer became only a sort of tonal pugilist, interesting chiefly when pitted in the ring against a trumpeter.

Descended by a long line of ancestors and perfected as the most brilliant of the family of Pandean pipes, the clarinet was born about the end of the seventeenth century. The unearthing of Pompeii (1738) brought us back that glorious, grand trumpet of the ancient world, the trombone ; the flute and oboe had also grown to perfection ; the French horn had improved its mellow voice, and with Haydn the orchestra was ushered into the world. Then dawned the era of polyphony of the romantic type.

Bach was essentially an organ composer; and who will deny that the salient peculiarities of Handel, the Titanic majesty of his slow chords, on the one hand, and the mazy intricacy of his runs, on the other, were not conditioned by his writing for choruses of human voices, and for ambitious soloists ?

Slowly and with little favor emerged the pianoforte, and a century was required to dethrone its father, the harpsichord, and it may be said without arbitrary forcing of fact into a neat parallelism, that the orchestra and the pianoforte are responsible for the music of the nineteenth century.

People still sing, but the fantastic effervescence of eighteenth century vocalization has been diminished more and more, even by the Italian successors of Porpora and the other tone jewelers who wrought such marvelous microscopic traceries on trifling bits of cheap musical metal. Again, on the other side, the French and the German singers with Gluck, with Beethoven, Schumann and Wagner to whip them into the line of march, have been compelled to draw in their sweeping trains and gold lace embroidery, while they thread the thick but blooming forests of significant harmony and living accompaniment which have been intrusted to the keyboard of that *multum in parvo*, the much slandered and

so-called "cold" pianoforte, or to the myriad-voiced orchestra—that cosmos of sound.

Nothing human springs into existence perfect, complete, rounded, as Pallas Athene was fabled to have sprung from the forehead of Jupiter. That was only a symbolic dream of the imagination. The doctrine of evolution which has become so prominent as applied to physical things in our day, but which was thought out in all its essential features 2,000 years ago in Greece is, beyond any question, the key to all things human. No one man invents more than a small fragment of any one thing. We need not be surprised, therefore, to be told that the pianoforte, which has now become an essential factor in every civilized home, reaches back to a remote ancestry, through the harpsichord, the spinet, the clavichord, the virginal, the clavicimbalum, the dulcimer, the lyre and the harp, to the original twang of the warrior's bow-string. These of course do not stand in the relation of a genealogical table, but rather all may be termed modifications of the one original string idea. Who knows but perhaps that pretty, fanciful myth of Hermes may be a literal re-script of solid fact; perhaps some wise and ingenious man straying beside the Nile or some other ancient river may have actually heard a musical sound elicited by the fitful and melancholy wind as it murmured through the hollow chamber of the shell of some dead tortoise, whose dried sinews formed a rude stringing of elastic fiber; and it may be that the infinite and glorious world of emotion arising from beneath the fingers of a pianoforte virtuoso in America, in this year of our Lord 1892, is but the thousandth-power evolution of that faint, prehistoric murmur which touched the human ear and stirred the human heart myriads of years ago.

The pianoforte, or as often named in the eighteenth century, forte piano (that is, soft-loud or loud-soft), is of Italian invention, and there is a mention of some stringed instrument under this name as far back as the year 1598, though its invention, strictly speaking, belongs to the early years of the eighteenth century. In this case as in all other inventions there seems to have been an atmospheric influence at

work, for certain German and French mechanics claim the invention as simultaneous with if not antedating the famous Cristofori, of Padua. Von Bulow somewhere has uttered one of his characteristic acid remarks about Italy being the cradle of the arts and having kept the arts in their cradle. But whatever partial truth there may be in this witticism, the civilized world owes an almost immeasurable debt to that sunny climate and art-loving race of Italy, where the very word "virtue" came to mean proficiency in art; a virtuoso being, not as with the Romans, a man full of virile courage and proud, dominating will power; not as with the mystical Christian, a man of strong conscience and masterful control over his own passions, but a man versed in the secrets of the beautiful and skillful in manifesting beauty to the perceptions of others.

According to the best authority, the pianoforte was invented in the year 1709 by Bartolomeo Cristofori, formerly of Padua, but later of Florence. Judged by the name found engraved upon the instruments of his make, the customary form of spelling has been erroneous, it being not Cristofali, but Cristofori. Prince Ferdinand dei Medici, a lover of music, and, in fact, an eminent musician, and deeply interested in mathematical and mechanical questions, accepted, at the request of three scholars, one of whom was the Marchese Scipione Maffei, the protection of a quarterly publication intended for learned and cultivated readers, viz., the *Giornale dei Letterati d'Italia*. This patronage was the result of a personal visit of Maffei to Florence, where he met with Bartolomeo Cristofori, harpsichord maker and custodian of the prince's musical instruments, and was shown by him four specimens of a new harpsichord with *piano* and *forte*, the invention and make of Cristofori. There are still in existence two pianofortes of Cristofori's make, the earlier being dated 1720. Both these early pianos of Cristofori are bi-chord, and have white natural keys, as at present, not as in Mozart's day, when the natural keys were black and the small elevated keys were white. The earlier Cristofori piano of 1720 had four and a half octaves, from C to F, but the later one only four octaves,

from C to C, corresponding to the compass of the human voice. Cristofori died at the age of eighty, in 1731.

Thus this new idea, at first of comparatively little interest, and not for a long time attracting the favorable opinion of great harpsichord virtuosi, was the ripe product of Cristofori's old age.

The names of Marius (a Frenchman) and Schroeter (a German) have been put forward for the absolute invention of the pianoforte, on the ground of certain experiments made by them.

The old saying, "necessity is the mother of invention," might be modified into "economy sometimes suggests important improvement," for the Frenchman, Marius, was induced to invent hammers in order to avoid the expense of constantly requilling the harpsichord. Dr. Oscar Paul, in his "History of the Pianoforte," asserts, with very strong and evident bias of patriotism, the claims of Schroeter to the invention of the pianoforte.

There is no doubt that Germany is for nearly all musical ideas and for many scientific theories the *fons et origo* of our time, and, perhaps of the last three centuries, which is practically the same as saying the entire modern civilization; but to other nations, the English, the French, the American certainly belong many valid claims of improvement and secondary invention. In this matter of the pianoforte, the claims of Italy are as paramount, though not as easily demonstrable, as in the case of the violin. In 1715 Schroeter was a boy of sixteen years of age; he was a teacher at Dresden, and, being intrusted with good pupils, he found that practice upon the clavichord was thrown away when they came to display their proficiency upon the harpsichord, the former being an emotional and the latter an inexpressive instrument.

Strange to say, the ideas both of Marius and of Schroeter were much inferior to those of Cristofori, so that the originality of each cannot be at all questioned; but they were defective for precisely opposite reasons: Marius, for instance, had no dampers whatsoever, and the tones had to die out when they could, and the jangling and discord of a chime of

bells in little was always to be found in the instrument ; or, to get a more exact idea of it, go to the oldest and most tinkling piano you know, where the dampers are all out of order, and endeavor to play. With Schroeter the damper fell instantly, thus killing the tone as soon as it was born, and the only possible means of prolonging the sound to any appreciable degree was the device of rapidly repeating, as in the case of the mandolin. Those of us who have listened to the sweet, sultry, mosquito tinkle of a mandolin band will know how fascinating and how annoying such music is—fascinating for a while and annoying after any duration of performance.

There was an early German manufacturer named Gottfried Silbermann, who, in the year 1726, displayed to J. S. Bach a new instrument which, on account of its weak treble and heavy, sluggish action, was condemned by that greatest of harpsichord players, whose music is still the cubical granite cornerstone of pianoforte technique ; and this condemnation so annoyed Silbermann that for years he displayed no further inventions. He was nevertheless, during the latter part of the eighteenth century, generally regarded as having been the inventor of the pianoforte.

No musical anecdote is more familiar than the famous visit of J. S. Bach and his son to the royal palace of Frederic the Great, at Potsdam, 1714. He was received warmly, indeed almost unceremoniously, and among the famous extempore performances and tests of various instruments, of which the king had a very large collection, it is practically certain that the new pianoforte came in for a full share of attention. Nevertheless, Carl Philip Emanuel Bach still speaks with preference of the harpsichord, and alludes to a certain effect frequent in his father's playing—especially in the slow movements—called *bebung* or a trembling, which the modern pianoforte is utterly incapable of producing. It seems to have been a quiver in the tone, something like the purposed emotional tremolando of the voice or the violin, produced in the one case by an operation of the breath, in the other by a motion of the finger which presses down the string. An effect which probably still more closely

resembles the old-fashioned *bebung* of the clavichord is the waving sound which can be easily secured upon a zithern in a manner similar to the tremolo of the violin.

The passage referred to is to be found in Emanuel Bach's introduction to his "Investigations of the True Mode of Playing the Pianoforte." His words are these: "I believe, nevertheless, that a good clavichord possesses, with the exception that its tone is weaker, all the beauties of the pianoforte, and in addition the *bebung* and the power of sustaining the tone, inasmuch as after striking each note I can give a fresh pressure." The mode of marking this effect was what is known in our time as non-legato or detached, that is, a combination of slurs and dots which when they occurred on a long tone were placed as many times as the tip of the finger should reiterate the pressure.

Emanuel Bach always continued to express a decided preference for the clavichord over the pianoforte, and said that he considered the latter instrument only suitable for rondos, and there is no doubt that his famous father shared this opinion.

It was by the youngest brother and pupil of Emanuel Bach, John Christian, known as the London Bach, that a decided preference was first shown for the pianoforte over the clavichord and harpsichord. It is curious to compare the names of the various kinds of pianofortes in different languages. Thus the "grand" piano, as we call it, was the first form, and the "square" piano followed that. The names were as follows: English, grand piano; German, *flügel* (or wing); French, *piano à queue*, that is, piano with a tail; Italian, *piano a coda*, the same as the French.

The names of the square piano were; English, square piano; German, *tafelformiges piano*, that is to say, table, or slate-shaped, piano; French *piano carre*, that is, square; Italian, *pianoforte a tavolino*, or piano in the form of a little table. The extreme popularity from the standpoint of furniture, rather than that of art, which has descended upon the upright piano is a new phase of Americanism, although that form was invented by Isaac Hawkins in the first part of this century.

John Christian Bach came to England in 1759, and the first emergence of the piano in English art life was toward the latter part of the next decade, viz., in the sixties, just at the time when Goldsmith's immortal classics were coming into English literature. The first important epoch in the creation of this microcosm of the musical world, this "guide, philosopher and friend" of all modern musical intelligences, may be said to close about the year 1770, up to which time no music had been composed for the new instrument especially; but in the year 1773 we find a collection of pieces published by the immortal Clementi, although at a somewhat earlier date we find a composition written for the pianoforte, though obscurely indicated for other instruments, as well as for it; this was the famous Op. 2, three sonatas, of Muzio Clementi, published at London in 1773, though composed three years earlier, when Clementi was but a boy of eighteen.

In these compositions Clementi, with the genius of a prophet, divined the real nature of the pianoforte, its secret, though as yet veiled and obscure powers, and we need not wonder that he was Beethoven's admired model, and that Beethoven constantly used his compositions, not only in teaching and in molding his own executive powers, but that so much of the Clementi technic, which finally reached its culmination in the great etudes of Cramer, should be the pith, the sum and the substance of Beethoven's great sonatas.

Clementi was held in the same high estimation and in the same constant use by another genius so widely diverse from Beethoven as Frederic Chopin. The complaint made against Clementi by Mozart in the famous duel which took place between them at Vienna, December 24, 1781, before the emperor of Austria, was that he, Clementi, had great digital dexterity and power, but lacked in expression. This of course is quite possible, since it is the mechanical serviceableness rather than the great warmth of heartfelt inspiration which commends Clementi, through the Tausig-modified edition, to the high esteem of the most modern pianists.

The old pianofortes, especially those of the Vienna maker Andreas Streicher, astonish the modern player by their excessive and uncomfortable lightness, and also by their shallowness of the "dip." The weight of the keys is about equal to that of the Virgil practice clavier when turned to the extreme left-hand point, and the dip is scarcely more than an eighth of an inch, not above a third or a half the descent to which many modern pianos go. Early in the development of the instrument among the French, the Germans and the English (for the Italians after inventing it sank immediately entirely out of sight, they having been occupied in their musical life with the violin, and especially with the human voice, rather than with instrumental music in any form), the grand differences among pianos gathered into much the same characteristics as we know them to-day; certain instruments tending toward the mellow, muffled, sweet quality, others toward the ringing, brilliant, harsh quality—the former suggesting an instrument of wood, the latter an instrument of metal. These two poles, or rather let us say this polarity of tone quality, in pianofortes we must regard as radical to the instrument, and, though it is extremely desirable, it is hardly to be hoped that any piano will ever be invented which will really surpass all others in every particular; one instrument, for example, sounds exceedingly well for slow, mellow and pathetic passages, but the instant runs and dainty *nuances* are required, it is obscure, and all its tone colors are lost in the shadows of twilight. Another instrument again charms us with the scintillant brilliancy of fiorature and with the iridescent gradations of dynamic effect, but when forced by a little extra vehemence unmistakably clangs and clashes. Liszt's favorite piano, as one might naturally suppose, was the powerful and sonorous Erard, whereas we know from Liszt's own authority that Chopin preferred the veiled and silvery Pleyel, these adjectives being the ones employed by Liszt himself.

The grand piano which was presented to Beethoven by James and Thomas Broadwood, in 1817, only went up to the second C above the staff—three octaves above middle C—and extended as far below, thus having exactly six octaves.

This limitation of the keyboard is distinctly visible in one of the climactic runs, or rather, say, accumulation of figured chord groups in the first movement of the A flat sonata, Op. 110, where there is an abrupt and awkward check of the ascending tidal wave of emotion, and a clumsy leap downward into the octave below. A similar limitation in the bass is detectable in the progress of the groups of the bass in the first movement of the seventeenth sonata, D minor, Op. 31, No. 2, which Beethoven himself called Shakespeare's "Tempest."

These technical details are exceedingly significant and interesting to all analytic students, as showing at what point the wings of the imagination beat themselves painfully against the wires and bars of mechanical limitation, and at once from this we open out a vexed question and a long discussion as to how far such modifications as Wagner has made in the score of the ninth symphony, and such emendations and added notes as Bulow has suggested for the later sonatas of Beethoven, are justifiable. It is of course in some cases so perfectly obvious that the composer desired certain harmonic progressions and certain tonal effects which his instrument was wholly inadequate to produce, that we are warranted in making the emendations which a century of mechanical invention has made possible; but it is well to lay the finger of caution on all such headlong, experimental improvements, for it is quite easy to distort the composer, and perhaps, from the historic standpoint, it is best always to preserve with almost the religious bigotry of the ancient Egyptians, the exact text as the composer himself left it—mistakes, blurred notes, mechanical imperfections, and all.

Since the beginning of our century there has been no essential change in the nature of the pianoforte. It is thus an evolution or a crystallization of the eighteenth century, and took almost exactly one hundred years, and the concentrated inventive genius of the mechanics and the practical musicians of four nations to bring it to pass. During the last fifty years America has figured largely as a mechanical factor in the creation of pianofortes, but her ingenuity has been chiefly directed toward opposing the natural perversities of the American climate, with its violent extremes of

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heat and cold, its great humidity, and above all the utter unreliability of the leaps of temperature.

No European piano can endure the racking of North American caprice as to heat and cold, through one season. It thus is now clear to any thinker why the pianoforte music of the eighteenth century, including that of Scarlatti, even as late as the works of Mozart, is so strongly marked by the mechanical peculiarities of the harpsichord, whereas the enormous variety and abundance of the pianoforte music of the nineteenth century, following in the direct path and leading of Clementi, has become so important as to engage vastly more than half the total time and money expenditure bestowed upon music throughout the entire world.

At the close of the eighteenth and during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, that marvelous period of fifty years which was marked in political life by the upheaval of the French revolution, and in all directions by amelioration and enlargement of humanitarian ideas and the growth of new schools in literature and art, the pianoforte was adorned by a cluster of brilliant geniuses, among whom may be named Clementi and Dussek, Cramer and Field, Hummel and Ries; Weber, who initiated in Germany the romantic school of pianoforte playing; Kalkbrenner, who in Paris forwarded technical discipline; and, above all and including all, Beethoven, whose early eminence as a practical pianist and a soulful performer (for it is often recorded that he brought tears and even sobs from his listeners with his playing of slow movements) was to a large extent overshadowed by his sublime triumphs as composer, although his matchless compositions insure to the pianoforte an immortality which no changes of fashion can jeopardize.

JOHN S. VAN CLEVE.

(CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.)

MUSICAL SCIENCE IN ITS RELATION TO MUSICAL PERFORMANCE.

The science of music has been, and is yet, held more consistently in disregard than any other branch of our art. The reasons for this are many. The study of harmony has ever been considered too dry and distasteful to give equivalent compensation for the labor involved by its pursuit. It was looked upon as one of the most severe of the many trials the professional musician had to undergo; and some of the older treatises on the subject were not adapted to convince the student of the fallacy of this view. Musical form and its natural outcome, the art of phrasing, are both comparatively of too recent a date to have been universally adopted in schools, although a marked progress in this direction has taken place during the last two decades; while in this practical age our interest is consumed to such a degree by the effort to keep pace with the rapid technical advancement, that we can scarcely find time to look back to the history of the past. Besides, we have been at the disadvantage of not possessing such an extensive musical literature in our language as some of our more favored European neighbors; although this too has been remedied by degrees, so that at present we can call our own, works on musical science, that may successfully rival the best publications of Germany and France; while some of the most important discoveries, which are very closely related to musical science, and whose future capacity cannot as yet be fully anticipated, have originated in our country.

The study of a musical instrument enables us to perform music. The study of harmony enables us to hear music. Harmony teaches us to discriminate the constituents of a musical composition. It introduces the different chords and discords, shows how to connect them in the most natural way, and advises us how to treat the dissonances so as to

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make them form an organic part of an æsthetic whole. The harmonic taste of children, if I may so express myself, and of people without musical education in general, is not very fastidious, as we have ample opportunity to observe. This, also, is sufficiently illustrated by the shallow character of our Sunday school music, conspicuous as it is alike for its popularity and utter want of musical value. The tonic, dominant and sub-dominant chords, or even only the first two, suffice to furnish the harmonic material for this class of music; the minor chords of the second, third and sixth degree, and more so the diminished chord of the seventh, produce the same effect as a dissonance. A thorough study of harmony is the only means of awakening an interest for more æsthetic harmonic progressions and remoter modulations. Besides its tendency to purify the musical taste, which cannot be overestimated, the study of harmony offers several other inducements to performers in general, and pianists and organists specially. It facilitates sight reading, score reading and transposition, three branches that are often neglected by students, a neglect always incurring defects that manifest themselves in every phase of the musician's activity. In view of these numerous and far-reaching advantages, the student may well ask himself whether they would not compensate for the sacrifice of pursuing an uninteresting and even irksome study? And is the study of harmony really uninteresting and irksome? To this I would reply, it can be, and is frequently made so, to a high degree; but it can be made also very interesting and pleasing. If the teacher presents the musical combinations merely as combinations of *notes*, the study will naturally appear dull. But if he teaches his pupils how to think musically, and how to hear mentally, what they are writing; if he causes them to be conscious of writing *music* and not only notes, the student's interest must become aroused. They will not merely consider themselves to be solving mechanically a given problem, but rather find themselves creating individual tone pictures. To enable the students to think music I would advise to sing every example in the class, all the parts separately and together, interchanging them so as to

give each pupil an opportunity of becoming familiar with each part. I would have one example worked out at the black-board, the class criticising the work afterward, not only pointing out the infringements upon the rules, but also expressing their opinions relating to the improvement of the natural flow of the voices, and to the manner of arranging the tones of the chords so as to produce the most satisfactory tonal effect. The times are past, when the slightest and most insignificant deviation from the strict rules was deemed by the old theorists a criminal act, more perfidious than high treason. The modern school is more tolerant, and favorably inclined to adhere to the maxim: All harmonic progressions, which serve an artistic purpose, are available for use.

If harmony is regarded only as an object of forbearance by the average musician, the study of Counterpoint, Canon and Fugue is held in open contempt by the great number of our amateurs, and, I regret to be compelled to the statement, by a large fraction of our professional musicians. Can any tangible reason be alleged to justify the hostile attitude assumed by such a large proportion of the musical profession toward this essential constituent of musical science? I most emphatically hold in the negative. Counterpoint is a difficult study; we cannot deny it. It is available only for advanced students, and demands much hard, earnest and self-sacrificing work. But the compensation it yields to the faithful student is proportionate to the quality of work required to master its secrets. I would liken the study of counterpoint to the ascent of a mountain; we leave behind the valley with its depressing atmosphere, and commence to climb the steep mountain side, winding our way through labyrinths of rocks, and around perilous cliffs, following the course of a foaming mountain stream. We rise higher and higher; our horizon widens; the air becomes pure and refreshing; the dull cares of every-day life are receding with every step. After a long, fatiguing march we reach the longed-for summit, and a glorious panorama unfolds its beauty to our astonished eyes. Just so with the study of this highest technical branch of our art. The road leading to the goal is narrow and full of obstacles. But after-

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reaching it, our musical horizon seems to stretch itself to an infinite distance. What in the lower stages of our art life seemed an incomprehensible chaos, unveils itself as an architectural structure of unforeseen, overwhelming beauty, and in such exalted moments we are initiated into the most sublime revelations of musical genius.

The study of Musical Form and Phraseology is, unlike the preceding object of this perusal, adapted to be entered upon in the primary grades of musical instruction; indeed, a foundation for its study should be laid by practical illustrations as soon as the very rudiments of performance are acquired.

This subject is so closely related to intelligible musical interpretation, that it can scarcely be dispensed with without endangering the accomplishment of the purpose aimed at.

If harmony is the grammar of music, phraseology is musical syntax, and musical form is identical with literary composition. Intelligent musical interpretation without a knowledge of the fundamental laws of form is as inconceivable as a literary production that does not observe the elementary principles of composition. The finest, most deeply felt musical thought, if cast in a clumsy, ungainly form, will lose its effect. The peculiar charm of Mozart's and Haydn's compositions is not to be attributed solely to their inventive genius, but is due to a great extent to their symmetrical, transparent form, which is in itself a characteristic trait of every classical art work. Bulow is uncontestedly the most distinguished of all Beethoven interpreters. We could enumerate virtuosi with a more brilliant technic, others with more highly developed emotional powers. Bulow, however, in his rendition of a Beethoven sonata, thinks as intensely as he feels; he studies the form to a nicety; every dynamic effect, even every accent is in its place, not only for its own sake, but its intensity is conditioned by its relation to the preceding and subsequent portions, and to the art work as a whole. His rendering of these priceless gems of classic literature is a result of artistic genius as well as of scientific deduction.

We cannot fully realize the acquirements of our time, if we have not been following up their slow, natural progress,

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and tracing back their historical growth. Music is the most subjective of all arts. Sculpture, painting, poetry, all her sister arts have their essential types in the surrounding objects of nature, which, although themselves submitted to alterations, afford a general outline for their creations.

Music has no outward expedients; it is confined entirely to its own resources. But it has undergone an organic development during a period of nearly 2,000 years; one step has been the natural consequence of the preceding one; from the seemingly most insignificant germs it has grown into a strong branch of the mighty tree of modern culture, overtaking and even outstripping sculpture and architecture, which had—at a time, when music as an independent art was in its very infancy—attained to a perfection not surpassed since. To observe and to investigate this struggle, to follow back its path, winding its way like a silver thread throughout the dark Middle Ages, breaking through the heavy clouds of despotism with renewed brilliancy—this is one of the most inspiring occupations a student can be called upon to pursue. The perusal of the biographies of our great tone heroes will throw a new luster on their works, enhancing many a dark place with a new light.

Each individual study is indispensable to the true disciple of music. Talent is an invaluable gift, but if not guided in the right direction by uninterrupted labor it cannot make amends for neglecting theoretical study. "Genius," says Buffon, "is the capacity for concentrated labor." What we call artistic instinct is to a certain extent a product of theoretical and historical knowledge, which acts as a quickening stimulant to the emotional powers. Emotion or musical feeling cannot as such be taught, it is true; but if existent only in its germs, it will be developed to its utmost capacity by the faithful pursuit of theoretical studies, that bring our minds in close contact with our masters, inducing us to compare our thoughts with their ideal conceptions. A narrow-minded, one-sided musician is not frequently an intelligent interpreter, and never an efficient teacher; and young performers and many "finished musicians" will find it a good investment to devote a reasonable portion of their time to the study of musical science.

KIDDER, Mo.

JEAN MOSS.

THE STORY OF AN ARTIST.*

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

CHAPTER XII.

Save perhaps to the man of science, the length of a day is made by what happens in it—not by the hours at which the sun rises and sets. Mrs. Worden did not soon recover from the shock received the day of the storm, and was not able to leave North lake when she had planned, and the long days of the next fortnight sped away on the wings of the wind to Huldah Goulding and David March. Acquaintance ripens quickly in unconventional surroundings, and the weather, which the farmers of the region declared would bring famine and disaster to them, brought David to the lake every day. Not a patient man by nature, he developed a surprising degree of that virtue, with other gentle qualities, that make for happiness when one is shut up to primitive comforts. He also showed such interest in Fred and Rob, the Polliwog, and Mr. Pike, and was so attentive to Mrs. Worden, even to the point of bringing her flowers and odd insects in his hat, that astute lady laid aside her first suspicion of him, and admitted that he was very genuine and unaffected, and that she liked him. An excursion had been planned to Rocky point, five miles away across the lake, on the sixteenth morning, which was unusually full of dewy odors and sweet sounds. Mr. March had just arrived, and Polliwog Hatch was momentarily expected, when a sudden excitement began at the ferry, which on the south crossed North creek and connected Pike's with the rest of the world. Stout women and lean women carrying baskets swarmed up the bank, up the steps, and into the hotel. Most of them wore

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black straw flats, and freshly ironed print gowns. Behind them were bevies of girls and many children. More women with baskets were visible on the south side of North creek. Here and there, like rare plums in a pie, a man was visible. Two of the young men came up and spoke to Huldah bashfully, and introduced her with unaffected pride in her acquaintance to some of their friends as, "The lady who plays the instrument just now at the Ephesus Corners meeting." But the greater number of the sterner sex were busy with the horses and wagons, as an impatient "Whoa! Can't ye stand still, dum ye!" from the sheltering trees testified. A tall man in a wide straw hat, a long alpaca coat, a white vest, and shining trousers that flapped about his lean ankles, pushed his way up to Mr. March as he came hurriedly up from the beach, and began nervously, "They tell me, sir,—"

But David interrupted him by clasping his hand and crying, "Truevalley, old boy, what are you doing in this part of the country?"

"I am preaching at East Ephesus," said Mr. Truevalley, after a moment given to exclamations of surprise and pleasure, and in a tone indicating that East Ephesus was not an earthly Paradise, "and this is our Sunday school picnic, and a fair representation of my people."

"Ma's a-wanting you, Pa Truevalley," cried a fat boy, clasping one of his lean legs. "She's a-wanting you awful."

A slender woman with a faded pretty face could be seen making signals with a parasol, on the outskirts of the crowd. "I wish," said harassed Mr. Truevalley, "if you know anything of this place, David, you'd come with me for a season. I fear our committee have been slack. It looks to me as if there had been no arrangements made. Things are inclined to be slack that are left to our people." And he tried to smile cheerfully at this bit of history.

Mrs. Worden had retreated to her rooms. Huldah sought out her favorite nook on the wide veranda, but it was crowded with young girls, who stood in groups, their

arms about each other's waists, chatting noisily and giggling. A sudden silence fell upon them at her appearance, and each pair of bright eyes took in the details of her dress, which, though plain, had an indescribable air of fashion, and set off her dazzling fairness. They wanted to speak to her, but did not dare to, and with quick sensitiveness resented the smile on her face as she turned away.

"My cousins, Ephraim and Alonzo Moore, who live at the Corners, think she's splendid," said a tall, slow-spoken girl, with heavy-lidded, fine gray eyes. "But Aunt 'Manda, their mother, you know, she says, Miss Goulding hasn't a particle of conversation. She stopped there one Sunday to wait for a shower to pass over. I should like to know myself what she saw in us to grin at."

"Oh, Gusty Bell, don't be vexed at Miss Goulding's smile!" cried a vivacious little miss in pink gingham, who had come up just too late to greet Huldah. "If she smiled at you when she came around here, it was just because she felt pleasant. I've seen her smile up at the sky, and at the trees, and she is always smiling at this lake. She smiles too, when she plays the voluntary on our dreadful church melodeon. I asked her once why she smiled, and she said she did not know she did, but perhaps it was because she felt happy."

"And did you, yourself, really ask her to play the church melodeon for you, or did she just take possession?" asked a round little blonde with keen curiosity.

"She rode over to Ephesus Corners one Sunday with Mrs. Pike, who is mother's cousin," explained Huldah's defender. "It was very warm, and just after the first piece, I turned faint, for I had the headache, and I had to go out doors for what air there was. They sat up front with mother, and mother asked Miss Goulding if she could play, and if she would do the next hymn for me. Father had taken me out under the honey locusts, by the east windows. You know how our meeting house stands alone by itself in the grass and the daisies. I thought my head would kill me, until she began to play, and then I forgot the pain, for I had never heard anything like the

music she was extracting, so to speak, out of that wheezy melodeon, only, under her touch, it didn't wheeze, to notice. Father isn't one to make a fuss, but the tears came in his eyes, and he said to me, 'Little girl, you shall have a chance. If it is in you, you shall be able some day to play like that,' and I am going up to Utica this fall. But, girls, I don't believe it is in me to be taught to do what I hear and love in her playing. However, I am going to work like fury."

"Aunt 'Manda says that folks at the Corners say that Amy Gasper is just like her father," said Gusty Bell slowly after Amy was gone. "Mrs. Gasper was a Moore, and she would like things different, but he fills the house with books and such, and doesn't care a bit for new furniture."

The people swarmed everywhere, even into Mrs. Pike's cherished garden, carefully fenced in from four-footed invaders, and now gay with nasturtiums and marigolds. The Worden boys were quickly captured by a throng of lads, and Polliwog Hatch, with calm disregard of all previous promises, recognized the rights of the multitude as opposed to a few individuals, and filling the benches of the White Swan with children, trimmed his sails to catch the southern breeze. Everything save the sunshine was in complete possession of the new comers.

Huldah set out for a walk northward where the willows and button bushes grew. Coming upon a group of children unwatched by their elders, she speedily made their acquaintance, and after assisting at the digging of a pond the size of a small tub, and the building of a fort which the ants would consider a miracle of strength, she sat down under a button bush, and the children crowded about her as near as they could while she revived the memories of her own childhood, and told the fairy tales with which her Grandfather Schirmer had once delighted her imagination.

"Well, you're nicer than any fairy lady," declared fat Benjamin Truevalley, with a sigh of satisfaction after hearing about "The Talking Bush," "The Wise Black

Cat," and the "Wonderful Story of Giant Grobbler"; "and prettier to look at than anybody I ever saw. Unless," he added, after an instant's reflection, for his was an honest heart, "unless, it is my mother."

"And my mother," added a tall girl, with very red braids.

It was noon before they knew it there under the button bush. They had even forgotten the promised lemonade and the countless cakes, some ornamented with the tiny confections in every color of the rainbow, known in East Ephesus as "mites." The wind was blowing and gently rustling the button bush. The sand muffled every footfall, and when David March suddenly laid a somewhat jealous hand upon the fat boy's shoulder, he was received by a chorus of squeals and squeaks.

"I guess you'd a-hollered too if you had been hearing about the Giant Grobbler," said the fat boy in eager self-justification. "She was just telling us about him. He enchanted six little boys."

"They are beginning dinner," said Mr. March briefly. He was both tired and vexed, and had seen children enough for one day. "You had better run."

"Where'll you be, when we are done?" asked the red-haired girl, holding fast to a fold of Huldah's gown.

"Not far from here, if I do not go up to the hotel."

"This deluge from East Ephesus has spoiled the day," said Mr. March, irritably, when they were alone, and were walking by a common impulse toward the north and solitude. "Poor Truevalley! He was our class poet. Fancy what his life has been!"

"Perhaps he has had compensations; but it seems to me it must be a sort of death-in-life existence living in East Ephesus, or, for that matter, in most tiny towns. Helen has been planning to build a cottage here next summer, but she will give it up now, I think."

"One picnic ought not to change her mind. It does one good to know all sorts and conditions of men."

"Perhaps it does some people, but Helen loves art and beauty, and she comes here for nature, not human nature,

and she isn't a bit of a missionary in the ordinary way. She might be for a little while if the savages were admiring and obedient, and anxious to be civilized, but if they held their ways were as good as hers—and most of them about here would—she would lose her temper. I like it here when it is still save for the wind in the trees and the rush of the water, but I should not like to be tied here in any way, would you?"

They were walking with their heads bent down to keep the sunshine from their faces, and glanced at each other shyly. They were stopped by a precipitous bluff that rose abruptly at the end of the sandy beach bordering the shallows, and was the wonder of geologists. The rocks were hung with a dense growth of ferns, blackberry vines, and the like. Huldah, who had not seen what was before her, put out her hand, and clutched the leaves of a poison ivy wreathed about a tiny hemlock.

Mr. March struck her arm up with a quick exclamation. "I ought to have saved you that," he cried. "That stuff is poisonous. We will go back at once, and you must forgive me."

"Ivy does not harm me," said Huldah, leaning against the ferny bank, the color coming and going in her cheeks. "I brought a handful of that very vine into the hotel last week, and Mrs. Pike foretold direful consequences, but they did not come."

"But you do not forgive me for striking you." He took her right hand in his. The delicate wrist and long, supple fingers turned rosy at his touch. The black sleeve falling away disclosed a red line, the mark of his blow. Reason, training, all the repressive tendencies of his education gave way at the sight of it, and he went on impetuously. "It was because I love you. I feared that harm might come to you. I have loved you from the first moment I saw you. I shall always love you."

Huldah did not look at him. She stood quite still, intent, absorbed, her eyes bent on the ground.

"I ask nothing in life, if I can have your love," he went on. "Can you not say anything to me?"

A sweet, reedy cry floated down the sands. Coming in a long line, the fleetest runner ahead, were the children Huldah had amused. They had made short work of dinner, and now were returning, each one bearing aloft a gift for her from the best of the feast.

"Do you think you can ever learn to love me?" he pleaded.

"Wait a little," she faltered. "I do not know. Wait a little."

"I don't believe you've had a good time," said the fat boy, noting her troubled looks when Mr. March was gone. "But if you'll go back up yonder, my father'll swing you so your toes will touch a tall tree. Father's lots nicer than Mr. March. He'll do anything for me. He gives me coffee on the Lord's day, and he'd let me take his pen-knife after meeting, but ma—she says it's sinful." But I," went on this young philosopher, "am always goodest when I'm happy."

Unable to remain longer with the children, Huldah went slowly back to Pike's, which, at that distance, looked like a hive, about which swarm restless bees. There was going to be speech making, and the people were gathering about the hotel steps.

"We've drug along at East Ephesus till I'm tired," said a toothless but energetic old woman, as she brushed past Huldah. "Miss Truevalley hain't no energy, an' we can't get along 'ith a minister's wife o' that sort. Look at Miss Grimshaw over to Smyrna! She's got six children, an' she's allus on hand. There ain't no talk about her bein' fibble. Miss Truevalley spends more time over that fat Ben o' hers, 'n some women'd spend over a dozen. She don't do nothin' for the Cause."

"I think Miss Truevalley *tries* to be a good woman," apologized her companion, who was equally withered, but a shade less energetic. "'Tain't every woman, Miss Fuller, as can go ahead like you."

"Howd'do?" exclaimed a voice on the other side of Huldah, and the next instant her hand was given an eccentric elliptical shake. "Ye know me, don't ye? I

know you, don't I? Yes. But blamed if I can remember your name. I'm Ziba Fuller, an' this is Miss Fuller, my wife."

"I met him on the North-Western train, between Chester and Chicago," explained Huldah to Mrs. Fuller, whose expressive face was clouded over with suspicion. "It was last winter." Then to escape being presented to all East Ephesus she slipped away.

David March stood on the steps beside anxious Mr. Truevalley. Not far off, looking very pale and weary, was the unenergetic Mrs. Truevalley. Somehow the picture grated upon Huldah's nerves, and she took refuge with Polliwog Hatch, who was about to row up the placid creek.

"Afore I'd preach!" exclaimed the Polliwog wrathfully, as he swung his boat into the stream. "Afore I would! What do ye think! They're a-goin' to drive Mr. Truevalley away from East Ephesus! They've had nine pastors in ten years. Nine! I'm thankful my livin' don't depend on nothin' more unfeelin' 'n this lake."

CHAPTER XIII.

The loungers who usually sat with Mr. Pike on the porch before his kitchen door, discussing the affairs of the nation and the neighborhood, while smoking ancient pipes at Mrs. Pike's flower beds, had shuffled away to their dreary little homes hidden somewhere along the shore. There was a subdued clatter of a chopping knife, for Mrs. Pike's duties were never done, and occasionally Buck barked irritably. Too much company always upset his nerves, and like his mistress he perhaps suffered a good deal from thinking over past tribulations. Night birds called softly to each other. A tree toad set up a gurgling call for rain, and always there was the tireless murmur of the waves upon the shore, and the lapping of the leaves.

Huldah, crouched on the floor by her window, brushed her long hair, intent upon her thoughts, and did not hear

Mrs. Worden's light tap, and greeted the sight of her white-robed figure with a cry.

"It is I—Helen," said the little woman in a worried voice, unlike her usual soft alto, and wandering about the room like a small uneasy ghost. "I came in because I cannot sleep, and because I am a foolish woman." She sat down on the bed, and leaning her chin on the foot-board, peered down at her cousin, who had resumed her seat by the window, and the hair brushing. "Comb your hair after dark, comb sorrow to your heart. You do not catch me doing that."

"Nonsense," cried Huldah, brushing with renewed vigor. "Dear grandfather used to dread to spill salt, and mamma quakes when she sees the new moon over her left shoulder, but I have never found such matters make any difference."

"When you have had trouble, you may grow superstitious, and have your little fears. Come up here on the bed and put your arms about me." Fond as the cousins were of each other, there had never been any caressing between them, and Huldah did as she was requested, thinking Mrs. Worden was cold, as she often was at unexpected and unreasonable times.

"I had a long talk with grandfather the very night before he died, you perhaps remember," said Mrs. Worden, looking full at Huldah. "Oh, how well and full of life he seemed! And I never told you what it was about."

"No. You never did."

"It was all about you. He planned, after your mother's marriage, to take you abroad. He believed you should live for art alone. You were to have the widest opportunity."

"That was like him. He was always planning for me," said Huldah, brokenly.

"Unluckily he did not make a new will. He made one years ago giving your mother all his little fortune, as I was well provided for. You are now quite dependent upon yourself and her. Governor Rawlinson is not the man to let her give away \$15,000 or more. But that is not

what I want to speak to you about. I saw Mr. March after all that dreadful crowd had left, and I saw you. Now what has happened?"

The moonlight shone full upon Huldah's face. She tried to draw herself up, and to look dignified and impassive, but something filled her throat. In a moment she had bent her head into the shadow. "Nothing, Helen, as yet," she whispered.

"But he is your lover?"

"Yes."

"And you have given him some hope?"

"No. He is not like other men to me. But—I do not want to marry."

"And he will not let you shilly shally. However, I am glad you do not want to marry."

"But you married," said Huldah desperately.

"Yes, I married." Mrs. Worden's voice grated hoarsely. "I married. You, however, know nothing about that interesting period of my life."

"Didn't you love—your husband?"

"When I married him. But let my life go. Your life is all before you. This man is pleasant, taken by himself; but can you not see how incongruous is the thought of marriage between you, unless you, Huldah, are ready to give up all you are and may be? A minister is the most conventional of men, and his wife—heaven help her!—must be the most conventional of women, and at the beck and call of every small mind in her husband's congregation. You, from the very fiber of your being, and the simplest necessities of your art, must be free as air to work out your possibilities."

"But one cannot be free from the need of being loved, Helen," sighed the younger woman.

"It is not the whole of life even for a woman to love and to be loved. You have a profession. As the world is now arranged, marriage is a profession for woman. She undertakes the details of keeping a home, and in nine times out of ten its drudgery, for the hypothetical pleasure of a certain man's company and such support as he

can furnish. It is not a bad arrangement for the average woman. It is certainly a fine thing for the average man. But for you to marry Mr. March is for you, intellectual death."

"But it is death to be necessary to no one. And why need all my world antagonize me—if—"

"You have decided, then?"

"No—I love my work. I could not live without it, and why should I, if I marry?"

"Because no profession or trade worthy the name can be carried on in scraps of time," said Mrs. Worden, rising, "because married to Mr. March, you will be compelled to choose between his success and your own, since we are not living in the blessed millennium, when people will have learned not to lay the trammel of their prejudices upon their neighbors."

When Huldah awoke next morning, a chilly north wind was blowing, and across her window drove gray lines of rain.

"Mamma has a telegram," grumbled Rob at the door.
"A man came all the way from the station with it before daybreak, and mamma wants to take the first train."

CHAPTER XIV.

The business in Boston concluded, Mrs. Worden hurried her cousin off to Newport, where, in spite of the fact that they were both in mourning, Huldah speedily became a social success in a quiet way. Oliver Farnsworth, the composer and virtuoso, whose musical gifts had the rare advantage of a financial support of unusual and well invested thickness (Farnsworth *pere* having been a banker), not only paid her devoted attention, but declared that no one he had ever heard, played certain compositions with just the delicacy of comprehension she did. But unluckily a poetic soul does not always dwell in an attractive earthly tabernacle, and Mr. Farnsworth's appreciation did not

win for him, from Huldah, what perhaps he deserved. His chubby cheeks, his round blue eyes, twinkling uncertainly behind spectacles, his curls, which were bent upon becoming ringlets, caused her to feel almost angry when he took courage to ask her to marry him.

"I can look over his head," she said in hot self-justification to Mrs. Worden, who had considered the rich little virtuoso a not unsuitable match. "He ought not to have dared to think of such a thing!"

"But you have openly called him a genius."

"Yes. But, when it comes to marriage, there are other qualities to be thought of. How would I look taking his arm? You need not argue, Helen."

Huldah returned to Chicago the first of September, and Governor Rawlinson himself met her at the station. He had come in the handsome new coupé he had bought for his new wife, and as they rolled homeward behind the two handsome, high-stepping horses, Huldah's heart unconsciously swelled with innocent elation at the luxurious fittings of the equipage, and pride in the very distinguished appearance of her step-father.

If not a great man, John Rawlinson, Sr., had an imposing appearance, which often suggested to imaginative minds stately ceremonials, with him as the principal figure. He had many admirers in his party, and had more than once been spoken of as "available," and "a dark horse," at conventions. He honestly thought of himself as a great man, but as he was sometimes conscious of even feeble sensations, he liked what he called "support," that is, he liked to be on that side of public questions which had the aid of the most influential journals. He had once been appointed governor of one of the territories, and as the title suited his carriage, and he had never been able to procure any other, he had been called governor ever since. He would have made a valuable figurehead in any business in which presence counts, and Marshall Whitaker, his partner, was contented to do the work of the firm, for he knew the governor paid. A kindly man at heart, though he knew he would reap from

it substantial benefits, his marriage to Mrs. Goulding had been from genuine inclination, and he was ready to make not only her, but her daughter, as happy as possible.

He had bought a handsome house on a handsome street just before his marriage, and had intrusted its decoration to a specialist, who, if he lacked other qualifications, had unlimited zeal, and a great capacity for spending money. If not beautiful, the house had certainly proven expensive, a result not without effect in some circles. Mrs. Rawlinson, who, though she had lived quietly enough in the retirement of Forest place, had an instinctive perception of what is suitable and harmonious, had altered some of the rooms, especially those designed for her daughter, but had done so with much secret trembling, as one tampers with the prescription of a noted physician. A timid woman, with a strong thread of obstinacy, Huldah's mother had on the whole an enviable temperament, since it was moved only by well regulated emotions. In her small world, and according to her small light she had been faithful in all her relations, which is saying much, and her eccentric father and gifted daughter had been indebted to her for more than they knew, for her small capable hands had relieved them of all the drudgery of living, attending not only to that daily routine which keeps every household going, but bringing with it that sweet odor and cleanliness one does not know the value of till they are missed.

"How charming, mamma! Cousin gave me a delightful nest, but these rooms are far prettier," exclaimed Huldah, as she followed her mother into the sunny chamber which was to be her own sitting room. "I'll have my piano up here, just where I can look out at the lake," and she drew back the soft blue curtains to let in the vision of water and sky—Lake Michigan darkling under a violet and crimson sunset.

"I suppose Helen gave you the south rooms she is so proud of. I dare say she keeps the old sofa bed of solid rosewood, and the old armoires with long mirrors, that were her mother's," said Mrs. Rawlinson, fidgeting with the ornaments on the mantel. "I—we thought

that perhaps you would like an upright up here. Monsieur Thierry advised that. I have not followed his ideas altogether, though it is quite the thing to have him. A home isn't like a hotel—and I thought I knew best, especially for you, but I liked the idea about the upright myself; and for the long drawing room we will have a parlor grand. The governor wants you to select both instruments."

"And the old square?" said Huldah, still gazing at the lake. Her heart was just now very sore for the old man who had been her closest friend, her first instructor, her inspiration always. The old piano had been his gift, and upon it he played all his own compositions and arrangements of hymns.

"Oh, we sold it." Mrs. Rawlinson quaked a little at the admission. Her tall daughter had long filled her with a certain awe, as a being quite able to criticise actions with uncomfortable keenness. "It was five years old, and then, the squares are so out of date. The governor wants you to choose just what you like best."

"He is very kind," said Huldah with ungrateful brevity. "But it takes one's breath away to begin life all new so."

"He is more than kind," replied the mother, emerging from a closet with something white and clinging on her arm. "What do you think of this?" she continued, laying a triumph of the dressmaker's art upon the nearest chair.

"It is perfect, but you cannot mean it for me. We—I am in mourning," and Huldah noted that her mother's black satin gown twinkled with fine jet trimmings.

"The governor dislikes mourning extremely, and this is only pure white. Of course I wear crape at church, but not at home, for his sake. It is heathenish, as he says, and we must take people as they are."

Huldah turned over the dress in silence, and feeling that she was not quite fairly treated, Mrs. Rawlinson continued, with a touch of sharpness in her voice, "I trust you will see that it is your duty to please the governor.

It is your duty to me. But perhaps I ought not to speak of duties. Annice will bring you some roses. We dine at seven, and there will be guests. I do not know whom, nor how many."

The guests of the evening proved to be Mr. Shortz, a florid German, the editor of the German organ of "the party" in Chicago, Mr. Blodgitt, a nervous, bilious lawyer, and Silas Barkin, a wiry little man, with cunning black eyes and a good deal of manner.

"The governor is going in for congress, and you may prepare to see the party menagerie in full force," said John Rawlinson, Jr., who dropped in during the dinner and established himself beside Huldah, quite in an at-home manner. "Shortz, over there, is really a well informed fellow, and has some heart and conscience, but as for the others, they are merely parts of the machine."

Huldah went up to her pretty rooms inexpressibly weary and lonely. Instinct had told her that her mother's marriage had made a wide gulf between them. It had done more. It revealed how little in common there had ever been between these two so closely bound together by blood. It was from her grandfather, whom in no other way she resembled, that Huldah had inherited her musical gifts, and he it had been from whom she had received in her home that dearest benefit, intellectual sympathy. "I will go to work to-morrow," she told the tired vision of herself she saw in the mirror.

But the new day brought many distractions, and the next day was like it. Visits, receptions, drives and multitudinous shopping excursions crowded one after the other, and the days flew into weeks full only of trivialities. Even concerts and the opera had changed, Huldah discovered. One went to see, and be seen, far more than to hear music, in this strange commonplace world so intent upon its clothes, its furniture and its calling list, into which she had plunged with her mother.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TANNHÄUSER.

Sin-satiate, and haggard with despair,
Freed from the unholy mountain's baleful spell,
Forth coming from the very pit of hell,
The fallen knight repentant kneels in prayer.
But hark! What solemn strains fill all the air?
What pilgrim chants now on the morning swell,
And pour hope's balm upon his soul, and tell
Of pardon, if he to Christ's seat repair?

With fervent heart he treads the weary way,
Kneels at the throne of God's anointed, hears
The fearful doom repentance may not stay;
And yet, in death's last gasp—if he but heed—
An angel voice soft whispers in his ears
That for him too the Saviour once did bleed.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

IMPRESSIONS OF BEETHOVEN'S SONATAS.*

SONATA IN D MINOR, OP. 31; SONATA IN
F MAJOR, OP. 54.

The soul's evolution from ignorance and rebellion to wisdom
and blessedness.

The sonata, Op. 31, in D minor is a magnificent inspiration. It was a favorite with Beethoven, and was often played by him for the public. It should be classed with the "Moonlight" and the "Appassionata" sonatas, and has, not unjustly (at least in so far as the first sonata-part is concerned) received from the musical public the cognomen of the "Storm" sonata.

THE "STORM" SONATA.

Many are the pictures which may be painted by the imagination in seeking to interpret this art-work. One of these may show the soul's slow development through the blinding pain caused by loss, to a clear vision of the freedom of harmony and the sufficient strength which this vision brings. If this picture be drawn its features may be defined by the following outlines :

Something seems to have been denied the soul. The battle against obstacles to the soul's self-thought good is begun, and in antagonism to the patient, submissive state which the voice of harmony in a revelation of its law seems to command the soul rises, at first indeed somewhat self-distrustfully, to a mighty passion of wrath, in which it rushes to claim its own, or to achieve the boon denied. But, in the first sonata part, the soul fails to reach its end by means of storm and fury, and then in the Adagio, tries in meditation and ecstasy to scale the besieged wall. Nor does the soul yet succeed directly. However, what is better, it finds the true meaning of the angelic message, wherein is formed the golden secret

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of love, which is the spirit of beauty embodied by the laws of harmony, or interdependence throughout all differentiation; and armed with this magic key it proceeds in the third sonata part, to modify, or as far as possible to lighten, the shadows of earth life and employ them as temporary, limited means of the soul's true development.

But the soul does not find the pure sunlight which underlies the universal nature of soul in the D minor sonata ; and of the full triumph or individualization of the being through the broadening and rounding of all parts and the consequent freeing of relations, Beethoven has formed a symbolization in the sonata, Op. 54, in F major.

I.

At the outset, and as if from without by some angel visitant, the harmonic light is thrown in tones upon the soul's retina. (Fig. 1.)



FIG. 1.

But the soul cannot yet recognize the absolute law, so simply is it presented, so different does it seem from the apparently measureless sublimation or externalization thereof in the many forms of life as manifested in modes that are grosser and more material than is the comparatively spiritual mode of the life of tone. The soul, at first, is not willing to listen to the voice of universally self-revealing reason. Only in the fires of experience will it learn that law embodies love. The soul is restive—something intensely cherished



FIG. 2.

has been withdrawn, and, believing itself worthy to retain the blessing it deems necessary to its happiness, it rises in an agitated remonstrance to the decree. (Fig. 2.)

This decree was indeed necessary to arouse the soul, to bring it to a true, deep recognition of itself by opening its eyes to see the nature of soul and of Beauty—the food which alone sustains soul and is the Bread of Life. Often in the futile storm wherewith passion would win some visible thing, the soul awakes to see that it is the invisible relation hinted by visible things—often recognized only in the passing away of visible things—and this alone which feeds, unfolds and glorifies the soul. Then it appears that beauty is most delectable as soul-food when it is manifested in the sublimity with which freedom—high involution—so plainly reveals the infinite essence of relation. And when it sees this, the loss of a beloved object can no longer dis-ease the soul; for the power of the relation invisible is felt to be eternal, and thus into the supreme life of spirit the soul by its new wisdom is launched.

As if from out of the depths of pacific meditation does the “perfect round” inter-relating the harmonic parts again suggest itself in tones, and, underneath these symbols of life, become mirrored in the soul’s consciousness with all the infinite power of its mystery.

The very definiteness of harmonic law, as manifested in the mode of music, blinds the human eye to its fine channelization of the spirit of beauty. Man is dazed by the paradox that the infinite, the sublimity of nature and life and the universe, is but the fine flower and fruit of the absolutely definite law of harmonic freedom. The undeveloped soul cannot appreciate the freedom or mildness which divinity embodies. The sweetness manifested by the temperament which unites disparities cannot be tasted by the partial soul, because it mistakes the purity of harmony for the purity of singleness, and thus instead of reading incitation to vigorous organizing, it reads submission to partializings which ever war against the soul. How great indeed is Plato’s conception of the absolute purity of whiteness—if we perceive his great conception of the unity of purity, or grasp but slightly the science of the involved nature of oneness, which was gray with age long before Plato began to think! And this science of unity was revealed to man in

his pre-historic study of tones, when in the ratios and involutions harmonizing tones he recognized numbers as the creators of life and the universe.

But the restive, unawakened soul cannot yet see any freedom or life in the interdependence of harmonic parts in numbers, in logic or the "Word which was in the beginning, and which was God." The soul does not yet perceive how infinite interdependence, and that only, makes infinite differentiation and growth possible, because it has stopped the flow of life and fixed a limit to its own development by holding to a mere part, and cannot yet realize that the latter is removed so that the soul may learn to cherish that which is eternal, and therefore real—the relation hinted by the part. It is therefore enraged with the calm influence which radiates from the rounded face, and in a rebellious state it again



FIG. 3.

antagonizes (Fig. 3) the spell which it mistakes to be lulling it in blind submission to mere visible loss, and this time the struggling of the soul becomes far more conscious and definite.

The third time that the harmonic voice would have itself heard, its motive is hid and blackened by the limitations and shadows of inconsiderate discontent. It is sounded deep down in the bass tones in the dreariness of the prime minor harmony (Fig. 4, first two bars), and following this, the



FIG. 4.

awakening mind defines its pain in a sad melodic motive (Fig. 4, last two bars). The mind seems now to have recognized that blind submission is but weakness, and leads the abandonment of the individuality to the tendencies of dissolution. The broken chord motive, which seemed to sound

the voice of submission, becomes limited, intense and passionate, and the patience of the angelic voice itself is now turning into wrath. Or rather, indeed, should we not regard this deep bass minor reflection and limitation of the Voice as the soul's own ignorant and bitter conception of the freedom of harmonic law?

The mind can now no longer gain a hearing (Fig. 5), for



FIG. 5.

its melodic definition of the pain and wrong. Frightened at the storm of rage which the placidity of its sad motive seems unwittingly to have aroused, it follows slowly on, as if loth to engage in the strife. But it is drawn into the battle, blow for blow is dealt (Fig. 6), both heart and mind



FIG. 6.

are wrought into molten heat; then they blend aims and the soul in all its parts is wildly agitated (Fig. 7). The melodic



FIG. 7.

flow is torn and tossed (Fig. 7), by the billows of motion; fiercely panting, the soul rages on, pausing anon for breath



FIG. 8.

while hurried along on the ever higher, newly rising waves

of sound (Fig. 8). Then emotions (Fig. 9, bars 1 and 2) and mind (Fig. 9, bars 3 and 4) alternate with each other



FIG. 9.

in wrestling with the obstacle. Both recognize in the confused expression of the syncopes (Fig. 10) their weakness



FIG. 10.

and incapacity to successfully combat with the inevitable degradations and failures of this earth life. At last the whole being sinks into the speechlessness of a momentary bafflement (Fig. 11), only to be there, alas ! accosted by



FIG. 11.

the old haunting voice that seemed to solely say: "Be resigned to circumstances, be ever patient, and submit to all things."

At the beginning of the fantasia part (Fig. 12) the harmonious voice speaks again and again. It colors its message in various lights. It penetrates to the soul's centre with its loving persuasion. The soul seems for a moment to apprehend that there is in the message some different meaning than that of unqualified submission. Can it really be some angel ministrant that is seeking to bring true aid to the soul, seeking to call the soul away from the confusing, distorting accidents and obstacles of the outer material life to the underlying constituent harmony of the being ? Can all this be ? for now it seems to say, "Within is the true freedom; in purity of individuality is the eternal triumph and success ! Why let these outward obstacles or their loss disintegrate

thy being? Why strive and cry and storm? Endure for a moment here what is really but temporary loss, pain or non-success, for a far greater glory will await thee there in the heaven beyond, and already begins to be thine if thou wilt but now turn to the influence of the light that is within thee! for 'the spirit is free even if the man be bound in chains.'"

Unto what a rapturous exaltation do the transcendent tone-colors born of the harmonious vibrations of this voice from above lift the soul! (Fig. 12.) How easily and how



FIG. 12.

high does the soul seem to rise while listening to this high temptation, for temptation it still seems to the soul to be, because the soul cannot yet rightly grasp the meaning of the divine message.

But the soul will not longer listen, it will not cease to struggle for outward freedom also, as well as inward harmony. This earthly material body of circumstance must be free ere the soul *indeed can be*, for is not the soul the *all* of present being? Does not "soul" signify the unity of mind, emotions and body? Shall not the body and material circumstance also be spiritualized, harmonized and freed? Is not this the end of earth life? And is it not the present duty of the loyal spirit, sent on earth, to polish and harmonize its armor in the discipline of clashing against, and conquering, earthly obstacles? Shall the soul submit to any partialities? Can harmony or soul be manifested before all parts are free and unified in an infinite organizing? What is there of light and glory in human history but the heroism of non-submission to the material, traditional, arbitrary, unideal, and unreal limitations of earth or ignorance, which seek to press the soul on all sides, and by partializing it render it dissolute?

And so in the allegro tempo of the agitated hastening motions, the storm of the soul again underlies the mood. The heart mockingly echoes and reechoes the sublime voice of

patience, in bitter brooding darkness, showing how illy it has understood the true nature of the angelic message. The mind alternates with its same dreary complaining, which seems even more desolate than before. The soul rises into passionate bursts of strife with the outer world, and is absorbed again in the seething turmoil of an infuriated storm.

But fury quickly wastes the being, and again baffled, the soul falls back within itself (Fig. 13, first four bars) only



FIG. 13.

again to meet the beseeching, patient, calm, arpeggio-chord, or divine voice (Fig. 13, last two bars), as if sounded by some warning guardian angel. The soul is too bitter and impatient to listen now, and it throws itself, in the diminished limitations of the dominant inharmony through an agonizing scale of expression. It seems like some mighty animate being floundering in vain on the strand after the saline tide has gone out, or some proud eagle whose wings have just been fully broken (Fig. 14). But now it cannot



FIG. 14.

rise, and it is forced to listen to the angelic voice. The old picture of submission to the flesh seems to be now again drawn before the eye. Resignation, a sombre-clad angel, appears reciting with pathetic intonation the virtues of patience and self-abnegation. (Fig. 15.)



FIG. 15.

Yet the brave soul flutters and quivers again (as in Fig. 2). Not yet will it be stilled. Not yet abandon the prom-

tion of earthly progress which surely is the greatest need in this world, for never, "until all things shall be put under his feet," shall the soul or "son of man" reign; and the last enemy is death. But death shall not be slain until the flesh and its circumstance be fully harmonized, idealized, glorified!

Not altogether without wisdom the angel now dons other robes, and appears in the glistening white of C major (Fig. 16, first two bars). Still more persuasively does she seem to



FIG. 16.

the soul to recite the virtues of self-abnegation and unqualified submission (Fig. 16, last four bars). But her voice will ever fall into the shadows (Fig. 16, last two bars), and these the soul well knows to be temporary enemies which war against the final reign of light.

So with the ring of true metal the soul clashes its sword upon the silver shield (Fig. 17, first two bars) and prepares



FIG. 17.

for final battle. The stealed chords cut sharply, the shining arpeggios glisten as the armor of the true soul ever should do (Fig. 17, second two bars) in the strife to glorify and spiritualize the flesh, to lift it in loving it, that the soul should not partialize itself by scorning the physical channel of the eternal principle.

But alas ! Not yet is the hour for victory at hand, not yet unto this human soul is given the power for triumph, and "the son of man still cries, When ! When ! and will it ever be ?" and cries because it has not recognized the true meaning of the divine message, even will not understand its value aright ! At last, after the storm again wastes it the

soul in a deep murmuring discontent (Fig. 18, first four bars) sinks within itself. Its fury has failed and only wrested



FIG. 18.

from the being what little of earth force it might have had ! What a gulf of exhaustion, misplaced, inconsiderate heroism and broken pride is pictured in the last great sigh (Fig. 18, last four bars)!

Yet pray deal thou leniently in judging the ignorant, rebellious soul ! Are we not all slow enough in coming to see wherein consists the beauty and freedom of harmony ? How long and deviating the lines of progress by which we come under the magic spell of divinity ! And how few of us pass along them without impatiently tuning our notes with bitterness. If we must suffer loss before we will listen, and perceive aright the meaning of the harmonic freedom, and if we experience the cleansing vision, we never cease to suffer because we have lost that which was dear to us, yet we never more rebel against the inevitable changefulness which in nature manifests the changelessness of relation considered as the universal principle.

It is variety of experiences which enriches, and the perception of their relation which enspheres the soul. It is the weak, selfish soul which rebels when death takes away the loved one ; it is the devout, patient soul that suffers because of the loss, and the more keenly suffers because it was necessary thus to awaken it from the torpor with which the sense of personal rights and individualism beclouded the soul.

How reluctantly man seems to abandon the low plan of paving the way of the soul's free unfolding with the angular blocks of symmetry; with similar experiences! Cubic monotony, the lowest, most arbitrary conception of form and order, by virtue of man's own selfishness or sense of personal rights, seems to have become and to remain the basis of man's false view of law, in so far as the soul, beauty and

art are concerned. Man is slow to recognize that freedom, or high law, embodies the disparities and many-foldings of spiral lines. In life or nature there is no symmetry; all the crudeness of arbitrary similarity of parts is transcended in the free harmonic bloom of a-symmetry. And it is the soul still clinging to the samenesses of experience in the fatuous love for visible things instead of invisible relations, which rebels when the parts pass away and when loss or "death came in that life might be manifested." In such a time of ignorance and despair, all nature and life is to the soul a remorseless mocking. The soul sees, everywhere, parts and their seeming glory of inter-possession; it does not see the hidden relation, the strength and consciousness of which, indeed, embodies the true glory of all life.

Yet, should we indeed ask for leniency with this honest expression of the partial tendency of the soul? Partial because of the limitations (in the soul's awakening and moral infancy) of human knowledge. Should we not rather worship this readily flaming fire? Does it not show the new spirit, the Christ-spirit, which teaches man to "work out his *own* salvation"? Through storm and stress, in biting the piercing edge with which bafflement breaks man's pride, are the soul's many powers awakened, and an ultimate ensphering thereof—in a harmonious "working together to will and to do His (high and free) will"—promoted; and only thus is salvation genuine!

How few men desire an individuality of their own working out! Yet only thus attaining it—in the freeing and harmonizing of all the parts of being—do we become God-like. Then only are we true sons of God! Individuality on earth is begun by informing the senses with the purity or ideality of rational order, and is completed by unfolding through the senses the beauty of infinite freedom! Yet in how few men are not the senses—the soul's retina—unkempt, because how few mortals desire the moral force to plant in this soil of nature the organic germ of individuality! The voice of God, the features of harmonic law with which relation is made manifest, can only come to the soul through the net work of the soul's own senses, for the senses are, for

man, the God-created alphabet of infinity. It is never the voice or manifestation of divine law which is sadly or harshly attuned; but the soul's own state colors or tempers with its own shadows or lights that which the soul would see. Therefore, because the soul is now limited and sad, the law now seems to it to be partial; and instinct with the true spirit of evolution it rebels against an authority the perfection of which it must, at present, question.

II.

But shall the soul die when baffled by mistaken approaches to the siege of material obstacles? Once awakened, once mustered into the eternal corps, can it be abandoned to the enemy? Only by its own desertion of the cause, only by its unquestioning, full submission to and compromise with earthly obstacles!

Fury and passion have availed naught; what means shall the soul now try? May there not be a potency somewhere hid in the scheme which sent the sad-seeming angel? Did not her garments shine at last with the effulgence of pure, all-conquering light? Cannot the secret be caught, and the soul turn now? It may not be too late! May it not achieve and add this potency to its own ebbing forces? For the flow of these will return—with the rhythm of life they will rise again—it is only an unusual ebb that now benumbs the soul; the mind has learned to note the tides of physical force, the laws of evolution, and the rhythmical conditions of material embodiment as they pertain to the human growth of soul.

Undaunted, the soul now tries another way—the inner way! In meditation, in calm, in ecstasy of being and by the spheric potency of love may not the secret be learned where-with the flesh can be glorified, and the pressure of material obstacles be oppressed and enlisted in the soul's prime aim—pure channelization of the harmony of the universal principle?

And so the soul turns within unto itself, seeking to discover if there, inherent, is a correspondence between the

spirit of the angel's voice and the nature of desire informing its own constitution.

Deep down and secure it sounds the *ground tone*, the central law of the soul's constitution; then it tries the *third*, the personal limit—now broadened into the larger major relations—and then it passes on to the *fifth*, the dominant tone of outer circumstances, thus outlining the gamut of the soul's earthly faculties. (Fig. 19.)



FIG. 19.

It dares not ascend to the *octave* as did the inspired voice. It does not yet wish to submerge its individuality into the infinite community of all souls; it cannot, for it is not yet prepared for this final step, and the lesson now at hand is the development of the soul's free unity by means of harmoniously molding earthly circumstances. The angelic voice solved all by soaring at once into the starlight of the octave. But the soul cannot do this before it has purged all its parts. It must first attune all the details of its faculties unto the concomitant vibrations of some pure harmonic order. It returns to the ground tone, tries another one of its parts—the dominant central forces—and these it attunes by the harmonious extensions. Now it has indeed caught an inkling of the true way! Still other of its powers it will inform with the eternal features and lo! in doing this it has created among all the faculties of earthly being the complex inter-relation of parts which is the spirit of the sublime form underlying melody, and have thus ensphered the mind and transcended its usual appositeness. And so it sounds out a ringing shout, as of victory, and returns again and again through the successful course which it has found, indeed, by submission, yet submission not to earthly obstacles, but to heavenly inspiration; that is to say, to the Word incarnate, written and engraved in the soul, in the structure of the mind, the emotions and the body, and in their organic relation.

The soul now recognizes the broadening which purifies personality—the differentiation in harmonic ratios which establishes individuality within the being—and it allies gracefully with each other various faculties; freeing the personal form



FIG. 20.

(major third, Fig. 20, bars 1 and 2), and directing it to the primal form (ground tone, Fig. 20, last bar) upholding the soul. The soul feels the growing consciousness of strength divine within itself. It progresses on and upward, stepping higher and higher; *now it dares to soar even into the radiant starlight of the octave, because by its widely related or gradual ascent it has developed the power which enables it to exist in that pure light.* (Fig. 21.) The soul re-assures itself of



FIG. 21.

its hard-earned possessions, exerts and re-exerts the power of free law with which it now so easily lights dominant circumstances (descending from octave to fifth (Fig. 22, first



FIG. 22.

two bars). The personality is glorified because the eternal idea informing the nature of the soul can now flow freely from the basis of life (ground tone, Fig. 23, first two bars) through the particularization of life (personal tone, major third); and the soul after a finely poised melodious expression of manifold relation (Fig. 23, third and fourth bars) descends from the transcendent light of the octave, easily pervading dominant circumstances by the way, and rests in

the blessed calm of divine self-assurance, an unobstructed channel of the universal tendency (ending on major third, Fig. 23, last bar).



FIG. 23.

The soul's victory seems complete because it feels that it has found the supreme secret, solvent for all the difficulties of earth life. It is exalted to the beatific vision, and sees things which the soul can feel, but which the tongue cannot utter. To the soul is revealed by intuition the living beauty of relation. Now, armed with this secret of love and divine passion, it can take up and conquer earth life in so far as unto its own individual potency the decree is extended.

As the beatific moment passes, and before the soul is again, in the last note of the Adagio, let down to earth, in the coda a foretaste of the ultimate life is vouchsafed the enraptured being. Through the blessing-bringing cloud of incense, which, as if over full and heavy with sweetness, seems to rest, nay descend (Fig. 24, first two bars) upon the lighted, uplifted face, the soul sees itself developed, expanded, gradually lifted, till the complete fullness of its harmony is reached and it is merged in the universal tone. (Fig. 24.)

In the octave it becomes not the eighth enlargement of itself, but has been born again, is a new creature, and, as Browning says, is a star! Quivering, for very ecstasy, about the new high centre, touching the now highly spiritualized third and second powers after passing through the



FIG. 24.

psychic seventh, the soul finally settles into the octave or blessed poise of eternal harmony (Fig. 24, last bar). It now

knows that the stars run free in their courses, and that the powers of being must be freed in themselves before they can be unified among each other. It sees now that all this was prefigured in the countenance of the angel of submission, then misunderstood, now rightly recognized, and the force of these features properly perceived to the soul's full salvation.

The angel, indeed, had never been far away, but silently inspiring the soul's inner search, it accompanied all the ecstatic, pure, simple melodies with rays of its starlight, the twinklings of which were reflected now from the depths, now from the heights of the soul's life (see accompaniment, Fig. 21).

III.

In the last note of the Adagio the soul is let down to earth, the—

“Beatific vision whole
Has unified and freed the soul,”

and now earth's battles must be fought in the strength of this perfect light.

The individuality of each of the soul's parts was completed, the perfect round of parts run, and in touching the octave and uniting all parts the soul became free and a star. The seven different tones in the scale symbolizing the parts of human being, are resolved, by the relation shown in a proportionate unity in the variety of their constituency, into the harmony or whole of soul. *E pluribus unum* is indeed the secret of divine strength; and this is the secret with which earthly obstacles to the soul's heavenward flight shall be gainsaid and the material world ensouled or idealized. In the Allegretto, in a graceful and modest tempo, the chastened soul takes the golden key and unlocks the darker earthly doors, enters the material strongholds of the flesh and illumines all with a soft, tender light, casts out the violent spirits and garnishes all with the secret heavenly potency.

The parts of the harmonies are passed through, rendering easily flowing motions. These form the accompanying rhythms which underlie the new line of battle. It is as if

myriad radiations of light were thus sent out from these absolute features and reflected from the shadows of material accidents.

The soldier, now successfully armed, subdues the subordinate circumstances on all sides. His motive takes the fifth (dominant circumstances), subordinates it to the third (personality), which is, to be sure, still minor or limited, and then passes to the octave, which is blended with the ground tone (Fig. 26, first motive). It is victory, but vic-



FIG. 26.

tory through the soul's subordination to the divine theory. It is not the complete glorification of the individual soul by means of its own recognition of the practical embodiment and channelization within itself, first in the ground tone, finally in the octave, of the Universal Principle; there is still something medial and indirect about the success.

The mind initiates the strife with the motive noticed, the emotions supply warmth and motion with the harmonic play accompanying (Fig. 26), and as the realization of the harmonic law in the soul on earth develops, the body has been



FIG. 27.

drawn into the organizing (Fig. 27); the starlight flits into dark places (Figs. 28 and 29), and the earth-life is saved from materialism, for the harmonic germ is born in the life of action, and it grows to be the greatest among human interests. This enlightening sequence is now applied to all of the avenues of the shadowy, chill earth-life, purifying them all, and anon (in the strong swinging passages of broken

octaves) by inter-relating them and throwing among them the golden seed, exalting them to great power.



FIG. 28.

In the third theme (Fig. 28) there is a subduing of incoherency, a quickening of distant relations into sympathy with the prime parts of individuality, and then the sinking of them, by passing to the tonic or octave, into the divine wholeness of the great secret (Fig. 29).



FIG. 29.

But it is clearly shown that this secret of divine potency has been learned! In the line next to the last one, outer circumstances (the fifth or dominant) are fearlessly attacked and molded or resolved, by the chromatic flow of manifold and freely regulated emotions, into relation with the primal harmony underlying soul (ground tone). Then the purifying force of light from the ethereal octave is radiated down upon the material fifth by the same differentiating tendency of the emotions. Then the personal soul, enlightened even in the midst of earth's limitations (minor third) is placed high above all visible things, showing that the true gospel of light is brought fully home to the individual, who, through the strong—embracing or relating and therefore harmonizing—power of the heart, plants his feet upon the outer world and its confusing influences, by faithfully feeding the soul with the eternal and infinite Beauty-food which harmonic law embodies, the spheric being created in the unified action of pure art, which food alone indeed, because it individualizes man, brings birth to and maintains the life of the soul, nourishes it unto a perception of the means whereby it may develop as a pure symbol of the Universal Principle, and thus in all reality become Godlike.

In the last line the primal harmony informing the soul is shown as (ground tone) the real centre of all-prevailing power, and this is delivered up into the empire of the individual through the free developing of all the forces of being, and their pure relation in the psychic sense, or function of soul (seventh). This truth is told, first in the voice of reason, (last line, first two bars) then in the whisperings of inspiration, the high and peaceful starlight of the octave (second two bars) and then the lesson-picture vanishes in simple rhythms and complete harmonic extensions of the common chord.

The clouds of earthly life are rendered less dark, the shadows less chill, but they are not wholly abolished; the pure sunlight never for a moment enters. It is victory, but victory through the soul's conscious subordination to the divine theory. It is not the complete glorification of the individual which we shall see in the sonata, Op. 54. The music ends full of confidence in the promise and faith in the efficacy of harmonic order, and relation as the intelligent means of the soul's full development and final victory.

SONATA IN F, OP. 54.

In the F major sonata, Op. 54, Beethoven has completed the work begun in the D minor sonata, Op. 31, No. 2.

The siege of the world which, with the aid of the secret of harmonic law and freedom, was learned in the Largo, Allegro and Adagio, was rightly but modestly begun in the tremulant Allegretto, Op. 31; is waged to absolute triumph and empire in the F major Minuet and Rondo.

In the second part of the Minuet the perfect measure is highly exalted. In the Rondo the tempo is the victor's own, and the spirit one of strident might and mastery. In both Rondo and Minuet the soul is singing the song of Excelsior! Ever higher, up before-thought-inaccessible mountain peaks, do the full-fledged wings of spiritual wisdom bear the soul aloft. It now fears nothing, naught can daunt it. The omniscient power of light, the freeing power of harmonic order avails, where the fury and storm of bitterness or complaint were impotent to do other than dissolve the soul.

In the first theme of the Minuet the fifth—or dominance of outer circumstance—is first touched, yet not as a harmonic melodic or motival centre, as in the opening of the Allegro in the D minor sonata, but only as a slight prefatory arsis; then the motive rises and centres itself in the ground tone, showing that outer circumstances are now no longer obstacles, and are indeed subordinated to the firmly centred soul. The color of the ground tone and motival centre is immediately changed from the main-acord to the subdominant, as if to hint at the possible existence of deeper-lying obstacles, but the soul as soon asserts its fearlessness, rises above all shadows, and, in the antithesis of the thought, in highest light, poised on the major third, reflects the full assurance of the freely individualized, broadened, sunlit, personal soul. (Fig. 30.)



FIG. 30.

The second theme starts from the ground tone, rises through the broadened personal major third to the sixth (the sixth sense), elevating the dominant in passing, throwing thus a joyous light over the now no longer formidable obstacles of earth—and in a fearless strength runs through all of the human powers, showing that all are now freed and freely inter-related, and that therefore the soul is unified, or “saved.” (Fig. 31.)



FIG. 31.

Now what a magnificent theme is given out in the successions of octaves (Fig. 32)! The dominant circumstances of earth life are attacked with an all-knowing virility, the individual is triumphant, the first phrase ending with fully rounded swing on the major third. Bravely the darker

shadows are sought, encountered and vanquished. Now the soul knows no fear, and is not timid in its approach or progression ; it has superabundantly developed the principle of



FIG. 32.

harmonic extension which it learned in the D minor sonata, and with all its triumph there is poise and grace and brightness.

It surpasses words, the enthusiasm with which in this octave theme the victor throws his harmonic empire over the obstacles of earth, and lights their former darkness with the divinely attained predominance of spheric freedom. It shows plainly that this is not a blind empire, but one held even by all of the seven human senses or powers, and that it is created by their organizing.

The syncopes in the returning themes are not marks of bafflement or grief (Fig. 33) ; they express the superabund-



FIG. 33.

ance of strength which is developing and the bliss that comes to the soul with the possession of a manifolded might. See how the forces burst into fullness! (Fig. 34), the trills of



FIG. 34.

roseate bloom run through the entire scale of being, pausing at last to throw a glorious light upon outer circumstances, now no longer dominating the soul, but fully dominated by means of the soul's own inner poise. Still again in the little cadenza following, the fact is reiterated that this magic

power was won and is maintained by the unbroken relating of the entire scale, of all of the faculties of being (Fig. 35).



FIG. 35.

Did Beethoven ever rise farther above himself than in the coda to the Minuet? (Fig. 36.) Is it not a marvelous



FIG. 36.

solving of all of the human powers, through the seventh (Fig. 37) and last or psychic sense, into the ultimate starlight of the octave? (Fig. 37, first three bars.) And yet the effulgent radiance which is therein apprehended, it turns



FIG. 37.

and re-turns at last full upon the now puissantly poised personal soul. (Fig. 37, last three bars.) This ending upon the major third shows us the same individual soul that has all along in the D minor sonata been struggling for self-poise, now become broadened, freed and complete, and a pure manifestation of the infinite God-principle, even now and here, in this world.

II.

The theme of the Rondo does not say—

“ On earth the broken are;
In heaven the perfect round.”

It says, everywhere and forever is the perfect round! Transcendent above seeming and appearance, triumphant over obstacles of earthly life and death is the eternal unity of

love ; continued one-ness through apparent separation, and purgation from the habits and sin of clinging to mere parts and of recognizing as real the falsehoods of apparent separation; supreme denial of the possibility of isolation.

Such is the glorious message of this Rondo.

Climbing, ever climbing, is the soul, and powerfully fledged are its wings; it droops not, it wearies nor tarries never ; if others fear earthly bafflement it catches them in its grand contagious sentiment, and bears them along proudly and victoriously with its diatonic stress. They are forced to set their feet on the magic ladder and, though they cling somewhat to their tears and shadows, their wings begin to grow, and anon the whole world seems radiant, flooded with the omniscient light and glow of harmonic and melodic extension.

The first motive is superb. Swinging his arm, the victor flashes so easily from his hand the starlight, first, third, fifth and octave. (Fig. 38, first four notes.)

With this harmonic round at the start, it hastens through the whole gamut of the soul's powers, touching after the seventh, the third before the eighth, showing that the personal individual has now indeed "hitched his chariot to a star," and that he sits riding upon the glorious radiance of spheric being, immortal and beatified. (Fig. 35.) The



FIG. 38.

soul's powers are run in full round, they are not limited, darkened or undeveloped, but they are freed by virtue of the harmonic exercise of each, and their manifold harmonic relation to each other; and in this they are rendered complete by the invisible one-ness or soul thereby made manifest.

In this Rondo piece, which is developed wholly out of the one first theme, there is a tremendous swinging and circling of spiritual essence.

There is, finally, a great trill and organ-point combined, (Fig. 39), like the whirlpool and rapids before Niagara; then



FIG. 39.

a mighty on-rush of forces, before which nothing can prevail or withstand (Fig. 40), and at last, as the grand



FIG. 40.

climax is reverberating, the freed personal soul triumphs and denies again and again the shadows continually resolving the minor in major thirds (Fig. 41), for it has conquered



FIG. 41.

even the fear of death, because it has come to see that enlightened life is real, and that the real only is eternal, and the darkness of death is but a dissolving, flitting fragment, which by its contrast to reality renders us the more capable of recognizing Relation—the eternal essence of being.

During Beethoven's lifetime, and down to the present time, there were and have been many bitter opponents to the opinion that his music is without the flaws of idiosyncrasy of a man which are only seeming ones, and which are eventually found to have been inspired by degrees of harmonic influence which transcended the measure of light flowing into the people, generally speaking, of a former day and age. Higher development shows us more manifold relation, and that which once we could only see to be lawless,

is now understood to be higher, more complex, or free, law. If Beethoven did not in all things "build better than he knew" the light of a higher knowledge is necessary for one to see that some of his "so-called" idioms have a philosophic value. In the sonatas we are to-day studying, notice the *sforzando* accent on the subordinate part of the bar, of the dominant tone in the last line of the sonata, Op. 54. Outer circumstances would still assert domination, but the soul has subordinated them, and it powerfully maintains its light and freedom, intrepidly passing through the shadows of the minor third and diminished fifth, and showing how easily now it can banish them by resolving them into the broadness of the full major light. Notice also in the *Adagio* of the D minor sonata, how, by harmonizing its various forces, the soul, after climbing up with increasing valor, first sounds the spiritual light of the octave with softness and modesty, or the tempered strength and sweetness which alone ever promotes the soul to the greatness of finely poised might. And yet these marks of expression conflict with the ordinary lower workings of the laws of climax and natural musical effect, and therefore Beethoven's critics, misunderstanding them, call them weak idiosyncrasies, and regard them as evidences of the artist's seeking after the harsh contrasts and accidents of mere dramatic effect. But there is a degree of knowledge which enables one to recognize them as marks of higher inspiration, and from this point of view they flash out rays of a light that suggests the ultimate freedom, under infinite law, of the soul's expression.

There are critics and critics! Not a few books proclaim this inspired work to be mere tone play; meaningless to them, they say, it is. Who, they ask, shall solve this riddle of foolishness for Beethoven?

These opinions must be heard with a certain mixture of pity—that the end of music could be so illy grasped!

According as the degree increases with which an art purely expresses the purified soul, the forms and contents become more general. Mere mental features do not dominate, nor do the emotional surges or physical technicalities prevail, for all of the powers of being have become freed by

disciplinary development under harmonic sequences. Mind, emotions and body have come nearer to an at-one-ment with each other, and the whole, or soul, been informed with the spirit of universal order!

So one will see in this sonata. There are here no especial peculiarities of melody or bits of characteristic writing which would render it popular or idiomatic. The tone forms and followings are most ordinary in their tendency; but these very things add value to the piece when it is considered as impersonal and purely individualizing soul food.

Will it always continue to be said of the grand octave theme in the Minuet, that it is mere pyrotechnical display? What a superabundant wealth of musical meaning is embodied in the three-fold triple measure which the successions of octaves form! It is the triune development of "perfect time." The entire passage suggests one of those rare moments when the elements of nature rise in grand peans of rhythmical praise, unconscious of their high channelization of the universal soul.

Where all parts of musical spirit are so blended as in this sonata, the artist is exalted above himself and carried beyond ordinary classifying calculations, for the work is not "Beethovenic" or "modern" or "classical" merely, it is divine, a superhuman manifestation of the eternal principle of soul.

These thoughts these great works of art may suggest. They see in the music a profound lesson; they believe in a great inspiration moving the artist's mood, and they feel an eternal form underlying or informing the parts and relations of music, and they confess a faith that this eternal constitution guideth the votaries of musical art, if the art be devoutly exercised, unto an ever clearer vision of the eternal and infinite nature of the freedom of harmony—the *high law* which reveals the spirit of beauty as the soul's Bread of heaven.

FREDERIC HORACE CLARK.

"I'd Send Thee a Valentine."

(SENTIMENT.)

A valentine ?
Must I dip my pen in lavender,
In orris, in attar ?
And let their fragrance tell the fragrance—
Through each line—
Of this new-blown love of mine ?

(ART.)

A valentine ?
Must my verses rush with musics, rich
As honey, new-distilled—
That sound may flow so lips could taste,
In each line—
The sweetness of this love of mine ?

(LIFE.)

A valentine ?—
Yes, I'll write—or sing; both tell the soul
Knows rapture, knows gladness;
But scent, taste, touch, sound, were meagre
In crowded line,
Did not heart nourish this love of
mine.

ANDREA HOFER.

ART, NOT NATURE, RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MINOR CHORD.

The theory so ably presented to American readers by Mr. John C. Fillmore, namely, that the physical foundation of the minor chord is to be sought for in a series of undertones of a fundamental exactly corresponding to the overtones, is a fascinating one, which takes hold of the imagination for its plausibility and for the perfect symmetry which it would introduce into the natural causes underlying the art of music.

But just here the question arises, "Is nature in the habit of supplying such symmetrical foundations for art to build upon?" The architect certainly does not find his foundations ready made to his hand, and wherever we look in nature we find that she seems to take a delight in leaving what appear to our finite minds to be ragged ends, with which we are forever having to compromise if we wish to create an appearance of symmetry. A simple example may be found in the motion of the planetary bodies, all of which perform their evolutions in the most provoking fractional relations with each other, so that we are obliged to add on here and take off there if we do not want Christmas to come where the Fourth of July ought to come.

How far is the art of painting founded on the science of light? The prism tells us that white light is made up of seven colors, but let any painter try to produce white by mixing these seven colors and he will get into difficulties. In other words, the white light of art is a compromise with the white light of nature, and is made to produce its effect by a careful adjustment of its relations to shadows.

The supreme privilege of art is to select and arrange, even to improve on, the materials which nature prepares for her, but we shall probably be disappointed if we expect her to supply complete in all its details the foundation upon

which art is to raise her marvelous structures. We might even venture farther, and say if it were not for nature's ragged ends, art would never have been spurred into action.

The first obstacle that presents itself to the mind, then, as being in the way of the acceptance of the undertone theory, is that it is too perfect to be true.

This argument, however, would have to give way if there were any reasonable grounds for believing in the existence of the undertones, but it must be remembered that as yet the theory is a purely mathematical one, of which the factors have hardly more place in the realms of reality than negative quantities in algebra.

As every one knows, the overtones of a fundamental are formed by the breaking up of a string, for example, into partial vibrations, each of which gives a note equivalent to the length of string between the nodes or points of rest thus formed. Now logically speaking, an undertone should be produced by the vibration of a string longer than the fundamental note, which is manifestly absurd, for no string could break itself up into wave lengths longer than itself. It is true that notes lower than a sounded fundamental have been heard, caused by the given fundamental setting other vibrative bodies of which it is an overtone vibrating synchronously. The notes heard on such occasions, however, form series of *overtones*, not undertones, with lower fundamentals, and could therefore not give rise to a natural minor chord.

But, finally, why need we have recourse to a problematical series of undertones for a natural suggestion, at least, of a minor chord? The overtones do not supply us with a minor chord complete, but they certainly supply us with the materials for making one. We have already to hand minor thirds between the fourth and fifth, fifth and sixth, overtones. In fact, if we consider not only the relations of the overtones to the fundamental, but their relations, also, to each other, art will find all the material she could reasonably expect from nature.

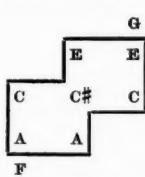
The first overtone gives the octave, the second, the fifth over that octave, the third, the octave over the first, which

makes also with the second overtone the interval of a fourth, thus lightly indicating the possibility of writing chords in different positions. Then comes the major third over the second octave, then the fifth over the second octave, which fifth is a minor third over the fourth overtone, then the minor seventh, which is a smaller minor third over the fifth overtone and a diminished fifth over the fourth overtone, thus:

C c . . . g . . . c . . . e . . . g . . . b♭

Now just as every note in a chord may be considered as the root, the third or the fifth of a chord, and relations between it and other chords thus established, just so, for the purposes of art, every overtone may be considered either as a fundamental giving rise to other overtones, or in its relation to all fundamentals of which it is an overtone, or in its relation to its brother overtones. By so doing, we shall find it possible to establish connections between them which will give not only a minor chord but the intervals of the major and minor ninths and the eleventh.

Suppose, for example, that we regard C as a fundamental giving rise to the overtones c, e, g, and also as an overtone giving the fifth over F, and e as the third over C and as the fifth over A, thus:



We find that there exists a relation between A and C of a minor third ; between C and E of a major third; and between A and E of a perfect fifth. What is to prevent art in such a case from taking her choice between C[#] and C, particularly

if by taking C she will get a chord related to the chord C-E-G, by a major third in common, giving us, of course, the tonic of the related minor scale ?

Let us illustrate further by building up an entire system from C. (See diagram.) We shall first get from the overtones the major chord C-E-G. The next most obvious thing is to make this a starting point for other chords. By regarding the fifth, G, as a fundamental, we get G-B-D and by regarding the fundamental, C, as a fifth, we get F-A-C. The next thing is to find chords of which C-E and E-G will respectively be members. Nature will not supply them,

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so we proceed to make them out of the overtones of the chords we already have. By the combination of the overtones of the members of the subdominant chord we get A-C-E, and by the combination of the overtones of the members of the tonic we get E-G-B. The subdominant of the minor relation may be found in the overtones of the members of the dominant major. Further examination of the diagram will show that in the overtones of the members of the tonic, dominant and subdominant chords all the dominant seventh chords of C and its relations are found. Also by combining overtones which have factors in common the major ninth and eleventh of all the dominants may be found, and the minor ninths of A, C#, E, G, and E, G#, B, D. The minor ninths of the remaining dominants are found in the overtones of the fundamentals of which C, G, D, are respectively the thirds. The only exception is the dominant B, D#, F#, A, of which the major ninth and eleventh lie outside of what I have ventured to call the C system.*

					C			
					A	A		
					F	F#	F#	
					D	D	D#	D
			Bb	B	B	B		
Gb	G	Gg	G#	C				
Eb eb	E	E eb	E	Dominant.				
C	C c	C#	C	Dominant, relative minor.				
A	A ab	A		Tonic.				
F#	F			Relative minor.				
D				Subdom.				
				Subdom. of relative minor.				

By building, thus, on C we get a complete outfit for the scale of C and its relations. All that is left for art to do

* The first two overtones are omitted, as the third and fifth overtones are repetitions of them.

now is to bring her material within the range of an octave and temper the intervals so that those with the same name will vibrate in unison, for nature has refused here, just as in the case of the planets, to give a quotient without a remainder.

HELEN A. CLARKE.

THE LOWELL MASON CENTENNIAL.

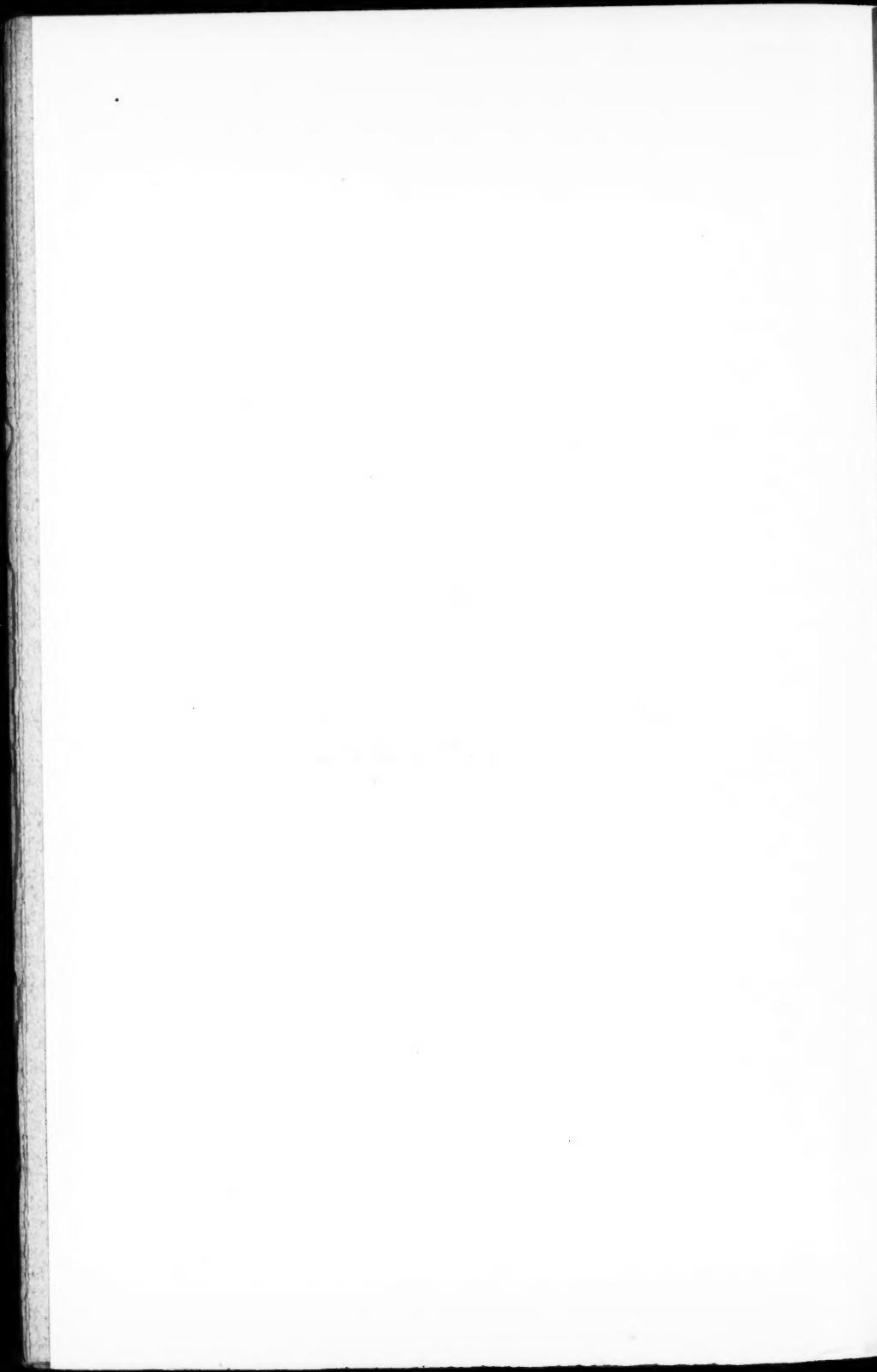
In the town of Medfield, Mass., not far from Boston, was held on the 8th of January a celebration in which the entire musical population of this country might well have joined. The occasion was the centennial of the birth of Lowell Mason, the celebrated psalmody and musical educator. There are many reasons why the anniversaries of this great man should be honorably remembered. Foremost, perhaps, in such a place as this, because the entire fabric of elementary instruction in class singing is still working along the lines where he established it almost half a century ago. Lowell Mason, who is known to many musicians in his less significant estate only, as a composer of quite a number of church tunes which are still in use, was perhaps the greatest musical educator that this country has yet seen. Moreover, he was a man of strong personality, high aims and great originality. Among many beneficent results of his having devoted his long and singularly honorable life to music teaching, is to be counted the elevation of the profession into an estate of public esteem which it never occupied before his time. This will appear more plainly from a short summary of the leading features of his life.

Lowell Mason was born at Medfield, in almost the very year when the young Beethoven came first to Vienna to live there. He belongs to the generation of which Schubert, Von Weber and Meyerbeer were the great lights in the higher walks of music. The state of Massachusetts at that time was in the bonds of the continental psalmody of Billings and the like. The young Mason never heard a piece of good music in all his life until he began to produce such things himself as conductor. He had an instinct for music. Although a good boy, free from all bad habits, he was not distinguished in books, but he learned to play upon all sorts



LOWELL MASON.

(AGED 75.)



of musical instruments by a sort of intuition. Horn, fiddle, drum, accordion, or what not, he had only to be left alone with the new instrument for a little while in order to surprise its secret. Nobody thought of his being a teacher of music. He did not even study it attentively. He could not; there were few teachers. He assisted his father in the manufacture of straw bonnets. At the age of twenty-one he set out to seek his fortune in the south. With two other young men he journeyed by post chaise to Savannah, Ga., being six weeks upon the way, each of the three partners expending about \$97 in the journey. At Savannah he did not at first get a place to suit him, but presently he found a situation in a bank as teller, where to all appearance he was soon on the road to a business career. On Sundays he taught in the Sunday school, and he instituted a teachers' meeting. He was soon made superintendent, and various honors came to him unbidden. He was all his life a man to take responsibilities. Singularly handsome as a young man, sweet and venerable in his old age, he had a face which commanded confidence and respect at sight. His musical talents led to his being appointed leader of the choir. It was a Presbyterian church, the denomination of which he was all the rest of his life a member. Here he immediately distinguished himself by imparting to this part of the religious worship a seriousness and devotional effect to which it had been a stranger. The music accessible was not very good. He sought on all sides for better things. It was at Savannah that he composed his most celebrated piece, the Missionary Hymn. The minister desiring to have the hymn sung, Mason was unable to find a tune which pleased him; so he wrote the one which all the world now knows. He levied on an English collection by William Gardiner, author of "The Music of Nature," and arranged fragments from larger works. In this way, beginning in 1815, he had by 1821 acquired enough music to make a book, and so he sailed for Boston to see about its publication. There he had little success. Just as he was about leaving for home, he happened to attract the attention of a member of the Handel and Haydn Society, then, as now, the leading musical organ-

ization of Boston. After some delay the publication of the book on shares, between the society and the author, was agreed on, the approval of the society's organist, Dr. Jackson, being first assured. Several tunes of Dr. Jackson's own were included, and a studied effort was made to keep Mason's share of it secret. This was not because the society had any doubt as to the value of his work, but in order that his prospects as a business man should not be injured by its being known that he had had anything to do with music. The book, published in 1822, was a great success, and it brought to the coffers of the society, first and last, more than \$12,000, and as much to its author. This, however, was some time later.

The book was no sooner arranged for publication than he returned again to Savannah, to his duties in the bank. But Providence had other use for the incipient capitalist. It happened in 1825 that Deacon Palmer, of Boston, was in Savannah over Sunday, and attending Dr. Kalloch's church he was impressed with the devotional character of the music. A few weeks later he sent a communication from Boston, inviting young Mason to remove there and undertake the training of the choirs of the three leading churches, of which Dr. Lyman Beecher's was the chief. The committee became responsible for \$1,500 a year, for three years. Upon this assurance Mason removed to Boston, arriving there in 1827, the Savannah life having lasted fourteen years. The three-fold field of usefulness was soon narrowed down to one, because he found it impossible to do so many things well. So procuring a situation in a Boston bank he confined himself to Dr. Beecher's church, where he soon had a famous choir, numbering more than 100 voices. The salary from the choir was almost purely ornamental. For years Mr. Mason gave away the whole of it in treats to the singers and in delicately assisting those who were so unfortunate as to need assistance.

He was made president and leader of the Handel and Haydn Society in 1827. Under his dispensation a new order of things was begun. He held sub-rehearsals, and trained a class to sing the alto, which had generally been

omitted before. The condition of the chorus at this time would seem incredible if it were not attested by so many witnesses. Very few of the singers could read music; the women could not lead off in the fugues except when supported by a few strong men's voices. This gave rise to all sorts of harmonic faults, which the ears of those days were not careful to note.

In 1829 a door opened in a new direction. Mr. Wm. C. Woodbridge, the geographer, came back from Europe full of the new theories of Pestalozzi and the educational reformers. He gave a lecture, and in order to illustrate certain musical ideas desired a class of boys. After some search none was found except Mr. Mason's. This was Mason's first contact with the inductive method, and for some time he was not willing to undertake to teach a class on that principle. At length, however, he succumbed to the persuasions of Mr. Woodbridge—when lo! the success was so marked that he was converted for all the rest of his life. There was then no such thing as music in the public schools. Mr. Samuel Elliott, father of President Elliott, and then mayor of Boston, entered heartily into the views of Mr. Woodbridge and Mr. Mason. The charter of the Handel and Haydn Society confined its activity to sacred music. Therefore a new organization was needed, and in 1833 the Boston Academy of Music was formed. The best monument of Mason's ideas at that time is the statement of the ends proposed to be subserved by the academy—than which few broader charters have ever been granted in music. The following were indicated as desirable fields of activity:

1. To establish schools of music for juvenile classes.
2. Schools for adult classes.
3. Instruction in the method of teaching.
4. Association of choristers for improvement of music in churches.
5. Popular lectures on the nature and objects of church music.
6. Scientific lectures on music.

7. Exhibitions, or concerts.
 - (a) Juvenile and adult classes, to show the results of instruction.
 - (b) Select performers, as showing the best styles of performing church music.
 - (c) Concerts of large numbers collected semi-annually, of social, moral and religious music of a serious kind.
8. To introduce vocal music into the public schools.
9. To publish circulars and essays, either in pamphlets or in newspapers.

The report concluded by recommending the employment of a professor "who should occupy himself exclusively in devising and executing plans for promoting the views of the society." The first professor, very naturally, was Mr. Mason.

Now ensued an honorable time of labor for Mr. Mason. Music was introduced into the schools of Boston, at first tentatively, Mr. Mason teaching a class for a year, until it could be determined whether the new exercise hindered the pupils in their literary studies. The result was the same as it has always been found since. Music in the school room resulted in resting the pupils, and the songs were made a part of their education, implanting in their tender minds sentiments of patriotism and home affection.

The academy immediately took up the work of choral music, oratorio being the field. An entirely new choir was formed, Mason's choir being the nucleus, and for several years an orchestra maintained. All these singers received instruction as part of the inducement to attend. This led to the publication of educational books, not only church tune books, anthems and the like, but glees, treatises and a book for children. So highly esteemed was this part of Mr. Mason's work that when he went abroad for the first time in 1837, the Novello's made a contract with him to publish an English edition of his children's book, and pay him a royalty. The writer has seen the contract; it is still in possession of the Mason family. The elementary treatises were so well done that William Gardiner wrote in 1835 that, although there had been elementary books in England ever since the

time of Thomas Morley there had never been so good a one as these of Mr. Mason. For about twenty years Mr. Mason's work in Boston continued, when he was superseded as superintendent of music in the schools by one of those political revolutions which occur in all cities. A pupil of his own was put in the place, and Mr. Mason sailed for Europe, where he traveled and lectured for eighteen months. After returning home he settled in New York, where his sons were in business, Mason Brothers, school book publishers, and his son William, as leading teacher of the piano. After this time Dr. Mason compiled several church and school books, and labored to the last in simplifying the forms of expression and in perfecting the method of presenting "the thing before the sign," the shibboleth of Pestalozzianism.

The books which he produced appear but moderately well in the musical light of the present; but there is no doubt that when he began he took a much higher stand than any other American had taken in music before. This preëminence he ever after maintained. Other composers arose with more musical training, and perhaps a better gift for melody, but no one surpassed him in simplicity, seriousness and manliness. No less an authority than the great Moritz Hauptmann complimented his art of writing well for voices and conducting the voices discreetly in a simple manner. He created the art of music teaching in this country. When he went to Boston, all the chorus singers in the city belonged to the Handel and Haydn Society, and very few of them could sing by note. When he had been there ten years, the Handel and Haydn was larger than ever, yet he had more than three times as many other singers trained and collected in the choruses of the Boston academy. This was Mason's work, although he had an invaluable coadjutor in the person of Mr. George James Webb. This gentleman, educated for the Church of England, became diverted to music. Having come to Boston as an organist, he was the second professor appointed in the Boston academy, and trained the voices and led the orchestra there for many years. He was the melodist to whom the American church

is indebted for that stirring tune, "The Morning Light is Breaking."

The later years of Dr. Mason were devoted mainly to improving the methods of teaching, and of working in teachers' institutes and normal classes for the betterment of methods of teaching music. He became more and more choice in his use of language, and no doubt advanced somewhat in appreciation of the higher kinds of music. This was especially the case with choral music, where the words afforded a clue to the meaning. Instrumental music he never fully comprehended. This, however, we must not wonder at, since the great works of the romantic school were nearly all produced about the time of his retirement from active teaching, or later. In his first years in Boston he made a selection of Handelian choruses and those of other composers for the use of the Boston academy, which was a singularly progressive monument, considering the time when it was made. It had in it most of the choruses from the great oratorios that have become famous in America since.

It would be quite possible to say pleasing things in relation to Dr. Mason's taste and good musical sense. When he was in England in 1837 he heard the first performance of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," under the direction of the composer. The programme upon which he made his annotations is still in existence, and has been examined by the writer. Of No. 11 he says: "'Oh, happy and blest are they,' very excellent. 'But the Lord is mindful of his own,' beautifully sung. 'Great is the depth,' splendid chorus. 'How lovely are the messengers,' nothing better than this."

One of the letters of this tour, addressed to the Bowdoin street choir, is still in existence. It throws a number of interesting side lights upon the musical situation in London in his day:

"On the 9th, Mr. Benedict (Sir Jules), a distinguished German professor, gave a concert which I attended. I went about a half an hour before the time, viz., one o'clock, but found every seat occupied, and I could get but a little way into the room, the crowd was so great. Ladies, old and young, most superbly dressed, with feathers and diamonds

and laces and silks, and gentlemen, were all crowded up together in a confused jam. I was so closely pressed a good part of the time that I could not, without inconvenience to others, raise my hands to my head, on which I kept my hat, for it was the only place I could keep it. Here I stood on a warm summer's day in June, from one o'clock to half past five, listening to the strains of melody poured forth by Pasta, Grisi, Schroeder-Devrient, Albertazzi, Clara Novello, Rubini, Ivanoff, Tamburini, Lablache and others, accompanied by a splendid orchestra. I had just time to get my dinner from five to seven, when I returned to the same room to a Societa Armonica, where there was a full orchestra and a full room. Home at twelve o'clock.

"The next day, Saturday, I attended the rehearsal of the Philharmonic Society. This is the greatest concert, so far as it relates to instrumental music, but as I have already mentioned it in a former letter I will not enlarge. In the evening I listened to Miss Clara Novello, while her father, Vincent Novello, accompanied her upon the piano. On Monday I attended the concert of the Philharmonic Society and heard the Pastoral symphony of Beethoven performed by a band of sixty, almost perfect. I spent Monday forenoon with the Chevalier Neukomm, who arrived from Paris a day or two since. I had been introduced to him at the Philharmonic." It was in this same letter that he mentions the ceremonies attending the coronation of the young Queen Victoria. "The ceremony commenced at St. James palace, where the queen appeared upon the balcony, dressed in plain black, a pretty little girl enough, but how strange that she should be the sovereign of this empire!"

Among the programmes brought back was one of a performance of Beethoven's "Fidelio," which he seems to have attended. The title rôle was by the great Schroeder-Devrient, "for the first time in English." The copy is in the Yale collection. It will be news to most musicians that Schroeder-Devrient ever sang in English.

The account thus given of Lowell Mason is but an outline. It merely touches upon one or two of his chief claims to our recognition as an American to be proud of. The

musical convention, in which he was a central figure from about 1848 to 1860, originated itself, through the efforts of the students to discuss questions of more importance than those relating exclusively to elementary teaching. Mason and Webb held them as far west as Cleveland for several years, and they had much the character of impromptu musical festivals.

The great merits of Dr. Mason were his simplicity, his sincerity and his unaffected kindness. Of the latter many young musicians remember instances highly creditable to his goodness of heart. If he had been born fifty years later, he might not have been a musician at all. His talent would have fitted him equally well for congress, or any other profession, and in whatever line he might have placed himself he would inevitably have been a distinguished figure. He was a gentleman of the old school. His house was always kept with a certain air of ease. Wine was at dinner, and was offered to visitors, to the last. Everything was decorous, well bred, and with a certain air of grand seignor, which very much became him. In informal letters to inferiors he was somewhat given to the third person. Such a communication the present editor received in connection with a communication addressed to him as editor of the *Musical Independent*, in 1870.

---- MUSIC: ----

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

New subscribers will please take notice that the supply of the November number is entirely exhausted. It is intended to reprint, however, about March 1, and all orders will be placed on file and duly filled when the supply is ready. The December number is still in stock to a very limited extent. As the edition of the January and all later numbers was very materially enlarged, the stock of these bids fair to supply legitimate demands for some time yet.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

THE STORY OF THE CROSS. Cantata for Lenten Use. For chorus, solos and organ. By Dudley Buck, New York: Schirmer, 1892. 8vo, pp. 62. \$1.25.

The full measure of the musical gifts of Mr. Dudley Buck are not likely to be known to his countrymen until some time after he shall have departed this life. He had the fortune to attain a wide currency as a writer of music for church use, in a style so original that critics contradicted each other point blanc in their perplexed efforts to classify it; yet which the people sung, although it was exactly such music as any good judge of popularity would have predicted impossible. A very curious illustration of the difficulty of predicting what will happen in the "petit jury verdict" of music popularity was given twenty years ago when the Second Motette Collection of Mr.

Buck was offered for publication. It happened that Baumbach's Second Collection was offered at the same time, and through the same house, that of Lyon and Healy, Chicago. Buck's book they turned over to the parent house at Boston, on the double ground that it would have very little sale, and that little would be in the east; whereas the Baumbach book was expected to sweep the "woolly west." Yet Baumbach's work had a very short sale, while Mr. Buck's collection is still standard and widely used. So far the case of our American composer is a plain and easy one. But Mr. Buck has done much more than write motettes and services for church use. He has composed many orchestral pieces, some of which have attained more than a *succes d'estime* at the hands of the few of our foreign orchestral masters who are not above extending a helping hand to a native now and then. Yet more—Mr. Buck has written several cantatas, almost oratorios in scope, one of them quite of this rank, and at least three grand operas, the latest being upon a heroic and patriotic subject. All these compositions are in the modern style, for so long ago as 1869 Mr. Buck had become a student of Wagner, and an admirer of that most advanced of the future music, "*Tristan and Isolde*." Even then he wrote arioso which had the Wagnerian virtue of delivering the text intelligently both as to its words and its inner spirit, while at the same time it did not thereby lose its quality as music. The difficulty with Mr. Buck's popularity is that as yet he has not been able to combine all his trumps into one single great winning hand. In other words his largest works are entirely unknown to the public, and with the *connoisseurs* he derives no advantage from his successful smaller works. Therefore, in spite of great practical success of detached pieces, such as "*Lead, Kindly Light*" and short cantatas, like "*King Olaf's Christmas*" and "*The Nun of Nidaros*," his great works are comparatively neglected, while much poorer ones from across the water are studied with a devotion and reverence most unsuitable. All this, however, is a digression, and no longer to be borne. What have these to do with the new cantata?

Much every way. For it is precisely in token of this handiness in various styles of writing that Mr. Buck is able to bring out something so new upon a hackneyed subject. "*The Story of the Cross*" is a cantata rather more difficult than his church pieces, as a rule, occupying about forty-five minutes in performance. The libretto is made up from the Scripture narrative of the arrest and the passion, with a few hymns, of which "*Oh, Head, All Bruised and Wounded*" and the "*Stabat Mater Dolorosa*" are the most important. The entire work is disposed in fourteen numbers. It would not be possible to review this work satisfactorily without devoting to it an amount of space at present inconvenient, and the use of many musical examples. The narrative is often carried along by four female voices. The words of Jesus are assigned to tenor. Among the detached numbers which will be available as selections perhaps the duet for soprano and alto on the "*Stabat Mater*" will be the most practicable. There is an impressive march, "*To Calvary*." Later the march theme and that of the chorale, "*O Sacred Head*," are woven together in an instru-

mental number. With good voices "The Story of the Cross" would not be difficult to prepare. It is thoroughly devotional, if modern, in spirit.

THE MUSIC LIFE, AND HOW TO SUCCEED IN IT. By Thomas Tapper. Philadelphia: Theodore Presser. 16mo, pp. 346. Cloth, \$1.50.

As to his former volume Mr. Tapper had music students in his mind, so this one is intended to have reference mainly to teachers. It consists of thirty-three short essays upon various points, practical and otherwise, all having reference to the question of success or non-success from a moral and artistic standpoint. The style is somewhat sententious, aphoristic, like Emerson, and the general range of the thought serious, elevating and comprehensive. There is scarcely a page in the book from which a good sentiment or instructive observation might not be cited. For so young a man to have written these elderly volumes of Mr. Tapper's is praiseworthy indeed. The author is a thinker of wide range and considerable powers of logic. Very much may be expected of him in time to come.

DOUBLE COUNTERPOINT AND CANON. By Ebenezer Prout, B. A. London. Augener & Co., No. 9,184. New York: Schirmer. 8vo, pp. 252. \$2.

Mr. Prout has supplied what, until now, was lacking, an intelligible and comprehensive treatise on double counterpoint in the English language. The text is clear, the classification apparently sound, and the musical examples very numerous, and well explained. That it should have been thought advisable to publish so large and well made a book upon a subject so often neglected, is an encouraging sign of the interest existing in musical science. The terminology is occasionally slovenly, as is universal in English musical works excepting those of the Tonic Sol-fa. In the present case Mr. Prout uses the word "tone" as the name of a second; "semitone" is less objectionable, since while there is no such thing as a half musical sound there is no ambiguity in using it. "Tone," however, might be a sound or an interval, according to Mr. Prout. In the same way he uses the term "bar" for measure. The word "bar" properly signifies the mark across the staff indicating the place of the strong measure accent. It is the exact equivalent of the German *taktstricht*— "Measure Stroke." Using "bar" for measure is an English solecism which might profitably be reformed. In other places he uses roundabout forms of expression where there is a well understood technical term which would have expressed the meaning exactly. For instance, often we find "*in a different part of the harmony,*" always italicized, in place of "*in a different voice.*" The latter is clear and unambiguous. But the voice itself might run so low or so high as to fall within a different part of the harmony.

These, however, are merely blemishes. The work illustrates good musicianship and much research. The musical examples are from authoritative sources, and well analyzed.

DEUX ROMANCES DE CONCERT. *Pour le piano; composees par Emil Liebling.*

No. 1. Romance Poetique. Dedicated to Mme. Bloomfield-Zeissler; 60c.

No. 2. Romance Dramatique. Dedicated to Harrison M. Wild; 60c. Chicago; S. Brainard's Sons, 1891.

In these two well made pieces, musical ideas are worked out in a manner both clever and happy. In point of style, they occupy an intermediate ground between a nocturne and a highly impassioned piece of more ambitious intention. The treatment of the piano is free, and when well played they are effective and interesting. The second is the more elaborate of the two. It was one of these, if the reviewer is not at fault, concerning which so eminent an authority as Dr. Mason wrote the author that he rarely found a new piece so musical and beautifully written. In point of difficulty they are far beyond the reach of ordinary amateur fingers.

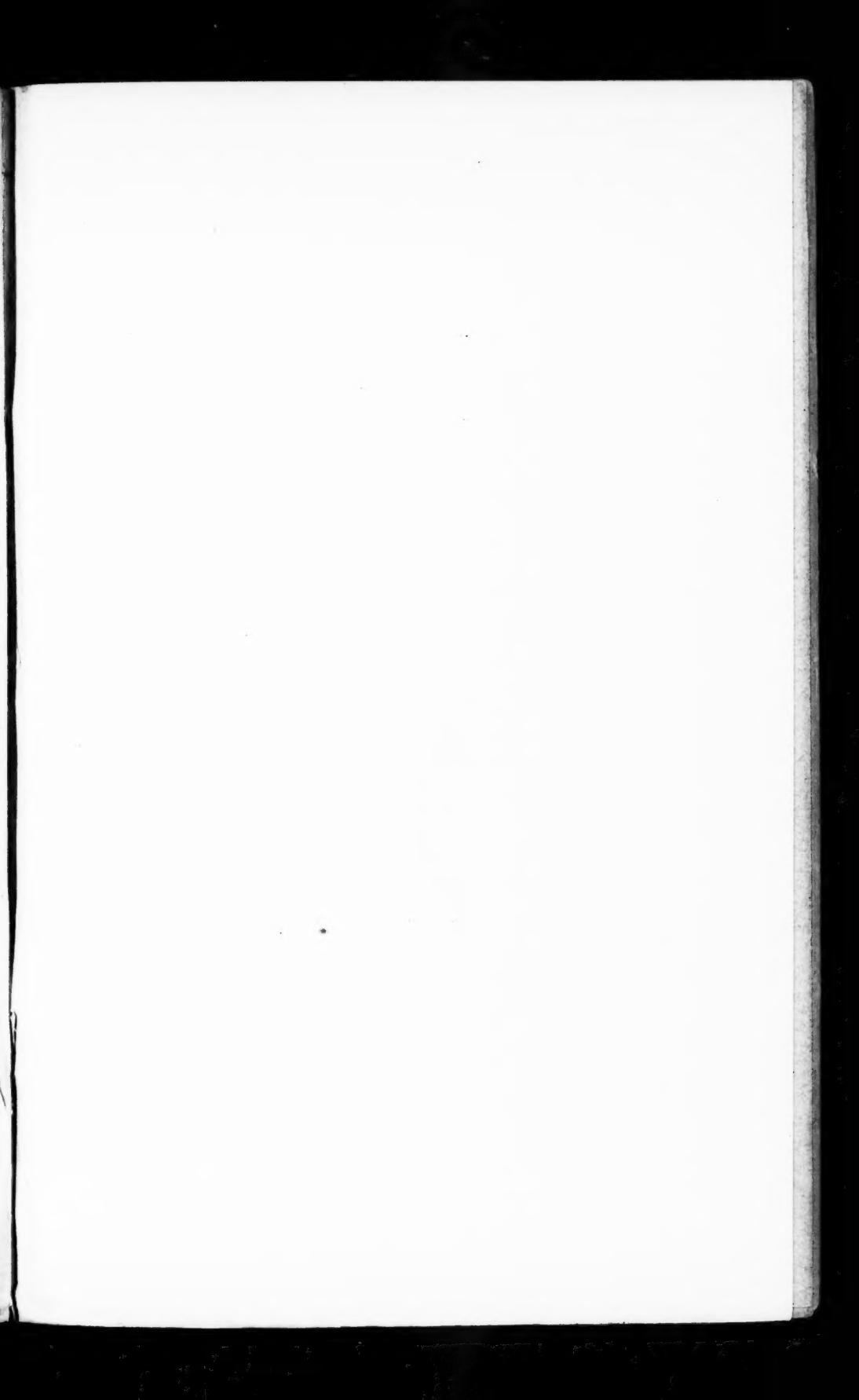
THREE COMPOSITIONS FOR THE PIANO. 1. THE FLOWER SEEKERS. 65c. 2. CONFLUENTIA. 40c. 3. THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN. 75c. By Edgar Stillmann Kelley. New York: G. Schirmer, 1891.

Mr. Kelley, well known as one of the best of the younger American composers, here offers three new numbers of decided originality. The first is an allegro scherzando, 6-8, key of B^b. It is very pleasing and at the same time effective, because well worked out. The rhythm also has an element of novelty. This is an excellent piece for teaching purposes or for parlor playing. The second is a very slow movement, with a great deal of interesting and somewhat intricate thematic work—in a style perhaps suggested by Schumann's "Warum." The third is a very rapid finale, presto, the principal subject almost tarantelle-like in style, but with stronger accents. The second subject is of a quieter character in 4-4 measure, after which the principal subject is resumed. All three are cleverly done.

MUSICIANS IN RHYME FOR CHILDHOOD'S TIME. By Rebekah Crawford and Louise Morgan Sill. New York: G. Schirmer. Oblong folio, 40 pp.

In this charming little work for children there are two pages devoted to each of the twenty greatest masters in music, from Palestrina to Wagner. There is a portrait and a characteristic design, the latter having for motive to aid realization of the actual appearance of the subject of the sketch in his every-day surroundings. The printing was done at the presses of the Moss company, and the typographical appearance of the work leaves little or nothing to desire.

The rhymes give the history of the composers. To quote samples would be out of place, since in a task of this kind everything turns upon the right kind of audience, which adults are not. The idea is excellent and the execution creditable. All that can be said is that the rhymes might perhaps have been still better done, and so have had in them more of the aroma of true poesy, without in any way losing their applicability to child life. But this, again, is asking the well nigh impossible.





Reményi

MUSIC.

MARCH, 1892.

RADICAL TYPES OF PIANOFORTE TOUCH.

A NEW STATEMENT, BY DR. MASON.

It cannot have escaped the notice of observing amateurs or teachers that in spite of the large number of exercises that have been published for acquiring keyboard mastery the central point of all—the manner of effecting the touch, the mechanical means of actuating the keys for tone shading—has had very little done for it. Take any instruction book one will, and compare its teaching with the playing of any good artist, and one will find in a half hour's playing a variety of touches concerning which the book is silent. The first important movement toward clearing up this vital point of piano playing was made by Dr. Mason nearly twenty-five years ago, in the introduction of his fast form of the two-finger exercise, which had the merit of cultivating certain forms of vitality in the finger tips, as well as facility. In his *Technics* (1876) a farther step was taken in advance, but there are many places in that work where the point is evaded. For instance, in the most important point of all, the method of attacking the first tone of the elastic two-finger exercise, the student is left in doubt whether an attack by means of the finger, the hand or the arm is intended. As matter of fact the writer remembers that twenty years ago, as now, Dr. Mason himself always attacked these strong opening tones with the arm. But the arm was not then recognized as a proper instrument of touch. So the point
⁽¹⁾

was not made in the book. The same omission is noticeable in the first and second editions of Vol. I of "Touch and Technic." The hand and arm are nowhere reckoned with, and the exercises are left unexplained at some of the most vital points.

On the other hand, artists universally have been in the habit for twenty years, and for ten years more decidedly, of effecting free use of the arm in heavy passages, and it is the free use of this instrumentality which affords them the resources of breadth and strength which most effectually mark their work from that of amateurs.

In preparing the fourth volume of his "Touch and Technics"—"Octaves and Bravoura"—Dr. Mason was brought face to face with this vital question of playing, where it could not be evaded without sacrificing the very point and pith of the whole work. The result was that the entire subject of touch has been gone into from the ground up, and for the first time, so far as the writer knows, the entire list of typical touches has been catalogued and so accurately described and illustrated that it is thought a reader without the aid of a living teacher will be able to get them correctly. In order that the readers of MUSIC may not be behind the remainder of the world, but on the contrary, as befits their just due, a little ahead of the procession, the following summary of the new doctrines is made from advance sheets of this revised edition of Vol. I, which will not be ready for circulation for some months yet. The following, substantially, are Dr. Mason's instructions.*

All touches partake more or less of the arm, the hand and the finger. Whatever the shade or quality, all parts of the entire apparatus from the shoulder to the points of the fingers, coöperate, and perform vitally essential functions. The only ground, therefore, upon which touches can be distinguished as finger, hand or arm, is found in the preponderance of motion in one or the other of these parts of the apparatus. Moreover, since there is no finger touch without the proper background and support of hand and arm, all the forms of touches are to be taught very early in the training

* Copyright, 1892. Theo Presser.

of the student, in order that he may learn to distinguish one from the other, and keep the entire playing apparatus in the responsive condition indispensable for fine playing.

Touches are first classified as above indicated, as arm, hand or finger, according to the preponderance of a particular part of the apparatus. We begin with the arm. There are three typical conditions of the arm in touching, which are called "down-arm," "up-arm" and "devitalized."

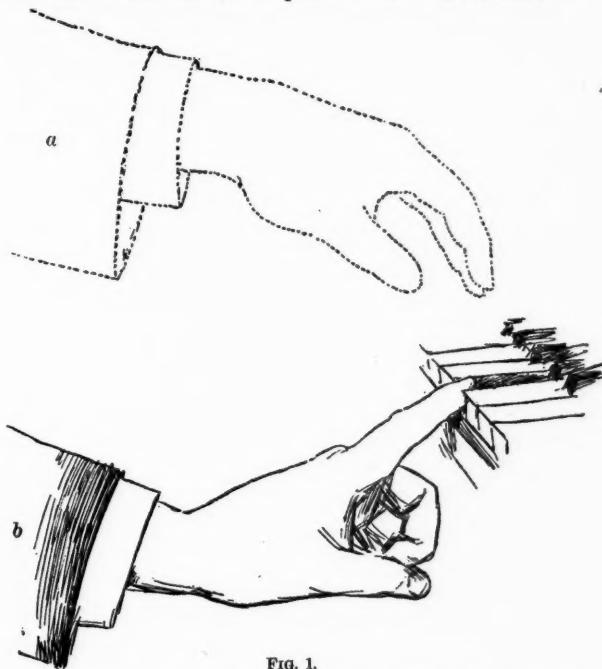


FIG. 1.

By down-arm touch is meant that form of touch in which the weight of the arm falls upon the keys, and so actuates the tones.

Preparatory Exercise.—Extending the hand upon the lap, the pupil being turned away from the piano, let the entire arm be thrown up from the lap about ten inches, by an impulse from the upper arm, and let it fall back entirely inert, as when a ball falls back after being thrown into the air. This downward fall is the type of the "down-arm."

Practical Exercises.—(1.) Turning again to the piano, let the arm fall, the third finger touching a key, and remain suspended there ; the wrist meanwhile being entirely relaxed and falling to a position somewhat below the keys. This is a touch which is often available for heavy chords. The instantaneous relaxation of the wrist as soon as the touch is delivered is an important point, since it takes away the harshness which would follow if the fingers had been braced and the hand rigid at the moment of touching. The reason why it should make any difference in the tone quality whether the wrist be instantly relaxed after touching, or be retained rigid, must undoubtedly be that the condition of wrist admitting the immediate relaxation is more *vital* and intimately connected with the will. Fig. 1 shows the position of hand ready to fall (dotted lines), and the manner of clinging with the finger point when the touch has been delivered, the second finger having delivered the touch. (b.)

(2.) Up-arm touch is in one sense the opposite of the preceding, since in performing it the hand has the sense of springing upward away from the keyboard. The preparatory exercise for obtaining this touch is made by placing the point of the finger in contact with the key, but without depressing it now or later. Then, still feeling the key with the point of the finger, let the wrist sink and rise alternately, the positions being those shown in Fig. 2, *a* and *b*. When this has been done several times until the necessary lightness and looseness of the arm are attained, let the hand spring upward away from the keys by an impulse from near the shoulder, the finger not being contracted or in any way active, saving to deliver the impulse to the keys. If the arm springs up without delivering a touch upon the keys, let there be a very slight push at the moment of springing up, and the touch will be made. In the pure type this touch is very powerful, and full of vitality. The finger is not to be drawn inward toward the hand, but after the touch hangs straight downward almost in the position of Fig. 1, *a*, or, perhaps, with the wrist more curved, but without shutting the fingers.

(3.) The third typical condition of the touching apparatus at the moment of actuating the keys, is that called the "de-vitalized." This is attained by hanging the arm at the side, and swinging it until it is entirely limp through its whole length and in all the joints, from the fingers to the shoulder. Then placing the hand upon the keys with a sort of coaxing motion, derived mainly from the arm, play the fast form of the two-finger exercise, like Nos. 6 and 8 of Vol. I, "Touch and Technic." The tone will be soft and characterless. This condition of arm, hand and finger is one of the most difficult for advanced players to obtain unless they have found

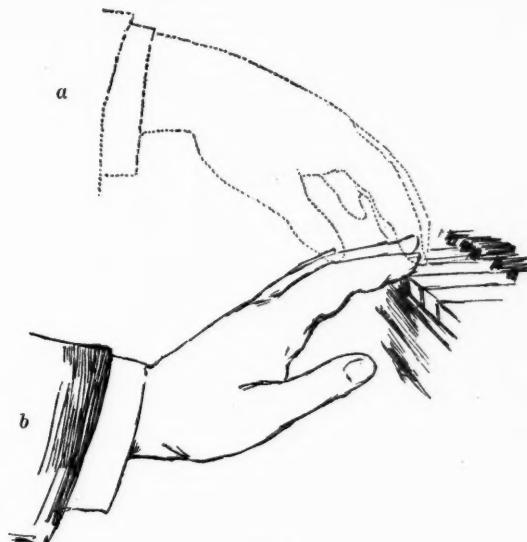


FIG. 2.

it out themselves, or been trained in more or less of the principles of Delsarte. Children, however, get it without any difficulty at all. It lies at the foundation of fine phrasing.

The hand touches follow the same three types. But there is one very important caution in this work of Dr. Mason. The hand motion taught in many seminaries and in most books, the motion which one gets by holding the

forearm rigid and moving the hand upon the wrist joint, as on a hinge, is never used by artists in playing octaves or chords.

In all types of hand motion the impulse comes from farther back, and the forearm is never held rigid or immovable, although its motion may be very slight in certain forms of rapid playing. The down-hand touch is that in which the hand touch falls upon the keys, not from a fixed forearm, but swung like a flail from a moving forearm. This is the vital point, that the hand swing freely. The impulse comes from the same place as in the arm touch, but being less strong it calls into action a smaller portion of the apparatus. If the wrist be held perfectly limp and the fore-

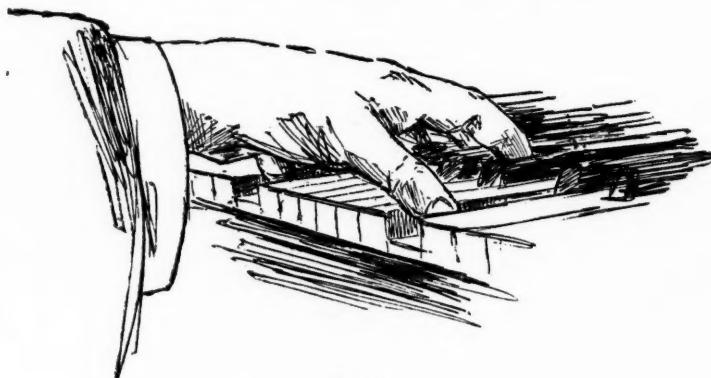


FIG. 3.

arm thrown upward a few inches rather quickly the hand will acquire this flail-like swing in falling back by its own weight.

In later exercises, where octaves are treated, Dr. Mason gives two radically different exercises, upon which his entire system of octave development depends. The first one is that of taking an octave with a down-arm touch, very firmly, the points of the fingers grasping the keys, and pinching the group of keys lying between the fifth finger and the thumb. (Fig. 3.) Then at the count "two" the wrist is entirely relaxed and sinks to the position shown in Fig. 2, b, above. The relaxed condition of the hand is well shown in

the figure, which is by that consummate master of hand drawing, Childe Hassam. In a later stage of this exercise the measure is shortened to two counts, and the relaxation takes place at the very moment of attacking the keys. Nevertheless, in spite of the relaxing, the points of the fingers continue to hold on the keys; this also is well shown in the diagram. The essential point for the student to master is the complete devitalization of the arm and hand in this exercise, at the precise moment required. And this will not be difficult if the devitalized condition has been previously mastered in the limp exercise already mentioned.

The second type of the octave school is the exercise in which the hand plays five tones of the scale in succession,



FIG. 4.

C, D, E, F, G, sixteenths, in common time. The remainder of the measure is to be occupied by rests. The point lies in the manner of playing. The hand falls upon the first tone with flail-like swing, and the remaining four tones are played with lighter and lighter force, as if the ball having struck were several times rebounding. Thus all the tones in the series come from the same original impulse, and not from five separate impulses. Mr. Cady represents this effect by means of a waved line, as distinct from a broken line or a continuous curve.

The octave illustrations embrace two other important classes of motions. The first is the rotating of the hand upon the forearm as an axle, as when broken octaves are

played strongly. In performing these motions the hand alternately assumes the appearances shown in Figs. 5 and 6, the rotation being carried as far as possible.

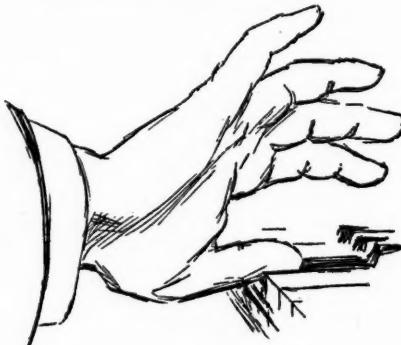


FIG. 5.

Yet another class of exercises having much to do with the condition of wrist, and conducive to flexibility in a high degree, are the contracting and expanding movements where the fifth finger is brought on to the same key already occupied by the thumb, and *vice versa*. In these movements the

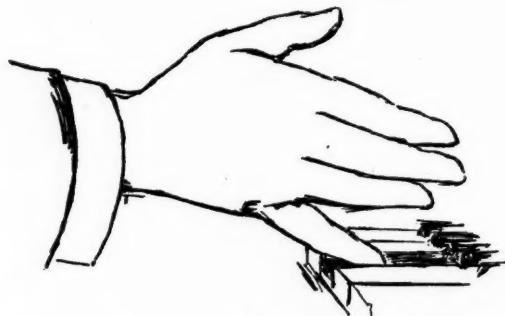


FIG. 6.

hand at rest stands as shown in Fig. 7; when the thumb is brought on to the same key as the fifth finger the appearance is like that in Fig. 8.

The motions of the hand, as such, are those already described in the octave exercises, but the tone shading in hand

touches is effected by combining with the hand motions different conditions of the finger. This will appear more plainly in what follows:

Finger Touches.—The finger touch which answers to the “down” type is the clinging legato. The finger falls from

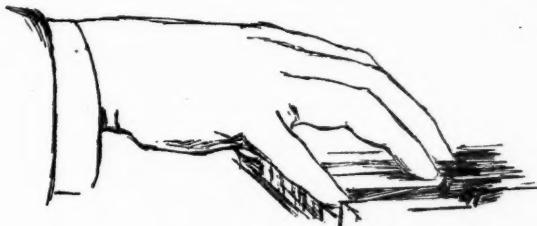


FIG. 7.

the knuckle as on a hinge, and the point clings to the key at the point where it first strikes, and remains fixed and immovable during the entire tone. The force with which the clinging pressure is maintained may vary widely, according to circumstances. In slow melodies it is considerable, drawing much upon the arm; in finger scales, passage and not melodic, the clinging pressure is slight.

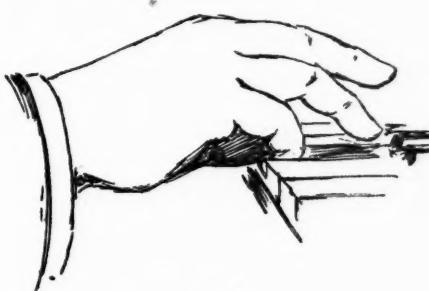


FIG. 8.

The hand positions in performing finger motions are so well known that it is perhaps impertinent to introduce illustrations at this point. Still, inasmuch as it is sometimes doubted whether a curved position of the fingers will result from the new methods of practice, Figs. 9, 10 and 11 are

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given as being in point, illustrating different aspects of purely finger motions of the legato variety.

Figs. 9, 10 and 11 appertain to another class of exercises, but inasmuch as they are all finger touches, they serve our present purpose just as well. Fig. 9 is a part of the illus-

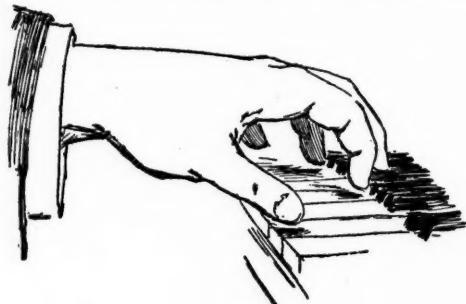


FIG. 9.

tration of the method of playing chords by means of a finger touch and up-arm combined, Fig. 9 being the position of the hand in readiness to make the touch—the fingers close to the keys. With the hand in the same position one is ready to

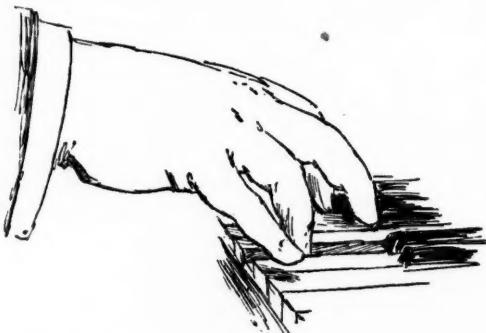


FIG. 10.

begin upon the ingenious exercise proposed by Mr. E. M. Bowman in the test exercises of the American College of Musicians, for playing a series of chords with either voice brought out at the pleasure of the performer. Taking an ordinary psalm tune, let the soprano be played perfectly

legato by changing fingers upon every key wherever necessary for maintaining the legato. The other tones of the chord are played as staccato as possible by means of a very fine finger touch, with the very ends of the fingers, much as one would pick chords upon a guitar. Fig. 10 shows the

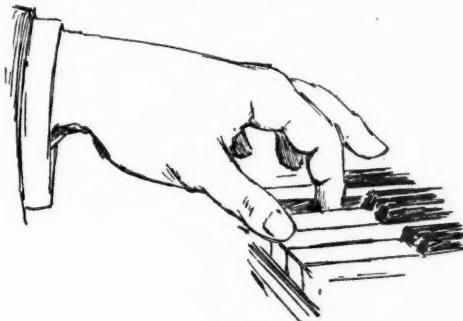


FIG. 11.

hand when the fifth finger has just been released by slipping the fourth upon its key. Fig. 11 shows the left hand when the first finger has just been replaced by the second for the purpose of maintaining the legato in the tenor voice. This

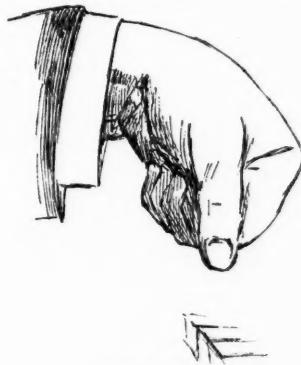


FIG. 12.

exercise is one of the simplest and most productive means for refining the touch in chord passages, since its inevitable tendency is to make the chords sweet-voiced and musical.

The finger touch answering to the "up" type is the staccato, which is performed in many ways, according to the

nature of the effect desired. The extreme finger staccato is what Dr. Mason calls the "elastic touch," where the finger having been extended quite straight some distance above the keys, is suddenly drawn in (shut) to the palm of the hand, touching the key forcibly in passing. In some instances the contraction of the flexor muscles continues until the entire

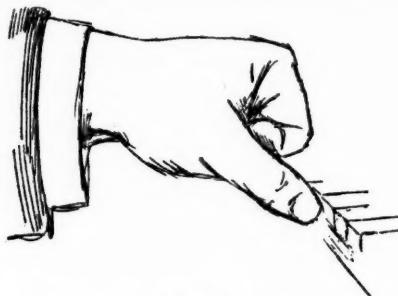


FIG. 13.

hand is curved inward, as in Fig. 12. In other cases the contraction stops sooner.

A very singular type of the finger touch is employed by Professor Bowman in some instances, for the purpose of inducing decision and vigor of attack in hands naturally deficient in these respects. At the beginning of the touch, the hand presents the appearance shown in Fig. 13. The

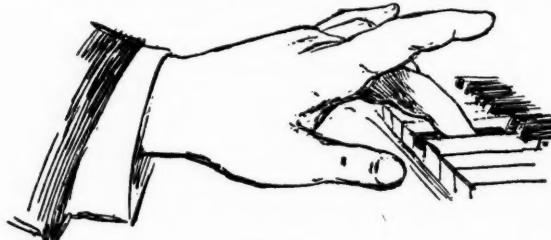


FIG. 14.

touch is made by spitefully extending the finger, "stabbing" the key, as one might say, the termination of the touch being as represented in Fig. 14.

The slightest form of finger staccato is that in which the motion is almost entirely confined to the second joints of

the fingers, as in the old-fashioned tremolo, or repeated note exercise, which in fact was the main dependence of the best teachers a quarter of a century ago, for securing vitality in the finger tips. Dr. Mason makes great use of this form of staccato, not alone in places where phrasing is intended, but as a means of brightening up the effect of running passages presumably legato. This effect is not necessarily staccato, properly speaking, but more like the ivory ball effect described by Mr. Cady in *Music for January* as a type of legato. The devitalized condition of the fingers and hand is precisely that of the arm as described in the opening paragraph above.

In this connection it is not out of place to repeat the illustrations of the Mason "elastic touch," as originally drawn for "*Touch and Technic*." At the beginning the finger is extended quite straight, as shown in Fig. 15; the touch

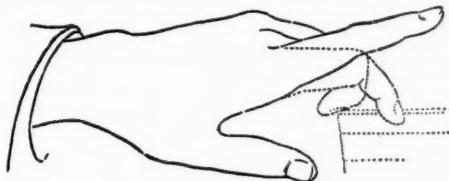


FIG. 15.

is effected by sweeping the finger toward the palm of the hands, as shown in the dotted lines. The contraction may continue until the extreme flexion is reached, as in Fig. 12; this results in a very thorough exercise of the flexor muscles, or the flection may cease the moment that the touch has been delivered, and the wrist being relaxed the hand will rebound upward of its own accord, by the mere reaction from the powerful touch made in shutting the fingers. All staccato touches belong to what have sometimes been called the "up-touches," because in making them the hand is freely brought away from the keys.

Most astonishing effects now made by virtuosi are effected by combining arm touches, principally of the "up" variety, with various finger *nuances*, and a good player would apply these combinations to very simple pieces, such as, for

instance, the Heller studies. A brilliant, trumpet-like effect is produced by an up-arm touch of chords, reinforced by finger staccato, the tones being held out by means of the pedal. The brilliant and satisfactory nature of this effect will indeed depend somewhat upon the balance of the hand, the upper tone necessarily preponderating in the klang where a brilliant and inspiring effect is desired.

One of the most noticeable features of modern piano playing is the increasing use of touches of the "up" variety. It is easily demonstrable upon almost any instrument that a better tone quality is produced by this type of touch than by any type in which the weight of the finger, hand or arm remains resting upon the keys, excepting in slow melodies of the legato character, and these even are often more effective when the up touches are used and the pedal employed for completing the legato. It is an interesting question why this should be the case. The answer, however, is not far to find. In all the "up" touches the muscles are far more vitalized and elastic at the moment of delivering the touch than in any of the "down" varieties. In the latter brute force, mere avoirdupois, has much to do with actuating the keys and producing the tones; in the "up" touches the mere weight has nothing to do with the volume of tone resulting, but simply will, elasticity, spirit. Hence the up touches afford players of slight physique precisely the means needed whereby they can express their often-times broad conceptions with the necessary fullness of tone and vital quality indicative of activity of mind and sensitiveness of soul.

In clearing up this matter of touch, Dr. Mason has completed his great work, "Touch and Technic," in a manner entitling him to the lasting gratitude of teachers and students. The classification above described is so simple that a child can master it in a few minutes, and the types are so distinct that any person will immediately recognize them; at the same time, there is perhaps scarcely a technical *nuance* employed by the greatest artist which cannot be accounted for as one of these types or a combination of several elements. It is not pretended by Dr. Mason that he alone

has found out these touches. On the contrary, artists for many years, and more especially within the past twenty years, have been tending more and more to the free use of the arm. Every concert pianist illustrates this fact, and some teachers, such as Sherwood, Cady, Liebling and many others, have effected a partial clearing up of the matter for their own pupils. This of Dr. Mason, however, is the first authoritative statement of the matter in a book, so far as the editor of *MUSIC* knows, and the first classification which includes all the known types.

Special mention ought to be made of the figures of the hands, here given in a reduced form by permission. After scores of photographs had been taken without satisfactory results, the distinguished artist, Mr. Childe Hassam, volunteered out of friendship to Dr. Mason to try what he could do. The results are not only satisfactory to the eye and the artistic sense, but far more instructive and suggestive than photographs. At first Dr. Mason was inclined to get along with just as few drawings as possible, but later, when the goodness of these grew upon him he regretted that he could not have had twice as many, in order to illustrate different states of each act.

MADAME PATTI AND THE OLD SONGS.

FROM ADVANCE SHEETS OF *Church's Musical Visitor*.

At what a disadvantage audiences at concerts are in comparison with perhaps the same people at lectures or literary gatherings!

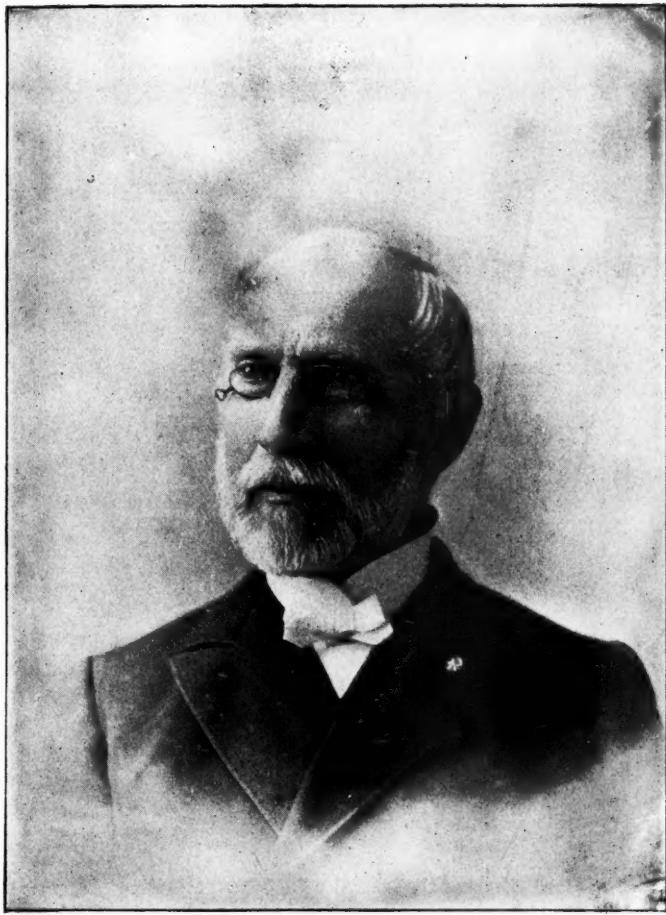
At the latter they are not treated with contumely because they get what they want and have given their money to hear, nor are the speakers derided because they are sagacious enough to see what is wanted, and honest enough to give what is paid for.

But in concerts not only may the penny-a-liners treat audiences and performers with flippant disrespect, but the newspapers stand ready to print their utterances as if they were fair and useful criticisms.

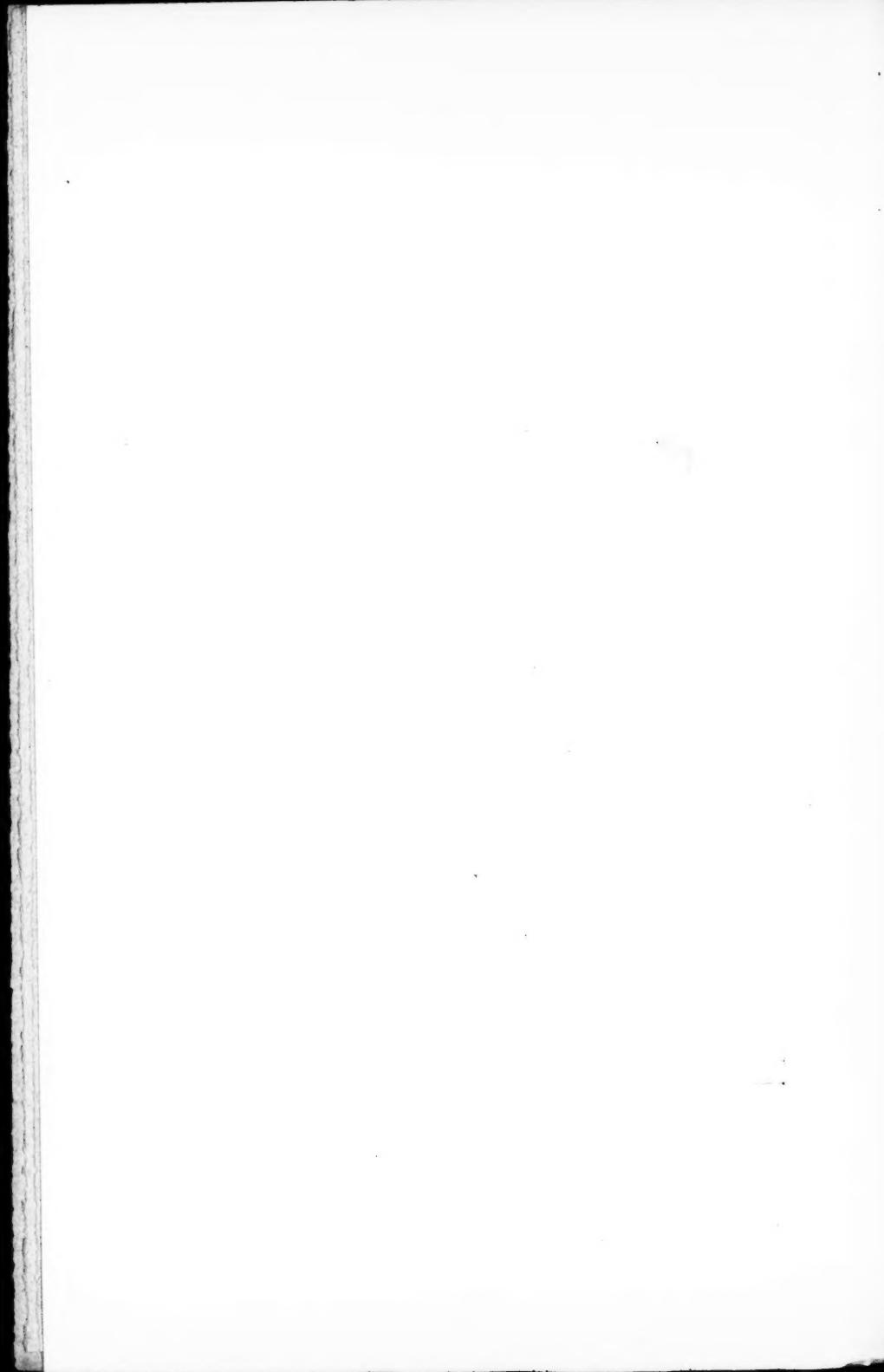
This could not be—the writers would not dare so to write—the papers would not dare so to print, if the people were up in music as they are in other matters of education. By up in music, I do not mean more accomplished as players or singers, but more intelligent in regard to the scope and use of music, and with a better understanding of their rights as concert audiences.

Have the “people” a right to the pleasure and pure enjoyment which they derive from “Home, Sweet Home” and “The Last Rose of Summer” as sung by the best singer in the world, if they are willing to pay for them? As the boys say—whose enjoyment is this? Who are paying the bills,—the thousands who go principally to hear these old songs, or the few who ridicule them?

Announce for a concert that Madame Patti will sing none of her old songs, that all will be modern and advanced,—that the object will be to educate rather than entertain, and what would be the result? Curiosity, added to the singer’s great name, might fill the house—might even crowd it for



Geo. F. Root.



once, but where would be those emotions so enjoyable, and, I may add, so useful, which the pure old songs and familiar melodies excite in the minds of the large majority without whose support Patti concerts would be impossible?

Why cannot audiences see that they have as much right to hear Patti again and again in the songs they love without the contemptuous interference of self-constituted censors, as they have to hear time after time, year after year, Hamlet by Booth or Rip Van Winkle by Jefferson, or simpler utterances by Cable or Riley, about which no word of contempt or disrespect is ever spoken?

The idea that the great singer of whom we are speaking cannot sing modern music as well as she sings the old songs is absurd, and the imputation that she sings the old songs from an unworthy motive, is worse. About that there are two points:

First, it is an axiom that people can be benefited musically only by music that they like. At a concert there is no time to educate people in music that they do not understand. They must have then and there what they can enjoy, to have it of any emotional or æsthetic use to them. Second, not only are Patti's songs a benefit to the "people," but her dealings with them are on an honest business basis—she gives them what they pay for. If she makes a great deal of money, so much the better for her—she does it honestly.

"But," say these people who dislike, or affect to dislike the simple songs, "have we no rights?" Yes, you have a right to all you pay for. In a programme of twelve numbers, one would probably be generous as your proportion.

I often think there is no place where intelligent people are so patient under contemptuous and unjust treatment as in the concert room. The eminent lawyer, the learned divine, the sagacious and successful business man will say meekly: "True, I do not understand music, I only know what I like," and looking up to the superior beings who set themselves over them, will perhaps experience a feeling of humiliation as they read the narrow and uncatholic criticisms of the performances they have enjoyed. They do not realize that the good music they liked is the best music in the world

for them, and that a man has no more right to treat it contemptuously than he has so to treat the literature or political opinions they prefer.

I do not take the liberty of offering this as a defense of Madame Patti. She needs none as against these people who seem to understand so little what music is for in this world; but one would suppose that *they* would get discouraged at the result of their persistent labors. What they do not want fills the houses, and what they would have—when they get it—depletes them.

"But," says such a critic, "have I not a right to express my opinion?" Certainly, but you assume to express public opinion, the newspaper supposes you are doing so, and the people are too modest to contradict. If you would say: "These are only my own ideas about Madame Patti's performances; they were not shared by the audience, judging by their actions," you would be putting the matter as it is, and would be entitled to credit for your candor, however unjust and useless your ideas might be.

The truth is that competent musical critics and advanced musicians who are broad-minded and in sympathy with all efforts toward the musical advancement of the people, *do* enjoy the performances of which we are speaking. Not only do they enjoy the consummate art with which Madame Patti glorifies the simple old song, but they enjoy the pleasure of the people who are musically at that grade, down to which the great artist comes for their benefit and delight.

Such critics and musicians also see the truth about the educational side of the musical problem. They know that as in other matters of education you must begin where the people are, and especially in concert audiences where people are not compelled to "go to school." They know that when comprehension and enjoyment of the music cease the education stops, not because the people would not get something if they would listen, disorderly as that mode of educating would be, but because they won't listen. They don't think much about it, but bring the matter squarely before them, and they will say they do not go to concerts to be educated, but to be entertained, and if any education

comes with the entertainment it must be an incidental and secondary matter.

In all concerts by artists the proportion of advanced music will undoubtedly remain as at the present time, and a gain will gradually be made in public appreciation, as in Mr. Thomas' wonderful work in which people are induced to listen year after year to music which at first they do not enjoy; but I must not go into that now. What I wish is, that the simple music need not be disparaged. If the simple music that prevails is not good enough let the advanced musicians make better, for simple music people in elementary musical states must have, and if they can't get the best they will take what they can get. Imagine the critics elaborating in attractive phrase such statements as "Madame Patti's selections were admirably adapted to the musical states of a large majority of her audience, as evinced by their enthusiasm and delight, but while all enjoyed her matchless voice and consummate art, a few of us would like to have seen them applied to a number or two of a higher musical grade. The people who prefer the simpler music, and who in Mr. Thomas' concerts derive what enjoyment they can from the uniform movement of the violin bows and various strange tone effects while waiting for 'Traumerei' and the 'Largo,' could enjoy her diamonds and her execution while the class ahead of them took in the music."

But when such critics as have been here spoken of write on lines of friendly fairness about simple music and the people who like it, the berries that Dr. Holmes describes as growing larger downward through the box will be offered for sale, and the millennium will be near. GEO. F. Root.

AN INNOCENT IMPOSTOR;

OR,

A PAINFUL EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A JOURNALIST.

[IN FOUR PARTS.]

PART I.

For twenty years, or thereabouts, starting for convenience at the age of six, I have been the unhappy victim of my brother's reputation. No matter where I have been or what I have done, I have never yet succeeded in obtaining any praise for my own work ; while, alas ! I have received altogether too many vicarious compliments that were intended for my brother. This was all very well at first, and for a matter of ten years or so I was too proud of my brilliant relative to care. But when I grew taller than Herbert, and, to my own notion at least, a person of quite as much consequence, it came to be very irritating to be introduced to every one as "A brother of Herbert Bangs, whom you know." In fact, the greater part of my energy for the past decade has been absorbed in vain attempts to escape from beneath his eclipsing shadow. When I went down to Haven College in '81, the venerable president shook my hand warmly and said, "A brother of Mr. H. H. Bangs, of '77, I believe. If you are like him you will be a valuable acquisition." When I cut my Greek for a week, Prof. Ædipus invited me to his house to tea, and after entertaining me in the most delightful manner, remarked in a friendly way that he was afraid that I was not quite coming up to the mark set for me by my brother, and that he hoped I would feel it incumbent upon me to uphold the family reputation. The instructor in composition, whenever he desired to flatter me, told me that I certainly had a touch of my brother's style.

As a Bangs, I felt flattered; as Henry A. Bangs, I felt justly aggrieved at this merging of the individual into the generic type.

I finally became so desperate at being measured by his record at every turn, that I resolved to confine my efforts to things that he had never attempted. He was a great student of literature and the fine arts. I went in for society and athletics. By means of this equitable division there were plenty of honors for us both, with comparatively little danger of a competition in which I should certainly be supposed by every one to have had the worst of it.

When I left college in '85, I planned my education by spending a year or more in Europe; intending to pay a part of my expenses by writing accounts of my travels for the papers. I was not long, however, in discovering that if there is anything that is harder for a traveler than to write letters it is to sell them, and at the end of four months I found my treasury in such an exhausted condition that I was obliged to borrow money of my brother to come home on. This unfortunate termination of my foreign career brought the necessity of choosing a profession closer to me than I had anticipated; and I found it rather embarrassing. There were so many things I could do if I only had time to prepare. Theology was not in my line, medicine I disliked, and the law, for various reasons, was out of the question; but a professorship in economics I had no objection to, and I had something of a leaning toward practical chemistry. But both of these, unfortunately, were beyond my reach at present, and I really could see nothing that was practicable except base ball and journalism. The former was more showy, the latter more sure. I chose the latter. It was far from easy, I discovered, to secure a place. All the regular reporterships seemed filled and running over, and to my chagrin, I was obliged to ask my brother, who was now a man of letters with some reputation in literary circles, to use his influence in my behalf. With his help I finally obtained a ten-dollar place on the *Jupiter*—not at all a bad opening for a beginner. I did my best to rise in my profession, and in particular kept my eye on the field of athletics,

for I had a vague dream of living to be a sporting editor—an ambition which I scrupulously kept to myself, for it would justly have been regarded by my associates as a sad piece of presumption on the part of a ten-dollar reporter.

I saw comparatively little of Herbert for some time after I began work on the *Jupiter*. I used to see his stooping form and somber face on the streets occasionally, and sometimes he invited me to dine with him at Delmonico's, but for the most part he lived mewed up in his chambers, with no company but his precious library.

"Poor old Herbert," I said, half compassionately, as I saw his thoughtful, kindly face through a book store window, "he is really beginning to look quite old."

But my compassion vanished and wrath took its place when a Boston author of wide reputation shook me warmly by the hand and complimented me on my work in Later Middle English.

"It's a fine thing," he said, "to see the young men taking hold of serious work of this kind. Do you know, Mr. Bangs, I had imagined from your essays that you must be at least thirty-five. Very promising, I assure you, very promising." And he hurried off before I had an opportunity to undeceive him.

My greatest tribulation, however, was a certain poem called "Until Death," which appeared in one of the great magazines and won him considerable reputation among literary men. In spite of all that I could do people would insist on regarding me as the author, and I was continually being called Herbert, greatly to my disgust. It is one of my pet beliefs that no man should venture to call another by his Christian name until he is absolutely certain what that Christian name is.

In one quarter, however, I flattered myself that I had won favor on my own merits. Gertrude Fenwick had never even heard of my brother, and loved me on my own account. Although I felt sure that she and Herbert would like each other, I put off introducing them as long as possible; not from jealousy, but because I wanted one person, at least, to be unable to hold up my brother to me as an example. Then,

too, they were both musicians, and if there is anything that is more irritating than another to an unmusical person it is to have his friends talk music over his head. Still worse is it when they humiliate him by stopping every moment to explain in a condescending manner what it is that they are talking about. Gertrude was very good in that way. She always talked just as though I understood everything she said about music, and though I often protested that I was ignorant of the art, she always laughed in a skeptical way which made me believe that I knew more than I had given myself credit for. "My family is musical," I said to myself, "and it is likely that my glee club work has done more for me than I had supposed in the way of culture. Then, too, I have always lived in a musical atmosphere, which of course makes a great difference."

In spite of this general knowledge, however, I felt some uneasiness in regard to the technical terminology, which does not, like Dogberry's reading and writing, come by nature. I had once attempted to get through a term of German on the strength of a strain of Dutch blood in my ancestry, and my success was not so brilliant as to lead me to believe that I could talk the musical gibberish with perfect accuracy because my family was musical. So in order to make my technical education more perfect I went so far as to invest in a popular treatise entitled "How to Understand Music," by means of which I soon learned to use quite a number of musical terms with a good deal of fluency. I was always pretty careful when I was with Gertrude, however, for she was a thorough-going devotee of the art, and always looked a little shocked and hurt when I made a mistake. I generally passed such a slip off as a piece of satire on some one of my ignorant acquaintances, but experience taught me caution, and when the subject of music was broached my part in the conversation was for the most part Yea, yea, and Nay, nay. Gertrude always seemed a little surprised at my reticence, and frequently made remarks about my modesty which, alas! I did not understand then so well as I do now. "When we are engaged," I said to myself, "then I will show her how ignorant I am. Just now it might affect her

unpleasantly." Her father, too, had received the impression that I was a musician, and I always hate to undeceive people—especially when they have a good opinion of me—and sometimes I really doubted whether it was possible for either Gertrude or Major Fenwick to have a good opinion of any one who was not a musician. The major's favorite passage from Shakespeare was

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted.

As he believed quite implicitly in the truth of this passage, and regarded only those who were fond of Bach and Beethoven as numbered among the elect, I was naturally reluctant to confess that I was one of the outer barbarians, and put off the unwelcome explanation as long as possible. But I protest upon my honor, that from the very beginning of my acquaintance with the family I never said one word which could lead any one to believe that I was anything but what I was. If they were deceived in me it was not through my fault.

If we had talked music all the while my ignorance would not have been long in manifesting itself; but, fortunately or unfortunately as the case may be, there were plenty of other topics to which I could retreat when I felt the matter to be getting beyond my depth. I don't go in much for heavy reading, like Herbert, or indeed like Gertrude, but nevertheless we found a good deal of literature of a lighter kind that made good material for conversation. Gertrude kept careful watch of the periodicals, and she astonished me by saying that she had read some of my signed articles, which was indeed surprising, because she was the only person that I had ever met who had done so. My literary ventures consisted of nothing more pretentious than three or four short stories, which had not occupied very conspicuous places in the magazines. It was all the more gratifying to think that Gertrude, at least, was familiar with them.

But my tale of woe must now begin, and strangely enough, with what seemed at the time to be unqualified good fortune, so little can we poor short-sighted mortals foretell the future. I was just preparing for press an interview with Jay Gould relative to a recent railroad deal in the west, when I was told that our chief wanted to see me. I went to his office with some trepidation. "Old Slaughter," the boys called him, and the name was very fitting. There wasn't a man on the paper who was not afraid of him except Sanderson, the musical editor, and he wasn't a regular member of the staff anyway.

When I went in Old Slaughter was seated at his desk looking at a letter before him in an exasperated sort of way that made me think that a tempest was brewing. But it wasn't. On the contrary, he nodded to me kindly, and told me to take a seat.

"You are assigned, I believe, to the ladies' convention this evening," he began.

"Yes, sir." I had learned never to waste words with this truculent despot.

"Rogers will take that. I have something else that I wanted to speak to you about. Some special work."

My bosom swelled with expectant pride. Were my superior merits to be duly recognized at last?

"You know there is to be a great benefit concert at the Cosmopolitan to-night?" the editor went on. I nodded. I did not see exactly what he was driving at, for we had the finest musical critic in America on our staff, who wrote up every event of importance, and whose articles were received as gospel by musicians from one end of the country to the other.

"I have here a letter from Mr. Sanderson," Old Slaughter went on, "saying that he is down with pneumonia and can't possibly step out of the house."

I waited with outward patience to hear what proposition was to be made, although my heart was thumping away fast enough, I can tell you.

"He says in the letter," the editor went on, tapping the document with his finger, "that if there is any man who can

take his place it is Mr. Bangs. He is very flattering to you, I assure you."

I was conscious of blushing to my ears with pride and vain-glory. I had often talked with Sanderson and aired the knowledge that I had just sucked from "How to Understand Music," but I had no idea that I had impressed him so strongly. I felt that a new career was open to me. Sanderson's approval was in itself a sufficient testimonial of high merit.

"Now I need not tell you," Old Slaughter went on in a kindly way that belied his name, "how important this occasion is. I suppose that it is going to be the biggest concert of the year, and we want to have the best criticism of it that is published. We make that a point, you know."

"I will do the best I can," I answered modestly.

"I guess we can trust you. I don't know anything about it myself, but Sanderson's head is level. I am glad to see a young man like you working into a specialty, Mr. Bangs. Hard work always tells, I assure you. Here are the tickets Mr. Sanderson sent back. Two be enough?"

I thanked him and was hurrying away when he called me back.

"By the way, Mr. Bangs," he said, "I forgot to tell you that you might as well sign your article. Sanderson is a little particular about that. He likes to have people know what he writes and what some one else does. H. A. your initials are, aren't they?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. Sanderson writes a villainous hand. You can hardly tell his H's and his A's apart. Get your copy in by half past eleven if you can."

I left the editor's sanctum hardly knowing whether I was walking or floating in the air. A whole column on the editorial page at my disposal. People all over the country would look for the name Sanderson at the bottom of my critique and find—Bangs! I was a trifle alarmed as well as exhilarated at my sudden elevation, but I comforted myself with the reflection that Gertrude would go with me, and that I could easily get pointers from her. To my disgust, however,

I was informed when I reached her house, that she was in bed trying to sleep off a nervous headache, and that it was simply an impossibility for her to stir out of doors. There was no help for it, and betaking myself to my room I proceeded to bone "How to Understand Music" with might and main. I succeeded in getting two chapters pretty well mastered before it was time for the concert, and began to feel a little more confident. I had now a large collection of technical expressions that really sounded quite learned as I rattled them over. Still, I reflected, there was something in the way of combining them, and with a view to improving my style I spent the last moments before the concert in running over a file of the *Jupiter* and studying Sanderson's critiques. There was nothing in them that I couldn't do, I felt sure, and it was with a sense of lordly superiority to the general herd, a feeling that I controlled the opinions of at least a quarter of a million people in regard to this concert, that I went into the opera house and started to make my way to the splendid seats that had been reserved for Mr. Sanderson. In the entrance I met an acquaintance, a certain Dick Soule, who was a violinist in the principal orchestra of the city, and a first-rate musician. He was a jolly good fellow and a great wag, and was a general favorite with the boys.

"Hello, Dick," I called out, "got your seats yet?"

"That's what I have! On the railing. Top balcony. One dollar. No extra charge for standing."

A sudden inspiration flashed into my mind. Why not make my friend useful?

"How would you like," I said loftily, "to get a chair in the first balcony, back, front row, next the aisle?"

"Good Lord, man, do you take me for a millionaire in citizen's clothes? My name ain't Vanderbilt."

"I happen to have an extra seat in the locality I describe," I said, "and if it is any object to you to change, why I shall be glad of your company."

"Well, I should smile!" was his idiomatic but expressive way of accepting and giving thanks, and we passed through the great mass of people who had to stand, and made our way to our seats, which were most admirably situated, both for seeing and hearing.

PART II.

"Come now, this isn't so slow," said Dick, appreciatively, as he settled back in the luxurious opera chair and complacently surveyed the audience. "Do you always have this sort of thing?"

"Not always quite so fine as this," I admitted. "These were reserved for our musical critic, Mr. Sanderson. He's sick," I went on with cleverly counterfeited modesty, "and I had to take his place."

"No!" said Dick, in an incredulous way that cut me to the heart, "Really? Toilets, I suppose." A very mean allusion to the fact that my greatest journalistic successes, so far, had been in the way of describing social events. But I could not afford to resent this insult to my musical powers, for Dick was quite too useful a person just at that moment. And the concert was ready to begin, so that the conversation was cut off quite abruptly. I found to my delight that I did not have to pump Dick at all or reveal to him the fact that I was in want of any information. He talked fluently and constantly at every break in the music, and I was able to pick up a large number of very interesting facts which I carefully treasured in my mind for use in my article. I reflected with glee that there could hardly fail to be a good many points that not even Mr. Sanderson, the omniscient, had ever heard of, for there was no one like Dick Soule, I had been told, for picking up out-of-the-way information. I should certainly have a stunning article, and very likely it would make me a big reputation.

The bright particular star of the evening was a new prima donna who was just making her début in New York, after having aroused a prodigious furore in Paris and Vienna. The people were fairly wild every time she appeared, and I saw many staid and grave musicians burst their gloves and fairly grow purple in the face with enthusiasm. To my surprise, Dick was not very favorably impressed with her singing. He said nothing, but I could see by his scowl and by the almost imperceptible shake of his head at every

unusually brilliant piece of *coloratur*—thank heaven, I have that word fixed at last—that he was not satisfied. I had at first started to applaud vigorously, but there was something in my companion's manner that chilled my enthusiasm, and I took advantage of the first pause to sound him on the subject in a cautious way. He was very non-committal at first; declined to say anything more than the feeblest commonplaces. I pressed him for something more definite.

"Now I hate to say anything mean about poor old Nefslér," he said, half apologetically. "She's been a good singer, I know, and it's surprising how much she does with the mere rag of a voice she has left. But I must say it's about time she was called in."

"I should think as much," I said sarcastically, though with a certain shock too. My impression of her had been that she was about twenty years old. I made a resolution to myself never to attempt to judge of a woman's age on the stage again.

"Now we'll see what young Geige can do for himself," said Dick, enthusiastically starting a little applause—a very little one—as the young violinist came on to the stage. "Now you will hear some playing. Joachim says he's the best pupil he ever had. There's no one in this country who can touch him."

"Isn't that violin a honey," he said rapturously, as the player began to tune. "That's the one that Paganini used to play on; the most magnificent Guarnerius in the world. I remember very well hearing it the last time Paganini was in Chicago. After his death it was owned by the city of Genoa and was kept for years under a glass case. Rubinstein bought it and made a present of it to young Geige only last year."

"Indeed!" said I, taking note of this as a very interesting point for my article.

Evidently young Geige was not appreciated according to his deserts, for he received but a feeble round of applause, although Dick exerted himself to the utmost, so that the people around us stared and began to laugh at his enthusiasm.

"Confound these idiots!" said my companion angrily; "they can't appreciate good music. Now if he had played that trash thing that's down on the programme they would have just got up and howled. Why, I've seen the audience all leave their seats and move up to the platform *en masse* while he was playing. But that was in Paris."

"What do you say?" I asked anxiously. "Didn't he play the piece that was down on the programme?"

"What! That Singelee thing? Not much! It was the Chaconne from Bach's sixth solo sonata. I don't wonder that you are not familiar with it. There are only three artists in the world who can play it: Remenyi, Sarasate and young Geige."

"What a mercy," I said to myself, "that I happened to run across young Soule." A cold sweat stood on my forehead at the thought of the awful break I might have made. To spring a change like that on a poor harmless music critic was a little too much. I determined to say something scathing about it in my critique.

"Just notice this next piece carefully, will you?" said Dick, throwing himself back in his seat with a little sigh of anticipated pleasure. "It is rather remarkable as being the best piece of work that the French school has yet turned out."

"Indeed!" I said, and glanced at the programme. It was called "A Grand Fantasia on Airs from Donnizetti," and bore the name of a composer that I had never heard of before. "Evidently something big," I said to myself, and I prepared to listen with admiration. The audience, however, did not seem to enjoy it much better than they had enjoyed the violin solo, and showed a manifest impatience to get to the next number, which was to introduce a popular tenor, and poor Signor Giardini received but scanty applause, although as before my companion helped out to the best of his ability.

"Poor fellow," he said between his bravos. "It wasn't really his fault. No one could do anything with that wretched old tin pan of a piano. I'm getting mighty tired of this way the Steinways have of putting old rattle traps on the stage that wouldn't be fit for a nickel theater."

"What do they do it for?" I asked indignantly, for now that I thought of it, I *had* noticed a peculiar hard, metallic sound about the tone that was not as musical as it might be.

Dick only shrugged his shoulders. "Ask them," he said. "It's a conundrum. I do think, though, that they might at least send one with three pedals. By George, it makes me mad."

"I said nothing, but I resolved to give the piano makers a little rub in my quiet sarcastic way, which the musicians of the city would appreciate.

Next came the great tenor, De Cimerosa, and he was received with such rapturous applause that it was some time before he could get an opportunity to sing at all. Every one listened with breathless attention except Dick, who rocked back and forth and bit his lips as though consumed by some secret agony.

"*Ach, du lieber Gott!*" he exclaimed, when the singer finished and the audience broke into a great storm of applause. Did you ever hear anything so atrocious? He ought to be taken out and shot this very minute. He wasn't on the key once from beginning to end. I thought I should die before he got through."

"It was pretty bad," I assented. "What do you suppose was the matter?"

"Case of drunk, I believe. A man can't guzzle raw brandy all day and sing opera at night. He'll never touch high C sharp again. *Oh*, but he is a tough! Looks innocent, doesn't he. A great favorite with the women."

Then came a selection by the orchestra; an unfinished symphony by Schubert, about the history of which Dick told me many curious things that I should never have been able to find out for myself. I should indeed have been all at sea in the orchestral numbers if it had not been for my friendly companion, for I don't know a bass trombone from a bass clef myself. But I could hardly have had a better Mentor. Dick had played in an orchestra ever since he was ten years old, and there was little about orchestral music that he was not familiar with.

"You see that man with a very long black instrument that he holds across him diagonally?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, that's Herr Kneipl. He's the finest oboe player in this country. He used to play in the big Vienna orchestra."

"Would you mind telling me," I asked, "what is the technical name for those big bass violins that are playing now?"

"Those? Oh certainly. Those are the thorough-basses. They call them that, you see, because they are the most thorough bass there is in the orchestra—well I'll be hanged!"

"What's the matter?" I asked with some concern, for he was staring at the orchestra in an open-mouthed, distracted sort of way, as if he could hardly trust his senses. I had to repeat my question several times before he seemed to be able to get it into his head.

"The infernal lubbers!" he said at last in an indignant way. "If they are not going on to finish up the symphony! I call that an act of deliberate vandalism. They ought to be roasted for it in the papers."

"How much did Schubert write?" I asked, with apparent carelessness.

"He had got just half way through the second movement and was going on to write more when he died. Oh, the rascals!" I looked around with a feeling of exultation. It was clear that none of the people around us suspected the truth, and there were some musical people there too. How pleased Gertrude would be with my erudition when she saw my critique in the morning.

After the symphony came a solo by a great contralto singer. She sang an aria from "Samson et Delila" by one C. St. Saens. It was evident that she was a popular favorite, and Dick allowed himself to be mildly pleased.

"The most promising singer in America," he said. "She's crude yet, and she has no method, but you hear her ten years from now and you'll see. Just think! She knows nothing whatever about music except what she has picked up for herself."

"Is that possible!" I exclaimed, mentally noting that down as a point.

"Yes; she's going to Berlin next year, to study with Madame Marchesi. I expect great things from her. But she sings like a very infant just now."

"She looks older than the soprano," I said.

"She does; that's a fact." You would say that she was forty to look at her. Size is always so misleading. You never give a little woman credit for her years, or a fat creature credit for her youth."

The other numbers were more commonplace, but nevertheless I managed to get a good deal of material from all of them, so that I felt pretty confident that if I remembered one-half of what I picked up I could write a critique that would make old Sanderson turn green. My literary style was superb, and now that I had reliable information so that I could write with confidence I knew that I could turn out a first-rate article. Instead of going to the office to write I went to a friend's room near at hand where there was a dictionary of music, which I thought would help me a good deal in the use of technical expressions. It proved to be even easier work than I had anticipated.

"There is something in being fresh to it, I presume," I said with some complacency, as I looked over my finished work. "I have often noticed that Sanderson has a tendency to fall into regular conventional ways of saying things. It must get to be a bore to have to use the same set of words over and over again. There's where I have the advantage. It's all fresh and new to me, and I can write it just as naturally as I would anything else."

As there was a little time to spare, I amused myself by reading over some of the best places before going down to the office with my copy. Certainly it was very bright and interesting indeed, and I could see little in it that could be improved. I will quote a few of the places that I liked best:

"One of the most thoroughly admirable pieces of work in the whole programme was the exquisite rendition of the aria from 'Lucia,' by Madame Nefslér. The great diva's execution is so perfect, and her intonation so brilliant, that

one quite forgets how long it has been since she made her first appearance in opera bouffe. Her voice shows some slight symptoms of wear, and she very judiciously avoids the use of her extreme high notes, but her singing still retains all its old sweetness and charm, and she shows no signs as yet of losing her hold upon the popular affections.

"As for the new violinist, the young Herr Geige, of Berlin, it is impossible to say too much in his praise. Judicious critics have long since recognized the fact that he is the coming violinist, the worthy successor of the scepter of his great master, Joachim. His tone is broad and full, his execution faultless, and above all he plays with that broad intellectual grasp which is the mark of the great artist. He deserves the sincere thanks of every lover of good music for having substituted the magnificent Bach Chaconne for the trashy Fantasie by Singelee, that he was to have played. It has been said that there are but three artists now living who are able to play this noble solo as it should be played: Remenyi, Sarasate and—Herr Geige. He certainly makes a worthy third in this superb trio. We regret that the taste of the average concert goer is not yet sufficiently cultivated to make this a popular selection. Herr Geige deserves all the more credit for sacrificing the applause of the vulgar to his love of high art. It may not be amiss to say a word about his magnificent violin, which was once the property of Paganini, and was presented to Herr Geige by the great composer Rubinstein on the occasion of the violinist's first appearance in Berlin. It was on this wonderful violin that Paganini played when he made his final trip through the United States, which many of our readers will remember. Herr Geige is the first who has had the honor of playing on it since it dropped from the hands of the dead Italian wizard. This remarkable instrument has had a most curious history. For years it was the property of the city of Genoa, and was always kept under a glass case to protect it from the atmosphere. It is needless to say that its value is quite inestimable. At its last sale it brought over \$20,000, and now it is not to be purchased at any figure. It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that it is the most perfect instrument

in the world. It is absolutely impossible to find any fault with it.

"The next selection, 'A Grand Fantasia on Airs from Donnizetti,' deserves especial notice as being the best work for piano that the French school has yet turned out. It has a sparkling piquancy which fascinates the hearer and compels his attention from beginning to end. We are delighted to see that French music, which has long been in a backward condition, is now making such rapid progress. Signor Giardini plays with much style and intelligence, but he labored under serious disadvantages on account of the wretched old tin pan of a piano upon which he was compelled to play. Why is it, we wonder, that our piano makers invariably provide such miserable instruments for occasions of this kind? It certainly seems as though the Steinways might have furnished one of their three-pedaled instruments for an occasion of such importance! We hope to hear Signor Giardini again under more favorable auspices.

"It is very exasperating to have a man who *can* sing, behave the way that Signor De Cimerosa did last night. We venture to say that he did not come within half a note of the true pitch from the beginning to the end of his selection. We were surprised that he was not hissed off the stage, but our popular audiences have got so in the way of applauding him that they would cry *bravo* if he came on quite drunk. He has a superb voice, and there is no excuse for his appearing in public in such a condition.

"The Schubert symphony for orchestra has never been played in this country before, owing to the incomplete condition in which it was left by the author. Though not equal to his more finished productions, it shows many traces of the genius which he undoubtedly possessed. In its general tone it bears many marks of the influence of Brahms. In this connection we must protest against the abominable vandalism which could attempt to finish the work of the great master. It should be left like Aladdin's window, splendid in its incompleteness. We do not know who is responsible for this sacrilege, but we hope that it will not be repeated. The added portion, beginning with the middle of

the second movement, is of a decidedly inferior character, and bears not the slightest resemblance to anything that Schubert ever wrote. The wrongfulness of the sacrilege is increased by the clumsiness with which it was executed.

"The performance of the work, however, deserves cordial praise. Mr. —— has now secured perfect control of his brass instruments, so that they no longer drown out the strings, as was formerly the case. The solo work is also especially fine. One of the most beautiful places in the entire work is the *Leit Motif* for the thorough-basses in the slow movement, which was executed with remarkable precision. The basses were also nobly reinforced by the oboe so skillfully played by Herr Kreipl, of Vienna.

"One of the most promising singers in America at the present time is Madame M——, who sang the superb aria from 'Samson et Delila,' by C. St. Saens, a composer with whom we are not familiar. Her style is as yet unformed and crude, and it is perfectly clear that she has never studied under any good masters, but these are faults that time and patience will overcome. One can easily forgive a little crudeness in a novice. We understand that Madame M—— intends to return to Berlin next year for a long course of study with Madame Viardot. We congratulate her upon her wisdom. Few young artists nowadays have the self-restraint involved in securing a thorough technical education. We anticipate a fine career for this charming young contralto."

There was a little space to spare when I had finished my review of the concert, and I devoted it to a few general remarks on music, which I thought would make a good impression on my hearers. I made a few remarks on the greatness of Beethoven, and advised all students of music to begin their education with him. I then had space for a short exposition of the art theories of Wagner, which I stated in my most lucid and eloquent manner. Then I carefully folded up my copy and took it down to the office.

"Hello," said Bob Snedeker. "Did a fellow come round to see you?"

"No," I answered. "Who was he?"

" Didn't leave his card," grunted Bob.

" What did he look like ? "

" Kind of good-looking fellow, with dark complexion and curly hair ; about your heft."

" Must have been Dick," I thought. Perhaps he had some more information for me that he had just thought of.

" How long since he was here ? " I asked.

" Just now. Not more than ten minutes ago."

" I must have missed him if he went on up to my room. I should like to see him."

" He left a note for you somewhere, I believe ; ask the boys."

The boys knew nothing about it, but had a dim idea that it had been left somewhere in the office. The most careful search failed to bring it to light. A newspaper office is not a very safe place to leave things lying around loose. It was not likely, however, I reflected, to be a matter of much importance. I certainly had all the material now that I could well use, and it would really be a pity to interpolate any new matter into my well proportioned and carefully finished article. My duties for the night were over when I had handed in my " Musical Notes " copy, and I went home to sleep the sleep of the just, and to dream of the glory that my critique would bring me. I remember that in one of my dreams I had just founded a new illustrated magazine of music in the same style as *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, and was filling the position of editor-in-chief myself.

PART III.

In the morning I determined to stop on my way down to the office and inquire after the health of Gertrude, her house being almost directly in my route. My work was so irregular, and my afternoons and evenings so certain to be taken up that it had been agreed that there should be no formality between us in the matter of hours. To my delight she had quite recovered from her illness, and asked me to come in on a little matter of business. The little matter of business speedily resolved itself into a request for my

judgment in the matter of a Christmas present for a gentleman. I did not have a great deal of difficulty in deciding who the gentleman was, and was able to give her very trustworthy advice indeed.

"Oh, by the way," Gertrude said, as I was preparing to leave, "I want to tell you how much I enjoyed your review of the concert. It was next best thing to being there myself."

"I am glad you liked it," I murmured modestly.

"Liked it? of course I did. It was *splendid*. Papa has just been reading it to me, and he says that you are undoubtedly the coming music critic. He says that he values your judgment more highly than Mr. Sanderson's."

"You oughtn't to tell me such things," I said, blushing vividly. "I don't want to be made conceited." Meanwhile I was thinking over the good things that I had said, and wondering whether it might not be true after all.

"Oh I don't think that there is any danger of your being spoiled. The only fault that I have to find with you is that you are *too* modest. I often wonder why a person who knows as much about music as you do should be so reluctant to give his opinion."

Perhaps, I reflected guiltily; perhaps it was because I did not have young Soule at my elbow on ordinary occasions.

"But really my opinion is of no especial value," I said, with a humility which was not altogether assumed.

"That's just what I told you," she said triumphantly. "You see you are too modest; that is all that is the matter. But never mind; I am going to *make* you talk after this."

This innocent remark gave me an awful shudder at the thought of the future that was in store for me. Did ever a person suffer so without any blame on his side? I had never pretended to know anything about music. I had told her once a week, at least, that I didn't. But whether it was my fault or not I knew that she would be inexorable now in drawing me out on all possible occasions, private or public.

Just at this point Major Fenwick entered the room, and Gertrude took advantage of his entrance to excuse herself on

some pretext or other, and retreated to the next room. Now there were just two persons in the world that I was afraid of. One was "Old Slaughter"; the other was Major Fenwick. He was a tall, stern-looking old soldier with a face that reminded you of a court martial at the first glance. Singularly enough, for military men are not commonly addicted to the fine arts, he was an excellent student of music, and had contributed some articles to the monthlies that had made him a very considerable reputation in days gone by. He had set out to talk music with me before, but Providence had always interposed hitherto. I intended to have it interpose again in about two minutes, and call me off to the newspaper office.

"I really thought that I must step in and thank you for your article in the morning paper, Mr. Bangs," began the Major, with a gracious smile like sunbeam playing on the side of a glacier. "It's a scorcher, sir, it's a scorcher. And really I think from the programme and from what I know of the artists—save the mark—that it is none too severe."

"I thought they needed something of the sort," I answered rather vaguely. As I remembered it my review had been on the whole rather laudatory.

"Well they've got it, sir, they've got it. Yours is the only paper, so far as I have seen, that has dared to treat the wretched affair as it deserves. I haven't read Mr. Sanderson's account yet. I suppose that he will pitch into 'em hot. He's a good one too, but he hasn't your style. He's too diffuse. Now what I admire about your work is the way in which you cut everything to pieces, and all in an article hardly a paragraph in length."

I did not quite see the force of this remark, for I considered a column article as quite a long one. Certainly it seemed so to me, whose journalistic effusions had hitherto been rarely more than eight lines in length.

"By the way, Mr. Bangs, where did you get hold of that Lincoln anecdote? I never happened to hear that before. That's very good indeed. I must keep that for future use."

"Lincoln?" I asked in stupefaction. I did not dare to ask anything more till I knew how the land lay.

"Yes, that quotation that you applied to Nefler, you know."

"Oh yes," I stammered. "That's something I picked up. The fact is that I had forgotten that I had left that in. I meant to cut it out."

"Glad you didn't. It is too bright to be spared. There was one point, Mr. Bangs, that I meant to ask you about. I am afraid that we old-fashioned people are getting a little behind the times. Just excuse me a moment while I get the paper, will you."

In another instant he returned with a copy of (*horresco referens!*) the morning *Mars* in his hands.

"Here it is," he said, "just look at that point that I have marked with a lead pencil."

I took the paper with shaking hands and looked at it as though it had been my death warrant. The first thing that caught my eye was the fatal signature at the bottom—H. H. Bangs. That infernal brother; was he to cross my course at every turn? He is a very good sort of a brother, and I thought very highly of him under ordinary circumstances, but I confess that for a moment I entertained at least a dozen different wild homicidal schemes. The article ran as follows. You can very easily find it by looking over the old files of the New York *Mars*.

"Perhaps the most fearful and wonderful of our American institutions is our popular concert system. A decayed prima donna, three or four fifth-rate blowers or scrapers, a stick of a piano player to fill up, and a trash programme—these make up the attractions of the average popular concert company. Woe betide the unwary musician who is entrapped into attending by the one or two classical numbers that are put on as a concession to the learned. We have no faith in these attempts to educate the masses by force; by luring them in side with musical bon-bons, and then feeding them with huge boluses of Bach and Beethoven. In trying to please too many tastes there is a certainty of displeasing all. Last night's 'Grand Benefit Concert' was a vicious specimen of a vicious class. We boast of our metropolitan culture, but as a matter of fact there is not a fifth-rate or a fiftieth-rate

city in Germany where such an entertainment would not have been hissed. We hope that the days of the *omnibus* concert are not long in the land.

"Last night's concert at least enjoyed the distinction of introducing a new and quite promising prima donna. Miss Nefler's work is certainly brilliant, and, to paraphrase President Lincoln, for those who like that sort of thing, this is the sort of thing that they will like. There is always a certain degree of pleasure in hearing a fresh, pure voice, no matter what the faults of style may be. The violinist, Mr. Geige, does not warrant serious treatment, and we feel too sad about it to speak of him in the tone of elaborate frivolity which is fitting. We will simply remark that he would do well to return to Berlin and try to gain admittance to the *Hochschule*. We speak under correction, but we should judge that Mr. Geige had obtained his musical outfit in one of those three-dollar lots, including violin, bow, rosin and three splendid solos, which can sometimes be picked up at a bargain. When a violinist is so poor that a New York audience won't encore a cheap fantasia with plenty of harmonies and pizzicato work, he must be very, very poor indeed. The pianist was worse yet. He played trash and he played it vilely. He evidently kept a brick or something of the sort on the pedal to hold it down, and then struck from the shoulder in a style which would have done credit to John L. Sullivan. The general effect was like a whisper from a boiler factory. Even the audience saw that it was atrocious, and that is saying a good deal.

"Why is it that no tenor singer nowadays tries to make a good, honest, straightforward tone? We detest this quivering and shaking around on every note as though the singer were smitten with the ague. If young artists would realize that this habit puts them on the same level with decaying veterans who strive to hide their decrepitude in this manner, it is likely that this vicious style of singing would go out of fashion. Otherwise Mr. Cimerosa's work is excellent, and there is some satisfaction in hearing even the worst trash well sung. The performance of the Unfinished Symphony is beneath mention. Those who heard Thomas give it last

month must have groaned at the contrast. The orchestra would have done much better to have stayed by the ‘Blue Danube,’ instead of executing so thoroughly a great symphony which all regular concert goers know by heart.

“The redeeming feature of the concert was the fine aria from ‘Samson and Delila,’ sung by our favorite contralto, or rather mezzo, Madame M——. She is undoubtedly the most musical and best trained singer now on the American stage, and she sings with prodigious dramatic force. For many years she has been a shining example of what America can do occasionally in the way of broad and thorough musical culture. We hope that the rumor that she intends to retire from the stage at the close of the present season has no foundation in fact. H. H. BANGS.”

“Now the point I want to ask you about,” began the Major, “as you will see, is in regard to Madame M——’s withdrawal. I had heard nothing about that. Have you any reason to suppose there is anything in it?”

“No, no, nothing but a rumor;” I managed to gasp.

“I am glad to hear it. It would be a great loss. I remember—why what’s the matter, Mr. Bangs? you look sick.”

“I am,” I said, and I was so completely miserable that that was not very far from the truth.

“I see what it is; it’s malaria. I suffered for years in the same way. Let me prescribe for you.” And he went briskly off in search of pen and paper. I longed to be out of the house, but was too cowardly to leave.

“Here,” said the gallant major, returning in a moment with a piece of paper, “you have this filled for you at a drug store, and you will find that it will serve you just as well as any doctor’s prescription. I’m not an old campaigner for nothing.”

I thanked him and put his prescription in my pocket, wishing all the while that the house would fall and involve me in its ruin.

“By the way, Mr. Bangs,” the major went on, looking over his shoulder to see that the door into the next room was shut, “I wanted to see you this morning on another little

affair that may be of more interest to you than your excellent critique." And he grinned in as alarming a manner as before.

"I am getting to be an old fellow now, sir," he went on, "but I'm not quite blind yet, and I can still see when two young people are interested in each other. I've thought for some time that I would speak to you about Gertie, but I concluded to wait till I saw how you got on together. I see there's no need of waiting longer on that score. I imagine that it would not be very difficult to guess at your intentions," and he smiled at me in a style which was intended to be encouraging.

"As for Gertie," he continued, "I am sure she worships your genius. She is quoting your articles all the while, and it is clear that she thinks everything of you. So I guess you will not find any difficulty in that quarter. As for myself, I shall feel myself extremely honored to have you become one of us. I suppose that you have no great means, but that need be no obstacle. Gertie has a matter of \$20,000 in her own right, and you, if you need any more, why, I have rather more money than an old man well knows what to do with. And your own income will be growing all the while, for when a man gets right up to the top of his profession as you will be in a year or two, even literature is a paying thing. Now I honor you for hesitating to speak of the matter while your income was so unsettled, but I thought it would be only right to give you a little hint that that need make no difference."

"Thank you very much," I said earnestly.

"I thought you wouldn't be offended if I took the liberty of addressing you on the subject," he said heartily, shaking hands with me. "Now I want very much to see Gertie happily married, and I know that she will never be happy with one who is not her equal in every way. We adore genius, both of us, and I am glad to be able to entrust her to a man of your intellectual caliber. Then, too, music makes so large a part of her life. I should never in the world have allowed her to marry a man who was not a thoroughly

cultured musician. Sympathy in such things is the surest bond of union."

"You have made me a very happy man," I stammered, though I was dismally conscious I didn't look it.

"I thought I had something to say that would please you. Will you stop and see Gertie now?"

It is not necessary to go through all the details of the interview with Gertrude. We had both known for a long time what we would say, and the proposal was altogether too tame for a history that must compete with fiction.

"Darling," she said at last, looking up shyly into my face, "do you want to know when I first fell in love with you?"

"Yes, indeed."

"It was when I first discovered that you were the author of 'Until Death.' That first showed me, Herbert, dear, what you were really like."

I hurried away from that house as miserable a man as there was in the United States. Even suicide did not seem to me an adequate remedy for my ills. "Herbert! Herbert!" I kept groaning to myself. "It seems that I have not even a name of my own." And the trivial matter of the musical critique was entirely banished from my mind.

When I stepped into the newspaper office, a little titter was heard all over the room where the reporters were at work.

"Say, Cholley, there's the musical editor!" one graceless wag remarked.

"Unarmed, too," said another. "He must have gall."

"Don't you fool yourself. I can see a Smith & Wesson in his pocket. It don't do to monkey with these quiet-looking fellows. They go loaded."

"My, but wasn't old Simmerossy mad?"

"Not a circumstance to Jimson; he was fairly red-headed."

"And the old man—*Oh, Lord!*"

"Did you see the club that the big fellow had?"

"I should smile; and a Colt's forty-eight in his pocket."

"Sanderson, though, was the worst; he was just crazy."

"I say, Harry," asked Bob Snedeker, "have you seen Old Slaughter this morning?"

"No."

"He was just asking after you. It seems that he wants to have you take Sanderson's place regularly. He says you come high, but he must have you." There was a general roar of laughter at this remark, which seemed to indicate that it was not intended seriously, as I likewise inferred from the curious motion in one eye with which it was accompanied.

"Oh, I say, Bangs, have you seen Miss Nefler this morning?" asked Jim Anderson.

I declined to make any reply, and maintained a dignified silence.

"She was in here with a bottle of vitriol about five o'clock this morning. She was going to fresco us all at first. We finally persuaded her to wait and see you, though. She said she'd drop in again when you were in."

"Wanted to see the man that said she was losing her voice, she said," put in Snedeker.

"Mr. Bangs come in yet?" piped a shrill voice. "Mr. B—— wants to see him if he has."

"I told you so," said Bob gravely. "Well, you've earned it, old fellow. We won't grudge you your honors."

I went into the editor's office with a sinking heart. As soon as I got within good cursing range he began to swear at me; not fitfully, or in gusts, but with a good, strong, steady pressure which seemed to indicate that he had been all over the subject once and was just getting his second wind. When he got through he was exhausted and harmless.

"Do you think that the *Jupiter* is a child's toy to be trifled with in this way, Bangs?" he asked in a pathetic tone.

that went to my heart. "Do you think that we enjoy being the laughing stock of the country?"

"What is the matter, sir?" I asked in as steady a voice as I could command.

"Matter? Matter enough. There have been about fifteen people in here this morning to see what was up. Two women have threatened suit, one man has attempted to assault the proprietor, and Sanderson has resigned, and there's not another man like him to be had. Isn't that matter enough for you?"

"I did my best, I am sure."

"Your best? Lord! What is your worst like? The only thing now is to pass it off as a joke, and I don't know how to manage that, I am sure," and his voice sank away in a kind of broken-hearted wail.

I bit my lip and remained silent. The fact was that I could not think of anything that seemed at all appropriate for me to say.

"Now I don't know just what you thought you were doing, Mr. Bangs," the chief said, mournfully, "but I guess you've about done it. I'm afraid we sha'n't be able to keep you any longer. You're too expensive a luxury for us."

As I went out Bob Snedeker called to me.

"I say, Harry," he said, "here's that note your friend left last night. Phillips had it." I took the note and read it with about the same cheerfulness with which a condemned man's widow would read the reprieve that came a day too late. It ran as follows. I have it framed in black and keep it in my desk to look at when I am in danger of feeling too joyful.

"*Dear Harry:* Don't put any of that rot in the paper. It was an awful mean trick to play on you, and I repented as soon as I left you, but the temptation was irresistible. And really I didn't know that you would be such an ass. I hope that it isn't too late for you to fix it up. I'll call it my treat to make things square.

DICK.

"P. S.—Regard everything I said as a lie, and you'll come out about straight and have a better account of the concert than nine out of ten of the critics.

D."

"What! going?" asked the incorrigible Bob, with affected surprise. "I suppose, though, you musical editors don't have to work so hard as the rest of us. Lucky dog."

I deserve one big credit mark at least. I didn't kill him. I don't know but that I should have done so, though, if I had had any weapon.

The old adage that misfortunes never come singly was amply verified in my case. When I reached my room, pondering deeply over the relative merits of ratsbane and hydrocyanic acid I found a note in my box, written in a familiar four-cornered English hand. With an instinctive feeling that another calamity was in store for me I tore open the envelope and read as follows:

"*Dear Herbert:* What *is* the matter? There is some terrible mystery that I cannot even attempt to solve. Have you an enemy who has taken this *dreadful* revenge on you? I have been crying my eyes out all the morning. Papa is perfectly *furious* about it. He thinks that you would be quite justified in challenging the man to a duel, but I hope you won't do that, dearest. You cannot think how *miserable* it has made me. If it was intended for a joke it was a very, *very* stupid one. I hope that you will call and tell me all about it this afternoon. Lovingly, GERTRUDE."

PART IV.

My first feeling was one of simple stupefaction. I was quite unable to realize what had happened, or to form any plans for extricating myself from the toils. When I began to come to my senses I decided that the first thing to be done was to find out exactly how much ignorance I had displayed in that unlucky account of the concert. I had just barely skimmed over Herbert's article, and had no more definite idea of it than that it differed from mine in many important respects, but Soule's note would seem to indicate that I had made several very serious blunders. This, however, was not in itself so alarming. It is not an uncommon thing

for two critics to differ absolutely in their opinions of the merits of different performers. Or—and here a sudden inspiration flashed over my mind—perhaps it could be passed off as a very deep and subtle piece of irony, which people had failed to appreciate. At all events, I must have the campaign carefully planned before I ventured near Gertrude's house, and as a beginning it was absolutely necessary that I should find out the exact state of affairs. I determined to throw myself upon the mercy of Mr. Sanderson. He was not a very pleasant man to go to, being gifted with disagreeable powers of sarcasm, but at least I could be sure that he would tell me the truth. His house was on the very next street, and in another minute I was ringing at his door. Mrs. Sanderson answered the ring herself. She was very much afraid Mr. Sanderson would not be able to see me. Some very stupid fellow had been given charge of the newspaper that he wrote for (here I winced a trifle), and he had rushed out in the cold morning air to see what was the matter, and had had a relapse. Should she give him my name?

"If you will be so good," I answered, "H. A. Bangs."

"Indeed! Mr. Bangs, the music critic. I am sure that Mr. Sanderson is quite anxious to see you about something. Perhaps you will be willing to wait while I ask him."

It was only a moment before she returned and told me that Mr. Sanderson was very desirous of seeing me. I could not imagine why, but inasmuch as that was the very thing that I had come for I was glad that the desire should be mutual. Mrs. Sanderson led me through into the family room where the great critic lay plunged in the depths of a huge reclining chair, with a thick shawl wound about him again and again, till he reminded one strongly of a newly resurrected mummy.

"Oh, it's you, is it," was the not very auspicious salutation that he gave me.

"Yes, it is I," I replied desperately, as the bitter truth made itself clear that I had been admitted under the

supposition that I was my brother. "Unluckily it is, and I wish that I was almost anyone else."

"I wish that you could have been some one else for a little while last night, if it could have been managed without serious inconvenience," remarked Mr. Sanderson grimly.

"It was all your fault," I answered with bitterness, "you ought not to have recommended me for the work."

"Recommend *you* for the work? I never did. It was your brother."

"But the editor—"

"The editor was an ass. He ought to have known better than to set you to writing anything more important than a critique of a dime museum."

"Thank you," I said meekly.

"But how the dickens you could get up such a mess out of your own head is more than I can see, Mr. Bangs. You're a genius; a positive genius!"

"I wasn't to blame," I said piteously, and then I told him the whole lamentable history. I thought for a certainty that he would die with laughter before I finished. When he recovered control of himself his ill humor had entirely disappeared.

"I think you and your brother would be entirely justifiable," he said, "in drawing cuts as to which should be allowed to put the other to death. How he must have enjoyed this joke!"

"Do you think so?" I asked rather dubiously.

"Think so? I know it. Now you see at least one-half of his musical friends will think he wrote it, and wonder why he hasn't been put in an insane asylum, and whether he won't be. Oh, he'll find it exhilarating."

"I hope so, I'm sure," I said. "He won't get half as much fun out of it as I have had." And then I told him about Gertrude and her father and my dilemma, which sent poor Sanderson into such convulsions that I began to fear for his life again.

"I say, if you have any more jokes like that, Bangs," he managed to gasp, "please keep them to yourself. Another

fit would be the end of me. My poor lungs——” And he finally succeeded in regaining a measurable degree of soberness.

“ Now the question is,” I said, broaching my pet scheme, “ Can this article be passed off as a master stroke of irony? ”

He pondered for a moment, struck, doubtless, with the novelty of the proposition.

“ Your idea is an ingenious one,” he answered finally, with great gravity, “ but I should be inclined to doubt its feasibility. You see there are a good many mistakes which it would be almost as hard to work into any consistent exegesis as the various beasts of the Apocalypse. Just hand me the *Jupiter* from the table, will you? ”

“ Now, for example we don’t commonly speak, we critics, of a singer’s intonation being brilliant. If may be quite right to do so, but it isn’t the custom. Nor do we commonly refer to the oboes as ‘reinforcing the thorough-basses.’ Purely a matter of usage, of course, but still a point worth noticing. Nor do we generally say ‘a Schubert symphony for orchestra.’ Symphony is quite enough alone. Then I fear it would be difficult to pass off your remarks on the last part of this symphony on any principle of irony with which I am familiar. There is some irony, to be sure, in telling a contralto fifty years old that she will be able to do good work when she is a little more mature, but I am afraid that the good taste of the joke might be called in question by the more fastidious. Then to intimate that a well known tenor of good character appeared on the stage drunk, I fear that that too might be regarded by some as overstepping the bounds of legitimate irony.”

“ That’s enough,” I groaned. “ I see that it is quite out of the question. What would you advise me to do? ”

“ I think that in the first place I should retire from the musical profession for a short time, until I had mastered ‘How to Understand Music’—I noticed from some remarks that you let fall the other day that you were studying that excellent work—and take up some less dangerous occupation.”

"Don't needlessly set foot upon a worm!" I implored.

"As for satisfying the wrath of the different parties involved, I can think of no better way than to publish a circular in the newspapers, telling just how the mistake happened. I think that your brother and Miss Nefsler and Signor Cimerosa and Madame M—— and the orchestra conductor, and all their managers, and the Steinways and the Millers (the piano was a Miller, I suppose you know, and not a Steinway, and a very good one it was, too), and all their agents, would feel the force of the joke so strongly that they would quite forget their resentment."

"On the whole, I think I prefer the hydrocyanic acid," I remarked gloomily, speaking to myself.

"I don't know but that you are in the right. It *would* be disagreeable. I will see if I can think of some better way. As for your sweetheart, I recommend you very strongly to go at once and tell her the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. It's bound to come out now, and you might as well get some credit for honesty, for you will probably need all the credit that you can get."

"I think that you are in the right," I said dejectedly, taking up my hat.

"I think so. And by the way, Mr. Bangs, the next time that you have any occasion to do any *fine* critical work I shall be very happy to look over your copy if you care to have me."

The rest of that wretched day I wandered around the streets of the city trying to think how I could palliate my revelation to Gertrude. Once I found myself down by the East river, where the great bowsprits of the huge sailing vessels seem to be trying to harpoon the people in second-story windows, and as the smell of the sea suddenly saluted my nostrils, I involuntarily added H₂O to the list of destructive agencies whose merits I was balancing in my mind. But I looked at the black, cold water, shuddered and passed on—it is a mercy that not all men are courageous enough to commit suicide—and waited for the time I had set for the interview with Gertrude with much the same feelings, doubtless, with which the criminal awaits the arrival of the hangman. I

had fixed upon four in the afternoon, because I knew that at this hour Major Fenwick was never at home, and for obvious reasons I regarded this as a decided desideratum.

I had just climbed the tall, ugly flight of steps and had my hand on the bell pull, when the door opened, and to my consternation I beheld—Major Fenwick himself.

"Come in, come in," he exclaimed with cheery hospitality, "I've been delayed so long in getting started this afternoon that I might as well put it off once more. You look thoroughly stirred up, sir. Gad! I don't blame you. I should be myself. It's as wanton an outrage as I ever heard of. Deuced clever, though, I will say that; as clever a bit of burlesque as I ever saw. He's got your style, sir, your style and your catchwords down to perfection. I had to rub my eyes once or twice to make sure I wasn't dreaming. The boldest stroke, though, was the signature—to put it H. A. Bangs, instead of H. H.; just avoiding forgery, you see. Have you taken any measures to detect the scoundrel?"

"None to speak of." I stammered, absolutely incapable of beginning the confession that I had so carefully elaborated. If this fierce warrior was so wroth at what appeared to him an attempt at a joke, what would he do when he learned that it was no joke at all; that I had written the article and had never written much of anything else; that I was, in short, nothing but an impostor. Frown not, gentle reader, if I confess that I capitulated weakly. I did only what you yourself would have done under the same circumstances.

"Now, my dear boy," continued the major, when he had ushered me into the parlor. "If I can be of any service to you in this matter I shall be delighted. I'm not generally trifled with, I think, and if it would be any satisfaction to you I can just look in at the newspaper office and set this thing to rights."

I thanked him profusely even volubly, for his kindness, but told him I thought I should be able to settle the matter very satisfactorily.

"Very good, then, but if you should need my services, don't hesitate to call for them. Sorry to have to leave you, but Gertie will be down in a minute, and I think you won't

mind the exchange, eh?" And with a frightful ogreish grin that was meant to be arch the redoubtable son of Mars was gone.

I now had the prospect of a few moments to myself, and I employed them in endeavoring to brace myself up to the point of a full confession. It was impossible with the major; it was not much easier with Gertrude. It was not so much that I feared her resentment as that I dreaded to think how bitter the revelation must be to her. I groaned at the prospective ordeal, but there was no escape from it.

It was only about half an hour before Gertrude made her appearance, for she was much more scrupulous about not keeping her callers waiting than most ladies of my acquaintance.

"Don't worry any more, dear, about what I wrote you," she began, when she had greeted me affectionately, "I ought to have known that you would have enough to annoy you, anyway. But I was so provoked at that horrid man. Now ever so many people will read that and think what a simpleton that Mr. Bangs must be. I think it's too mean for anything. And when you are really so clever, too."

"Gertrude, love," I began tremulously, "I came here to —to make an awful confession."

"Indeed," she said coldly, withdrawing the hand that I had been softly caressing. "What is it, pray?"

"I wrote that—that article in the *Jupiter* myself."

"Oh Herbert, how could you! When you know how I hate jokes. And now every one thinks that you were in earnest." And in spite of her handkerchief I could see that the tears were trickling from her eyes.

"That's the worst of it," I said, gloomily. "I was in deadly earnest." And I told her sadly how I had been betrayed by that young miscreant Dick Soule.

"But I don't understand, Herbert," she said, "how, when you are such a fine musician yourself——"

"I'm *not* a fine musician myself," I said, making one one gulp at the cup of bitterness, "and—and—my name isn't Herbert."

"Oh, what is this awful mystery, Herb——Mr. Bangs, I mean? Tell me everything at once. I insist upon it."

It was a little difficult to comply literally with her request, but I did as well as I could. To repeat what I said would be simply to tell the history of my misfortunes over again. I had a hard time in straightening things out, but at last I made it tolerably clear that I was not myself at all but my insignificant younger brother, that I knew nothing about music, that I had never written anything worth mentioning, that I was not the author of her beloved "Until Death," and that my name was not Herbert but Henry, a name that she had often told me she despised. I had often wondered at her frankness. It was all hideously clear now.

"Oh, how *could* you deceive me so?" she moaned, sinking back in her chair and sobbing as though her heart would break.

"It wasn't my fault, indeed it wasn't," I pleaded. "Say you forgive me, dearest, and that you love me yet."

"You? There *is* no you!" she answered scornfully. "There was a you once—or no, it was a Herbert! Oh how could you undeceive me so cruelly?" This seemed to me, humble and contrite though I was, to be going a little too far. To blame me in one breath for deceiving her and in the next for undeceiving her seemed to be a little unfair.

"I *never* deceived you, Gertrude," I said, with some dignity, "I told you all along that I was not what you thought; that I was very ignorant and not at all clever."

"Yes, but I thought all along that that was only your—I mean Herbert's modesty. You ought to have *made* me understand. Oh, it is all too cruel. And to think that you did not write that lovely poetry!"

"I wish I had done so, I am sure," I said dolefully, "but after all that is my misfortune, and not my fault. Say that you love me still, darling."

"You forget, Mr. Bangs," she answered coldly, "that I never even heard of your existence until now. And besides, papa would never, never approve of it. He is so devoted to talent, you know."

I shuddered involuntarily. I had quite forgotten that the interview with the major was yet to come.

"No, Mr. Bangs—that is your name, is it not—all is over between us. I could never trust you again after being so terribly deceived in you once. How could I tell who you might be next time? Perhaps a—a murderer, or something."

I have a dim memory of spending the night in walking with drenched garments in a soaking rain, but no single detail of the next twenty-four hours is clear in my memory. I must have received the following letter from my brother that day, but I protest that I knew nothing about it until I came across it quite recently in an old letter file. It shows how keenly he enjoyed the joke :

"*Dear Henry:* If you *will* persist in making an ass of yourself in public, why can you not have enough common decency to do it under an assumed name, and not bring the family into discredit? I have received abusive letters from five musicians who were justly enraged by your idiotic remarks. Twelve people have inquired after my health and asked if my mind were not suffering from overwork. Three have asked indirectly if there was not a strain of insanity in the family ——"

So much is comparatively quiet and restrained in tone, but the rest of the letter is hasty, even impulsive in its nature, and as it might show my brother in an unfavorable light, I refrain from printing it.

It is time to draw this harrowing narrative to a close. When I recovered from the illness that the shock and the exposure to the rain had caused, my brother found me a situation in a bank, and offered it to me on the condition that I should never again sign my name to anything I wrote. It was a base advantage to take of my misfortunes, but I have outwitted him at last. For though my contract compels me to sign another name at the end I am still able to insert my true name in the body of this veracious history. And now my friends will understand why I write under an assumed name, a point concerning which a great deal of curiosity has been manifested.

I will conclude my wretched story with a clipping from my old paper, the *Jupiter*, which tells what I could not trust myself to write :

“A BRILLIANT SOCIETY EVENT.

“One of the most brilliant weddings of the season was that of Mr. Herbert H. Bangs, the well known author and critic, and Miss Gertrude Fenwick, the accomplished daughter of the distinguished officer, Major Giles Fenwick, U. S. A. Mr. Bangs is well known to all students of literature by his beautiful poem, ‘Until Death,’ which, by the way, was instrumental in bringing about the acquaintance of the happy couple. Miss Fenwick is one of the most accomplished amateur pianists in the city. A brother of the bridegroom, we might add, was formerly a reporter on the staff of the *Jupiter*. He was unable to be present at the wedding, having recently started for the west.”

FRANCIS E. REGAL.

ORIGIN OF "THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

In the great Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians, edited by J. B. Champlain, Jr., New York, 1890, the following account is given of the origin of the best of our national songs, "The Star-Spangled Banner": "It was written by Francis Scott Key (1780-1843) on the frigate 'Surprise' during the bombardment of Fort McHenry by the British in 1814. Key had gone to secure the release of a friend captured by the enemy, but was not permitted to return to Baltimore. He witnessed the engagement all night, and at dawn when he saw that the 'Star-Spangled Banner' was still floating from the ramparts, wrote the verses, which on his arrival in Baltimore he had printed under the direction that they should be sung to the tune 'Anacreon in Heaven.' The song was first sung in a tavern near the Hollis street theater, Baltimore, by Ferdinand Durang. The tune of 'Anacreon in Heaven' was composed by John Stafford Smith between 1770 and 1775, to words by Ralph Tomlinson, president of the Anacreontic Society, which held its meetings at the Crown and Anchor tavern in the Strand, London. This tune was published by Longman & Broderic (London), and in the fifth book of 'Canzonets, Catches, Canons and Glees, Sprightly and Plaintive,' by John Stafford Smith. Key's song was first printed by Capt. Benj. Eades (Baltimore)."

The foregoing is, no doubt, all that can now be learned concerning the production of this stirring piece, so dear to every American heart—and in fact tells the whole story. When Mr. Edouard Remenyi was lately in Toronto, Canada, he happened to find a little 12mo volume called "The Edinburgh Musical Miscellany; A Collection of Most Approved Scotch, English and Irish Songs, Set to Music. Selected by G. Sime, Edinburgh, 1792." In the preface the editor

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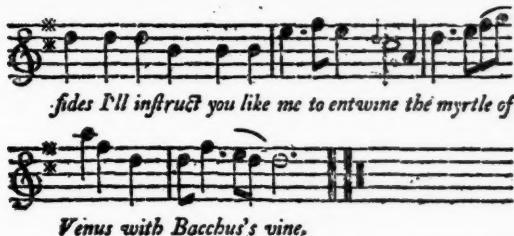
"presents it to the public as containing a selection of the most approved songs on different subjects, superior, it is hoped, to anything of the kind that has hitherto appeared in this country." The first song in the book is the following, photographically produced:

SONG I.

TO ANACREON IN HEAVEN.

SUNG BY MR. BANNISTER AT THE ANACREONTIC SOCIETY.

To Anacreon in heaven, where he sat in full glee,
A few sons of harmony sent a petition, That he
their inspirer and patron would be : When this
answer arriv'd from the jolly old Grecian :—
Voice, fiddle, and flute, no longer be mute, I'll
lend you my name, and inspire you to boot ; and
besides I'll instruct you like me to entwine the
myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine. And be-



It will be observed that the accidentals for modulating to the dominant are omitted at the end of the first and third phrases. The melody is strictly that of our present version, with this exception. While this is not the original edition of the song, it is very likely the one from which Scott Key learned it, since it antedated his production by twenty-two years. Moreover there is a second song to the same melody, designed for literary societies. The second stanza of this piece runs as follows, also photographically reproduced from the original:

Then *Mercurius* address'd thus the Synod around—
 “ A few chosen spirits attracted my eyes,
 “ (As lately I travell'd o'er earth's spacious bound)
 “ Who, fashion despising, had dar'd to be wise ?”
Father, Jove then look'd down.
 From his chrystalline throne,
 Which with star-spangl'd lustre celestially shone,
 To see those select, who resolv'd to unite
 The study of wisdom with social delight.

And here, in the third line from the end, we have the term “star-spangl'd” which undoubtedly afforded Key a happy suggestion for the refrain of his song. The occurrence of this coincidence makes it altogether likely that it was from this edition that he learned “Anacreon in Heaven,” and so in the true sense this old volume of Mr. Remenyi’s is the original of the song, rather than the still older one cited above.

ANTIQUARY.

THE STORY OF AN ARTIST.*

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

CHAPTER XV.

One crisp October morning, there came a letter from her old friend, Dr. Miller, reminding Huldah of approaching engagements. "I trust," he wrote, "that you have been preparing, and that you will not let young lady pastimes make you neglectful of promises made when you were simply a professional pianist. There are several new things I want you to look up, and Farnsworth is coming to Chicago, and has asked—nay, demanded—that you take the second piano in the Chopin concertos."

Governor Rawlinson pushed his paper to one side (it was his pleasant and time-saving habit to consume his breakfast and the city news together), and assumed his most impressive air when Huldah spoke of the letter to her mother. He had perhaps been waiting for an opportunity to deliver himself of his opinion of his step-daughter's art, but now the opportunity had come, he scarcely felt equal to it. "I—ah—I hope you will take it kindly, my dear," he began with a little cough, which he secretly hoped would clear his mind as well as his throat, "but really, I do not like the idea of your giving concerts for money. It is not—but you must know that—compatible with our position. If it were to aid a deserving charity, it would be different. As it is, it seems to me, that to shine in your appropriate sphere ought to content you. We are," he paused and tapped impressively with his *pince-nez* glasses upon his soft and white left hand, quite as if he were making an after-dinner

* Copyright, 1891, by W. S. B. MATHEWS.

speech, and wished to emphasize an important point, "we are what we are, and must live up to it."

Huldah looked at him blankly, and he continued after a moment, but in his usual voice, full of gentle condescension, "You will pardon me, I am sure, for you know I have no desire in the matter save to make you happy, and to preserve—the suitable position of the family! And that makes me think—I have found you a saddle horse. I notice that young ladies in our circle are riding a great deal, and with your figure, you will make a very fine appearance on a horse. Wilkins' man will bring the beast around this morning, and will go out with you. It seems to me that he can teach you better than you would be taught at the riding school, for he is a superb trainer; but you can use your own judgment, of course."

"But I cannot try the horse this morning, though I thank you," said Huldah, with burning cheeks. "I must see Dr. Miller, and as for my recitals—they must be given, for I have promised."

"A young lady's promises are known to be subject to circumstances," said the governor, with a smile that irritated Huldah to the finger tips. It is but justice to him to say that Huldah's work appeared to him of no more consequence than a child's fishing with a bent pin in a tub, and that he never doubted that her small plans must go down before his larger ones. "Playing the piano is a very pretty accomplishment, but I do not want it to cheat me out of my daughter," and he made her a neat, old-fashioned bow. Then turning to his paper he added, "The bill before the house is making a good deal of stir, and I doubt if Elisha Mills is in congress another term. That makes me think, be careful to take pains with Mrs. Ogden this afternoon, my dear. She is musical. Not in your fine way, but she sings light opera, my sort of opera, you know, and she is certainly a pretty woman, and has taste."

The thread that bound Elisha Mills and Mrs. Ogden together in Governor Rawlinson's mind was not manifest to Huldah, but she had come to suspect that there was something not quite real in her step-father's apparently

imposing qualities, and that he might be disingenuous. That he knew nothing about art, she did not care, but she did resent his ignorance when it set up before her a standard of conduct, and she was about to reply coldly, that as there was nothing in common between Mrs. Ogden and herself, they probably would not speak to each other after the first greeting, when John Rawlinson, Jr., interposed.

He had just come in to announce that the law firm of Rawlinson, Whitaker & Rawlinson had been secured to defend the interests of the Bascome Branch railroad, which just then were in jeopardy, and had watched Huldah's face with keen amusement. "I have Fire-Fly out for a turn," he said, as she looked up. "Come out and have a sip of fresh air. That lunch party of the madame's," and he nodded at his uncle's wife, "will be an awful bore. You need fortifying."

"It was very good of you to come," he said, when they were spinning toward the park, "you were so wrought up over the governor's way of laying down the law, I fancied you'd say no. Then you like to say no. Confess it."

"I say no when I mean it. I do not like the always yes people myself." He had treated her with such frank good-fellowship since her home coming, and with such an absence of lover-like interest, that Huldah had almost lost her old fear of him. Moreover, she had long coveted a ride after Fire-Fly. But now something in his look made her uncomfortable, and she was glad to look away at the lake, frost-cold green and gray on the far horizon, but barred with vitreous lines of pink and azure in shore.

"You should cultivate the art of saying no regretfully, as you practice your staccato and legato movements. No can be very effective, and in some cases almost as good as yes, if spoken as I have indicated."

"I should hate to be so artful," cried Huldah impetuously; "so calculating with the truth."

"That's because you are young and, pardon, green. Sincerity may be bad manners, or worse. How do you

know, for instance, that your dislike of a person is not founded upon an incorrect estimate of his character?"

"That may be true, but liking and disliking, when it comes to either, are not founded upon character. One does not always like a saint, or dislike a sinner."

"Then there ought to be hope for me." He turned toward her with sudden gravity. "I do not pretend to be anything but a sinner, but I love you. I love your very frankness, and the way you used to let me know you did not like me. But you have come to tolerate me—and let me hope——"

"No," cried Huldah under her breath. "Never—that!"

"Never?"

"Never."

Fire-Fly shot ahead like a dart. "It is very hard," said Rawlinson, "for I love you. There will never be any other woman like you to me."

"I want you to let me out," said Huldah, laying her hand upon the reins with a sudden determination. "I have to go into the city. This is as good a place as any to take the cars."

Rawlinson could bear the refusal of his love better than he could endure to have Fire-Fly meddled with. He drew up beside the pavement in an instant. "You will not let me take you?" he said when Huldah had alighted.

"No," she replied quickly. "I want to be alone, but," and she held out her hand, "I want also to be friends."

He sprang lightly into his buggy, not touching the proffered palm, "I do not want to be friends," he replied almost savagely, and astonishing Fire-Fly with the whip.

Mrs. Rawlinson's small lunch party had been long planned and much talked over, but Huldah quite forgot these important facts, with all the train of consequences the lunch party might have in the coming election, and stayed with her old friend listening to his scolding about technic, and other points upon which he declared she had fallen off, till high noon. Her mother put an anxious face out of

her dressing room as Huldah came up the stairs. "The governor sent the horse around as he promised. Where have you been?" she demanded.

"At Dr. Miller's studio."

"Does that mean you are going to persist in teaching, and giving recitals?"

"In giving recitals, yes. I must give those I have promised, and why not others, since music is my art?"

"Dear madame, the dressmaker is in a hurry," interposed the maid Annice respectfully from within the room. Hearts can wait, but not toilets.

The lunch party was to all appearance a success. The florist and caterer had been given *carte-blanche*, and the ladies represented millions. But Huldah mortally offended Mrs. Ogden by asserting that a good many current light operas contain little music and less sense, and committed other blunders which had remote effects, for there was a spiteful description of the entertainment given in the *Daily Small Talk*, in whose pages the governor had cause to expect something different. In the columns of the *Cleaver*, the principal organ of the opposing party, there was the following:

"Politically a dead duck, ex-Governor Rawlinson will never understand the fact, and will continue to consider himself of some consequence. Just now he is making the most of the social charms of his pretty wife and her accomplished daughter, who it seems has renounced all her old-time devotion to art to assist him in maneuvering his way into office. It is a great pity that one from whom Chicago has hoped so much, should give up the art in which she is so eminently fitted to shine. As for the ex-Governor, he is too middling for either half of his party. A shade more venial, he might hope for the support of the majority; a shade more honest, he might gain the support of the minority. As it is, he had better save his money for the time when his long-suffering partner shall be weary of supporting him."

CHAPTER XVI.

The roots of human decisions and motives, like ultimate nerve fibers, are exceedingly difficult to trace. When after several painful scenes with her mother and step-father, and much inward debate, Huldah determined to leave her new home, and find one for herself where she would be quite free to follow her own will, she believed she was devoting herself to art. Certainly all the powers of her new environment seemed leagued against her work. Since her earliest remembrance, she had been the person most considered in her home. Now she was in a house in which other needs and tastes were paramount, where she not only received little sympathy, but her wishes were set aside, and her work interfered with. Then, too, she secretly rebelled against any financial dependence upon her step-father, and was too proud to speak to her mother about her grandfather's little fortune which would have made her quite independent. Having a strong youthful belief in herself, and at bottom ambitious, she was confident that the future would justify her. How far the frequent letters she received from David March influenced her decision, she did not consider. She had given him no promise, for her instinctive clinging to perfect freedom had been strengthened by the counsel of Mrs. Worden, counsel which, at the time of receiving it, she had appeared to scorn. Yet she received his letters, and treasured them, and had written him in return several timid little notes, which he with keener vision knew meant more than the writer supposed. Once she had tried to speak of him to her mother, but had been repulsed.

"A minister writing to you! That is what happens from your roaming about giving concerts. I was never of poor father's opinion about such work for a young woman. You will not answer him, of course." And Mrs. Rawlinson had shaken her head impatiently. All the trials of her life had centered in the five years she had been a pastor's wife. That her only child should for a

moment be tempted to enter such an existence was not to be thought of. "I have told you often enough how different the position of a minister's wife is from that occupied by any other woman. My father warned me, but I would not listen to him; but I was younger than you, and had no profession, and I thought he did not know. Don't let me hear another word about any preacher, if he be as eloquent as St. Paul. I have other views for you."

"Do you fancy living in a boarding house, and teaching for a living will make you free—that it will be a privilege?" cried Dr. Miller, when Huldah had unfolded her plan to him. "It seems to me you ought to be able to go on with your studies, and work, more at ease than ever. I cannot understand why you cannot devote yourself entirely to your art—unless you have marriage in your mind."

"Marriage!" Huldah's face flamed. "I shall never marry."

Dr. Miller only smiled, and she continued. "You think perhaps I have grandfather's money. His will was not changed. Mamma has it, and I have not a dollar, save what I earn, that is quite my own. Then, the hours, the company, even the very atmosphere of the house is entirely antagonistic to study. Everything is made more important, and to give recitals is as bad in the governor's eyes as giving lessons."

"Your father left you nothing?"

"Nothing. He was a clergyman."

"Ah! I remember. But the atmosphere of a boarding house will not be helpful to study, I can tell you."

"It will be different."

"Yes, horribly different," assented the doctor, smiling grimly at the recollection of some of his own experiences, and entirely out of humor at the worries of his favorite.

"I am almost twenty-five. I can earn a comfortable support, and can do something worth while if left to myself. I see no sense in being stifled that I may be supported."

"You are an old person. As to being supported, you have a right to your mother's care and protection, and there is your grandfather's money to meet your bills. It does not matter if it is not in your hands. Your presence is worth something in Governor Rawlinson's home, and no doubt he knows it."

"There's no use talking," cried Huldah decisively, remembering the daily pressure brought to bear upon her to make her accept the proposals of her step-father's nephew; "I shall leave the place."

The doctor thrust his papers to one side impatiently. "Very well," he said, "an old person of twenty-five, who is an artist, certainly has a right to her own way. Here is a list of boarding houses one of my pupils left with me for the benefit of other unfortunates condemned to stay on earth, and not to live. Your piano must be put into the room next mine. We must remember Mrs. Grundy, for you cannot practice or give lessons in a boarding house."

"Oh, but I may trouble you," cried Huldah, surprised that she must still be dependent in this new life in which she had hoped to be so free. "And mamma has sold my very own piano."

"I am accustomed to trouble, and a piano is easily secured; but why did you let yours be sold?"

"Mamma sold it before I returned from the east."

The doctor made no answer save a low whistle, and admitted to himself that it is hard to be quite at the mercy of other wills, and yet equal to interpreting Beethoven. "Women are a poor investment," he had told himself many times over while ardently devoting himself to the development of this girl, the most gifted of his pupils. "It is a clear waste of brains, to put them in female skulls."

The first house at which Huldah stopped in her quest for a home, was kept by a stout and very florid German woman. The untidy parlor smelled of yesterday's soup, and Huldah retreated without even looking at "the apartment at ten dollars a week" now vacant. Mrs. Statz, if

fat and untidy, had a kind heart, and was an appreciative admirer of Wagner's music, taking to it with the instinctive relish of her race for strong cheese and beer ; but how was Huldah to know that ?

Mrs. Napier's parlors showed signs of ancient respectability, much battered by moving about. Huldah climbed two long flights of stairs to view a narrow room whose dim windows looked out upon a brick wall. Two dissipated-looking chairs, an equally dissipated-appearing bureau, and a cheap turn-up bedstead completed the furnishings. "Gas and hot water, all for nine dollars," said Mrs. Napier, monotonously. It was very apparent that no artistic tastes lurked in her dry anatomy. "I'm partic'lar—very partic'lar indeed—"bout who I let in. A lone woman has to be. I'm a lone woman. I s'pose you can give references."

"Dr. Miller sent me," replied Huldah, with burning cheeks. She had never before been asked to give an account of herself, and she suddenly recollect ed that it would not help her cause to announce herself the step-daughter of Governor Rawlinson. "I do not think this will suit. I must have a different outlook, certainly," and she looked piteously at the brick wall.

"If you can go as high as eighteen dollars I can put you in the second floor front," and Mrs. Napier led the way down one flight of stairs. "I can't say I like women boarders. They're gen'rally a good deal under foot. But single gents are careless and do slat out things. I've bought everything new for this room, and I've made up my mind single gents shan't get the first using of it." Unlocking a door a pleasant chamber facing the south was disclosed. The bed, which contained a good deal of black walnut for the money it cost, stood in an alcove. "An elegant room for the price," continued the boarding house keeper, fingering the tassels hanging from one of the magenta lambrequins, and looking complacently at the huge red roses of the carpet. "But I should have to move you if I had a chance to let it to a married party at

twenty. I prefer married parties, them as don't have children to bother."

"I cannot afford to pay eighteen dollars," said Huldah, glancing with scorn at the lambrequins and the gorgeous carpet.

Mrs. Napier gave a dry swallow and closed the door with a snap. It was startling to hear such a candid admission of lack of money. "I s'pose you are one of Dr. Miller's pupils," she said, tentatively, as they went down the stairs together. "I've known him a consid'able spell."

The door was open. "Yes," said Huldah anxious to escape. "Good morning." Mrs. Napier gazed after her visitor with a baffled expression on her dry face. "Them pesky Jones street grip cars 'll break down, I'll bet a penny," she soliloquized. "She 'll know her mind by the time she gits where she's a-goin' on them."

But the grip cars did not fulfill this pessimistic prophecy, and in an hour Huldah was far out on the West Side.

A slatternly but beaming mulattress opened the door of Mrs. De Lion's boarding house. "I have but one room, my back parlor," said the little woman in black who came forward. "From its situation it is not so desirable as the others, so I rent it at a lower price."

A large bookcase stood at one side of the parlor, and there was a piano of a good make. In spite of boarding house suggestions the room looked home-like. For the last time Huldah questioned the wisdom of leaving her mother's house. Pride whispered that she had gone too far to retreat. She gave one peep into the cosy back parlor, and engaged it.

CHAPTER XVII.

Having a healthful amount of that energy which in a scientist is called power of original investigation, and in plain people, interested only in their neighbors, curiosity, Mrs. De Lion's boarders tried to be friendly, and—what is

often something quite different—familiar, with Huldah. Mr. and Mrs. Gore, who as renters of the second floor front were the aristocracy of the house, invited her to spend rainy Sunday afternoons with them. When it was fair, they whiled away the day driving about in as gay an equipage as could be hired. Peanuts and illustrated papers helped them “worry through the time,” as Mr. Gore expressed it, in bad weather. He kept a musty, second-hand book store in a basement on one of the principal streets, and was looked upon as literary. Mrs. Strong, a middle-aged widow, who occupied the third floor front, and was known to have a small, well invested income, gathered up her large collection of crocheted articles and took them down to “the first floor back,” as Huldah was descriptively named, for admiration. Mr. Phipps, a plump, elderly young man with protruding eyes, and an immense moustache that dipped unpleasantly into his coffee, brought her the daily *Buzzard*. He did what he called “reportorial work” on the *Buzzard*, and was grateful when she condescended to speak of a concert to him. He described himself as a “single gent.” There were four other boarders, also “single gents,” who were said to be respectively, “in leather,” “notions,” and “the general grocery line.”

Mrs. De Lion always spoke of her boarders as “the young folks,” and every evening some of them were in the parlor, for they were a harmless lot, domestic, hard-working and easily amused. Mr. Redhead, one of the “notion” gentlemen, could play the piano, and enjoyed going through his little repertoire of Strauss waltzes with amazing rapidity. Huldah sometimes wondered how it were possible that the same notes could represent a strident jingle of emptiness, and a rich embroidery, and if one may say so, radiant glow of sound. Mr. Phipps could strum the guitar, and sometimes, when the demands of the *Buzzard* were not too exigent, he stole an hour before midnight to accompany Mrs. Gore, who sang “Five o’clock in the morning,” and similar ballads in a loud, clear voice, and with great spirit. Huldah was at first

importuned to "play," but her selections were not taking. Chopin's fairy-like dance music, melancholy and mysterious, and Schumann's subtly suggestive tone poems were spoken of as "slow," while the "Lieder ohne Worte" of Mendelssohn were openly yawned at. "What I like," Mr. Phipps would affirm with a quick little nod, "is go." Once after this expression of opinion, Huldah had played a gay little gigue, and then the gavotte in E, from the Sixth Sonata, by Bach. "Well," said Mr. Phipps, pulling at his long moustaches, "I call those pieces funny." This expression of opinion was doubtless intelligible to him, but Huldah never again attempted to interest the little reporter. She was not quick at cards, and as her manners were considered frigid, she was soon left to herself. Weary and nervous, unable to read or rest during the long evenings, she awoke in an atmosphere heavy with stale tobacco smoke, for "the gents" smoked in the parlor when they so desired. And she awoke early. The drawback Mrs. De Lion had alluded to, but had not described, was a fussy steam heating apparatus which began business for the day with snorts and groans and then a clattering explosion of noises, quite sleep dispelling.

It was three-quarters of a mile or more to the room next Dr. Miller's, where her piano stood. The grip cars had not yet reached perfection in running, and the intervening streets suffered from intermittent attacks of chaos and repairs, so she frequently lost half of her mornings. To attend any evening entertainment save in a carriage, and by special arrangement with acquaintances was out of the question. Oliver Farnsworth, after permitting her to refuse him again (it was after a musical recital which had been a great success for them both), had spoken out bluntly, and said she must put herself under protection of some sort. But when one is only five feet high, and nearly as round as Santa Claus, one's advice does not come with the power it might from an advisor having more inches and less figure.

Mrs. De Lion tried in an ineffectual way to make her house home-like; but she could not be critical, and in her

kitchen even raw apples and boiled eggs acquired a weak and watery flavor. "The young folks," discovering that Hulda was not of their species, vaguely resented the fact, and speculated more or less disparagingly on the causes that made her leave her mother's roof. Mrs. De Lion and Mrs. Strong fell into the habit of apologizing for her peculiarities, and as what goes on in a boarding house can no more be hidden than "love and a cough," Hulda, discovering she was criticised, tried to find a new home. But as known evils are always more tolerable to a timid soul than those one can imagine lurking in unexplored regions, she always returned discomfited to Brandt street.

Money had a surprising way of dropping out of her pockets. She received a fair income from her pupils, her recitals and St. John's church, where she played the organ. But she had not been accustomed to the care of money, and as one's prosperity depends far more on one's outgoes than on one's income (given an income) she was in a chronic state of bankruptcy, though her mother who came to see her once a week at her studio, compelled her to accept small sums, and no end of necessaries at her hands. She went dutifully to Dorchester avenue every Saturday and returned after dinner to Brandt street in the smart coupé, but when the world has a mind to be wide awake to the private affairs of individuals, no outside gloss of amenity and happiness can deceive it, and gossip thickened. One day a pupil, a dull girl, stopped taking lessons in the middle of the quarter. "Ma thinks there's too much talk about your leaving Governor Rawlinson's," she said stolidly, moved to give a reason. "Ma says there's always a fire where there's smoke, and any way, I'd rather take painting lessons than music, and I can't take both."

The rector of St. John's detained her one morning after service. He was a tender-hearted man with daughters of his own. "My dear Miss Goulding," he said gently, "tell me the true reason, if you can, why you left your mother."

"Because—because," stammered Huldah, with tremulous lips, "because of my work—and art. They were kind, but I could do nothing there, and I wanted to be independent. Oh, doctor, do not believe that I was driven away by anything. I went away as a man might, who wanted all himself for his vocation."

"But, my dear child, no one on earth is quite independent," said the doctor, who could not understand how pianoforte playing could be called art, and in fact had only the vaguest notion of all that comes under that term. "And you are not a man, but a beautiful young woman. I wish you would go back to your home. You must let me advise you, for I have known you almost all your life."

"They do say hateful things," admitted Dr. Miller when questioned. "I have been on the point lately of asking you to go home and let work and art go to the dickens, as it surely would in the atmosphere of Dorchester avenue."

"What do they say?" persisted his questioner.

"Oh the most natural things to invent, that Governor Rawlinson has abused you, and will not have you in the house, and that you, on the other hand, have an insupportable temper, and are, like all artists, an ill one to live with."

Huldah, who was turned toward the window, suddenly sobbed aloud, quite frightening her old friend, who had never seen her shed a tear, save for her dead grandfather. "Don't, my dear," he said, patting her head as he had done when she was a child of eight, and he had scolded her about the scales, and her lack of interest in practicing arpeggios, and she had put her arm to her eyes with intent to whimper. "I forget that you are only a girl after all, though you have been my good comrade so long, and have grown so accomplished."

"But it is all so false," she wailed.

"That fact should comfort you. If men, and especially women, were as ready to tell the good they know about each other as the evil they imagine, this earth would be like the New Jerusalem. In fact, we would

have the millennium. But as the devil is still unchained, and his works abound, suppose you make your mother a long visit."

"Mamma is talking of going to Cuba with the governor, and I must prepare for the Iowa recitals."

"Well, then, you must go home when they return, and you have time," said the doctor, glad to see things arranging themselves comfortably, and matters conflicting with music dropping out of sight, if only for a season.

Rain made the short day more brief, and Huldah, after at last reaching a working mood, determined to risk herself one evening in the city, and studied till nine o'clock over a certain Liszt rhapsody which Farnsworth had said she did not grasp, either in form or meaning, a criticism she had received with resentful dumbness, as he had asked her ten minutes before to tell him truly, but quite of course in confidence, if she really preferred Schumann to Mendelssohn, and had seemed not to believe her when she replied, that with due deference to the latter's exquisite powers, the two were not to be named in the same breath.

It was nearly ten o'clock when she set out for Brandt street, and she had never faced darkness in the city alone before. Jones street was still torn up for two blocks, the new pavement which the inventor promised would last at least a century, taking time to lay. The lights flickered dimly in the fog. She was glad that she had taken the precaution to hide her face in a veil, and that she was well covered with a rubber cloak. But the wind, lying in wait at the corner, almost flung that protection over her head, at the moment that a treacherous banana skin caused her to slip. She would have fallen had not a strong arm been flung about her waist.

"Permit me," said a familiar voice. The arm did not release its hold.

"How dare you!" cried Huldah, uncovering her face.
"Unhand me, if you please."

"How dare you roam about the city alone at this hour?" exclaimed John Rawlinson, surprised and angry.

"I'd put you in a carriage, and send you where you belong, if my precious uncle and your mother had not started this very day for the south."

"I don't roam about the city alone," said Huldah, meekly. "I was never out alone like this before."

A street car conductor blew his whistle at the next corner, and she started, but Rawlinson did not release her, and hurried by her side, holding his umbrella over her.

"Let me call a carriage," he pleaded, no longer dictatorial. "A street car at this hour of the night is no place for you. You cannot go on in this way. Those scrubby fellows at your boarding house are speaking of you as an acquaintance, and all our set are talking. The better you play, the worse they talk, and it makes me gnash my teeth; for I love you. I certainly would not lay a straw in your way, were you my wife, and I know Bach from Rubinstein. You cannot go on in this fashion, and you'll never marry one of the regular music fellows. I know you well enough to know that. It is all very well for you to give your soul to art, but the man you marry must give his soul to you, or you will not be satisfied. You have the very best of me. I insist that you think twice before you say 'no' again to me, and I beg of you to turn back, and let me send you to your boarding place in a carriage."

Mr. Phipps' round figure was visible in the door of the car. With a little cry, half fear and half relief, Huldah darted swiftly from her companion, and in a moment was at the reporter's side. He had sharp eyes, and the gas shone full upon John Rawlinson, as he gazed angrily after the now retreating car. The car was empty, and as Mr. Phipps plumped down beside Huldah, he said with some emphasis, that "moonlight alone is not a good thing for some people in mid-winter."

Huldah made no reply, and huddled herself in her cloak. When the long ride was over, and he trotted by her side up Brandt street, where several empty though valuable "lots" made scary stretches of loneliness, he ventured to become personal.

"If ever you want a friend," he panted, "call on me. I'm sure I never wondered you cannot live at home. Governor Rawlinson is very smooth-tongued, but I know a thing or two, and—"

"But I can live at home," interrupted Huldah. "I went away simply to be independent." Then suddenly discovering that explanations are intricate affairs, and very often impossible, she was silent. After all, what did it matter whether Mr. Phipps and the rest of Mrs. De Lion's boarders understood the secret of her situation, or did not.

"All right. It isn't my business either way," said Mr. Phipps, pausing with his hand on the bell. "But for the Lord's sake, as long as you do stay away from home, don't meet a certain party—on the streets at night. His name with women—"

"I do not understand your presumption," cried Huldah, almost in hysterics and knocking loudly at the door.

"If I saw you about to fall into a sewer, I should warn you, if I did have to speak of something nasty," cried Mr. Phipps getting very hot, and feeling all the chivalry in him outraged, "John Rawlinson, Jr., is the devil!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MUSIC EXTENSION MOVEMENT.

The plan for applying Chautauqua and University extension principles to music, so fully outlined in the February issue of *MUSIC*, has very naturally attracted wide attention, and a considerable number of communications relating to it have reached this office. As a type of the view taken by students living remote from large cities and musical centers, the following, from a correspondent who for a number of years has been successfully engaged in teaching, may be presented :

"I have read your plan for university extension in music with great interest. If I could have had the privilege of participating in such a movement twenty years ago, my musical career would have been very different, and far more satisfactory to my pupils and myself, I am very sure."

Another view of the movement is brought out in the following extract from one of the most sincere and eminent of American musicians. He says :

"I fear that I must be pessimistic. I do not see (without the coöperation of persons and powers that will not, I am sure, have anything to do with the plan), how a successful issue can be made. I am sorry that I believe so so decidedly. The examinations that they are organizing now in England are, it is to be remembered, in a place as compact and as homogeneous as the state of New York, and under the powerful patronage of the government (in the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music). It is the same reason for which I have never believed in the American College of Musicians. Its prototype, the Royal College of Organists, being under powerful protection (the church) as if it were the government, can say, This *must* and *shall* be so. No one here can say that. Moreover, I fear that there will be so much friction between those who might take it up, as to neutralize any attempt at concerted effort. You look around in Chicago as I can in Boston, and see if it is not so."

Here we come upon a misconception which must be set right at the start. It is not the province of this movement to furnish thorough musical education, or to authenticate teachers of music. This is a work which belongs to professional bodies and schools. The one single conception which must rule this movement if it is ever to be carried to wide usefulness, is that of furnishing assistance, direction and inspiration to students so situated as not to be able to derive them from other and better sources. It is to supplement the advantages for the right study of music in neighborhoods where at present the conditions are not favorable ; and to supply inspiration in the concerted relations under which the extension studies are carried forward ; this is quite large enough field for as many workers as can see their way to coöperate in it.

The extension is a movement for promoting study, true musical knowledge, and the discipline which study brings ; and not for providing authenticating examinations for any professional purpose whatever. This is the only spirit in which wide usefulness can be accomplished. To work for an examination is to cram ; it is to fix attention upon the superficial and external, in place of the inner. This one may see in the manner in which students work up their preparations for the examinations for the College of Musicians. They prepare a minimum of pieces, and only cover the exact range indicated in the prospectus. Whereas, the examinations, as originally planned, were to illustrate a selection out of a far larger body of studies which the candidate should have pursued. This short-sighted spirit of preparing for examinations is almost inevitable. Nine students out of ten will fall into it if their attention be not diverted from the examination as an end. It is only when *study* is the end, and an adequate understanding of musical literature is the ideal, that we may hope for a better spirit. No doubt the Chautauqua movement itself has had difficulty in escaping from this belittling tendency of the examination feature. But it is quite certain that the present Principal of that movement would deprecate the narrow view as fatal to the very ideal of the entire enterprise.

The difficulties on the score of lack of commanding authority vanish as soon as the movement is put in its proper light. We do not appeal to those who are to be driven, or forced; we appeal only to those who need and desire assistance; those who desire to study for more knowledge, but do not know exactly how; to those who dimly know how to advance, but who need the stimulation of concerted effort. Besides, every man who has exercised influence upon circles with which he has never come into personal contact knows that it is entirely a question of the degree in which his teaching is true, or seems to be true. All his influence has come to him from those who believed themselves helped by him. There is no need of commanding authority from without. The truth and a spirit of helpfulness are themselves his authority. There are certain people upon whom these influences fall; these are his public. The whole case was so well stated in that aphorism of Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, that it deserves to be printed in letters of gold and hung up in every class room. To a candidate who asked whether he ought not to "stand up for truth," Beecher answered: "Truth is eternal; it is part of God. The truth will stand up for you if you will give it a chance." This is the whole order of things under which we live. The truth will stand up for this movement if we give it a chance.

This is the reason why it is so important to associate in the enterprise a wide circle of commanding minds. It is not to force students to come: but to make sure that the courses and the principles of combining them are as sound as possible—in other words, for the sake of taking as few chances as we may of missing truth through one-sided pre-occupation.

Another idea which comes out in the letters of the leaders is that of obtaining the "powerful backing of some great university." This idea, also, is illusory. It would not be difficult to operate this movement under the auspices of one or a half dozen of the leading universities of this country. But the vital point is that in order to accomplish this it will be necessary to part with the control of the movement, and to entrust it to the hands of the Philistines—for the American

universities are among the worst Philistines that the art of music has had to encounter. Few of our American colleges singly or collectively have ever yet done even a little for the art of music in its true sense. In some of them there is a "professor of music," but his duties are confined to instructing a few undergraduates in portions of the technic or science of music, and in giving a few lectures annually in musical history, with occasional glances at æsthetics. It is not claimed that these gentlemen do not earn their salary. No doubt they do, but they neither add materially to the popular estimation of music among the graduates of the university, nor succeed in turning out composers, nor in any manner operating as leaven. To make a man a professor of music in an American college is to place him in a "nice, clane, aisy business," as Pat said of the episcopate, where there is no longer need of "hustling" for pupils and bread.

To this sweeping condemnation an exception must be made in the case of the University of Michigan, where for nine years Mr. C. B. Cady labored in laying a foundation for a truer appreciation of the art of music, and of the value of musical studies both for discipline and culture. To this position Prof. A. A. Stanley succeeded, and he is doing a splendid work for the art he loves so well. Not only is music recognized as a basis for credits in college standing, but the still more important work of interesting literary men and teachers in it, is being done in an eminently sound and catholic manner. This work is so important that arrangements have been made for an article relating to it from the pen of Prof. Stanley himself, to appear in a later issue of *MUSIC*.

If diplomas and the authentication of teachers were the end proposed by this movement, *then* there would be more in the idea that advantages might be derived from university association, for the university might be able to afford additional safeguards in the direction of impartiality and thoroughness. But these are not the objects, beyond the most elementary and incidental degree. The one chief object is that of promoting musical knowledge by affording stimulation and a wise advice. When these two ends have been subserved upon a wide scale, the other questions will come

up for adjustment by other authorities. In the purely professional line the College of Musicians will be able to afford authentication to young musicians; and a few universities may by that time have established an apparatus of teaching and testing which would be worthy of ranking to some degree with the tests of the college.

Besides, in the association of eminent names proposed in the original plan of this movement there is an authority which no half dozen universities could equal. However eminent some of the instructors may be upon the list of our leading universities, they have not singly nor collectively names to offer equal to the array mentioned in the last number. In the department of the pianoforte suppose we have such men as Dr. Mason, Professor Bowman, Albert R. Parsons, Emil Liebling, Wm. H. Sherwood, Arthur Foote, E. A. MacDowell, B. J. Lang, Constantine Sternberg, and the like; in the department of the voice such as Mrs. Eddy, Mr. Tomlins, Miss Clara Munger, H. W. Greene, Mme Cappiani, Signor Janotta, Mr. Frederic W. Root, L. F. Gottschalk, etc. In theory Dudley Buck, Fred. Grant Gleason, Thomas Tapper, Harry Rowe Shelley, etc; in the organ, Clarence Eddy, Prof. A. A. Stanley, Samuel P. Warren, S. B. Whitney, etc. Have we not here an array of authority such as no dozen universities could equal? Authority, moreover, which does not need to be commended to the favorable consideration of the American musical public. Their names are household words throughout the extent of the country.

This view of the plan most advisable to pursue is in accord with that suggested by one of the clearest headed and most eminent musicians in the east, who says:

"I have been much interested in your university extension idea, though I could not at once write you about it. I believe that great good will come from experimenting in the directions you have suggested, and in others. I am inclined to think that the best *method* will have to be found by experiment. There will be comparatively little trouble in at once applying the ordinary university extension method to the *science* of composition, or any other of the scientific aspects of music; but this application to the strictly

artistic aspects strikes me as a novelty which will need special development.

"I confess frankly (in answer to your first question) that I should much prefer managing such an enterprise entirely independently of both the Chautauqua system and the University. Why would not Music furnish a nucleus around which could be gathered a national organization? With such direction as you would give it, and with such coöperation as you could immediately secure, you could command the assistance of any educational institution that you might desire. You could readily have all the advantages of alliance with such institutions without any of the risks incident upon their assuming supreme control.

"I hardly know how to answer your second question for myself" (relative to the part which the correspondent would like to take in the work). "But I am sure that the group of earnest and highly trained men which we have gathered in our school here, would all be willing to unite in doing anything they are asked to do. Perhaps the easiest way for them to serve would be as a body, though each in his specialty. At all events all would be warmly sympathetic with any well considered efforts at popular education.

"Personally, I think it would be wise to work from several centers scattered over the country, all under a principal center —say in your office. I cannot think of any one better fitted for leadership in this part of the country than Mr. Bowman. He has prestige, intelligence, energy and executive ability."

Thus the plan in its leading features begins to assume clearer form:

1. *Its Object*—To promote the study of music, primarily in its artistic aspects, for the increase of true musical taste and enjoyment, and for the discipline that any study nobly pursued inevitably carries with it.

2. *Its Public*—Amateurs and young teachers living remote from musical advantages, and desirous of receiving such assistance as this organization will supply.

3. *Instrumentalities Employed*—An organization embracing an advisory council, whose office it is to prepare the various graded "Courses" in authors and departments, as

suggested in the former discussion; local examiners, before whom students appear for ascertaining their chief defects and needs, and the point where they should enter upon the courses; executive centers for registration and assignment of suitable combinations for study, together with plans for conducting the same economically, as to time and the easy interchange of subjects; local circles for social consultation, mutual helpfulness in music and for promoting local musical interest; traveling artists able to give instructive and helpful recitals of the higher music (for voice or instrument), with comments calculated to assist the unaccustomed to the proper standpoint for appreciating the music presented. It is expected that the latter class of instrumentalities will be very largely recruited from among the less eminent players of satisfactory ability and intelligence, who will be able to introduce recitals and lectures of real value in circles where as yet the resources do not permit the engagement of artists of national reputation. We hope to be able to give a respectable piano recital for school purposes, or before a small circle, at the same rate as ordinary university professors deliver lectures before small extension classes—namely, \$10 and expenses. From this price, as means advance, the grade will go up to the fully paid concerts of such artists as Baxter Perry, Mr. Sherwood, Mme. Rivé-King, Mme. Bloomfield-Zeissler, Mr. Liebling, Mr. Seeboeck, Mr. Hyllested, Professor Van Cleve and others, of whom now we have a very wide number for choice.

4. *Expense of Membership*—Upon this head no satisfactory conclusion can be reached as yet. It will have to be large enough to cover the cost of enrollment, examinations and assignments to study. The first and last will probably amount to about \$5 per year. The examinations may double this amount, or carry it to as high as \$10, or even more in some cases. At all events the students may rest assured that the expense scale will be kept as low as will answer without impairing the quality of the work.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

THE PIANO AS A FACTOR IN MUSICAL ART.

(CONCLUDED.)

In beginning this second division of my subject I naturally refer to the opening paragraphs, and attempt to supplement them by a comment upon the artistic effect of various instruments: thus, for instance, that sublimest and most complex product of human mechanical ingenuity, the modern concert pipe organ. In the five centuries of its existence, it has fostered at least half of all the sublime choral effects known to art, and has always been the bosom friend of counterpoint. May I not be allowed to wrest one of the famous epithets of Homer, who called Jupiter the cloud-compelling Zeus, and say that the organ is the counterpoint-compelling king of musical instruments? It is the most aloof, the most self-contained, variously endowed, and yet, withal, the most seriously limited of musical instruments. It is astonishing how rapturous is the love which the professional organists feel for their instrument, and it is equally astonishing how apathetic is the passive listening public; indeed, I know of few phenomena in the history of American musical art more strange, perplexing, and perhaps discouraging, than the utter indifference which has been shown for the last ten years in Cincinnati to her great and magnificent music hall organ; it is scarcely heard a half dozen times in a year, and then is chiefly employed on some political or religious occasion to play a few simple hymns or national airs. During the time when it was used by George E. Whiting, the audience in that immense auditorium was frequently limited to twelve or thirteen listeners, presumably *capita mortua*. Here is a topic which some of our philosophic writers upon music should brood upon and comment upon. Why has Cincinnati always sent from five to eight thousand people to hear the Thomas orchestra and the May Festival chorus, and a meager dozen to listen to the great organ? No capital in the country is more completely sunk than the \$30,000 in-

vested in that organ, not even that which is hidden in the shares of a non-productive silver mine.*

But to return from this momentary digression into American musical history, I will dismiss the organ for the present by saying that it was the core and heart of those centuries in which church music and the forms of religious music generally were still predominant, although the giants who have fought the battle of the nineteenth century were born, and were coming to be very lusty youngsters.

At the opposite point of the horizon from the organ, with its thousands of pipes and its vast complexities, we will glance at the violin. Here is an instrument small, not great; simple, not complex; delicate almost to fragility, not ponderous; and a monotone instrument, that is, capable of uttering for the most part only one sound at a time, instead of the most broad and many-voiced harmonies; but it has one enormous advantage over the organ and pianoforte—it is so sensitive to the personality of the player that it becomes like an audible heart, and here is the magic of the violin; its enormous emotionality and its unlimited dexterity are its two chief advantages; and who will point out all the beneficial effects wrought upon the progress of musical art by this marvelous little brown magician who came into the world two hundred years ago?

The pianoforte, like its rivals the organ and the violin, has played a mighty rôle in the development of musical form; constructed by the mechanical inventive genius of the eighteenth century, but vastly improved in all its details by the nineteenth century, the piano may be called the protagonist on every stage of musical display in this century, both for good and for evil, for enlightenment and for limitation, the piano, with its vast array of performers in every land, has made itself felt.

It is worth remarking that nearly every great composer has been a pianist, and oftentimes a virtuoso, if not the lead-

* The great Boston organ, erected in 1863 at an expense of about \$30,000, has had the same experience. It has been taken down, and its *dejecta membra* are stored away in boxes, awaiting the tardy action of Boston authorities to fittingly re-erect it over the disused graveyard back of the New England Conservatory. The magnificent Roosevelt organ (\$32,000) in the Chicago Auditorium bids fair to experience a like innocuous desuetude.—ED. MUSIC.

ding virtuoso of his time; thus John Sebastian Bach was nearly as eminent in the art of harpsichord playing as in that of organ playing, and I think it will scarcely be extravagant to say that his "Well Tempered Clavichord" has been practiced by so many musicians, and has helped the formation of so many executive and creative talents, and has been heard so often by audiences, that the influence of this one book upon musical minds throughout the world has equaled and surpassed that of all his organ compositions and his three hundred sacred cantatas put together.

Haydn was a good, though not eminent, pianist. Mozart divided the honors of piano playing in his epoch with Clementi; Beethoven and Hummel stood in about the same relationship to each other as Mozart and Clementi, the one being distinguished for the emotionality and lofty beauty of his playing, the other for the brilliancy and finish of his mechanical powers.

Then we have Weber, eminent as a virtuoso and extemporezizer; Mendelssohn, great as organist, was great as pianist also, not loving the piano with any exclusive passion, and yet writing for it many works of a most genuine musical quality, and incomparably finished as to their form and workmanship; Schumann, with his early and happily foiled ambition for the fame of a player; Chopin, Liszt, Rubinstein and a hundred others; in fact, what one of the great epoch-making intellects of our art can we name during the last two hundred years, so far as German instrumental music is concerned, who was not a great pianist, except Richard Wagner? In his case it was doubtless a capital advantage that he was not a pianist; the utter unplayability of a Wagner score upon the piano must provoke laughter whenever we listen to a struggling artist trying to convert the ten fingers into the hundred performers of an orchestra.

No doubt Tausig by adapting the lyrical movements of a great Wagner drama to the keyboard of the piano, with his admirable mechanical ingenuity, and playing them in public, added not a little to the gradual popularization of Wagner's compositions; and the same is true in a more eminent degree, of the still more popular transcriptions made by Liszt; and

when we hear such paraphrases as "Wotan's Farewell," by Rubinstein, the "Fire King," by Brassin, and the clever medley produced by Grunfeld, from "Lohengrin," and "Tannhaeu-*ser*," we are prepared to give these gentlemen thanks, and even blessings for thus making profitable to give us, though in a mutilated and faded form, the great works of the greatest dramatic genius known to art. Yet it remains incontestable that no music in the world is so utterly unpianoforte-like, so utterly inexpressible in terms of the pianoforte, as the scores of Richard Wagner. Then a large part of their life consists of two things which are the especial possession of the orchestra, namely, complex and varied polyphony, and infinitely diversified tone color.

We have arrived at an age of anomalies in the development of musical art, and here is one of them : No music is so characteristic of this last half of the nineteenth century as the music dramas of Wagner, and they are the most antipodal to the pianoforte. No instrument, on the other hand, is so universally cultivated, so omnipresent—even so pestiferously present—as the pianoforte. Everybody studies the instrument, everybody has it in the family ; few are the young ladies who do not disport themselves upon the perilous plain of its ivory and ebony ; and yet with all this, no form of musical entertainment is harder to lift into lucrative solidity than a piano recital. What I would ask is this : Has the instrument grown stale? Do the people of the world, or at least of the American nation, cultivate it for musical, or for purely fashionable reasons? Then, if it is fashionable, why and what good do we derive from the hundreds of thousands of homes, and the myriads of human lives consumed above the keyboard, and above the music racks of the pianoforte? A long, shadowy vista of doubt, yet of interesting inquiries, leads away from each one of these questions, and without attempting to answer them, I will place before my readers a brief summary of the qualities of the piano as a sound producer and a music maker.

An eminent German critic has said of Wagner, that his orchestra breathes the music that nature would make if she had an orchestra ; and it seems too, that Wagner has not

only used all the sounds recognized by musicians previous to his time, but has adopted new ones into the sacred circle of emotional expression. It is well that Wagner's ideas poured straight from his fervid imagination, and crystallized themselves in the wonderful polyphony of the orchestra; hence the wonderful clearness and characteristic distinction everywhere found, even in the most turbulent masses of agitated sound, hence the thoroughly orchestral character of every voice. Nearly all composers, however—Weber, Mozart, Beethoven, Bach, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and Chopin, of course—have done a great deal of composing, especially in their early days, with their magic fingers dipped in the cool stream of pianoforte sound; in this quivering mirror have they seen the flitting shadows of clouds and angels, and the thousand celestial hues of their inspirations and dreams.

It is not difficult to discover the bias of composers toward this instrument in the configuration expressed by their compositions. Thus Mendelssohn seems always to have thought of the solemn, sweet and noble voice of the organ; Chopin, of course, for the piano and nothing else, inasmuch as everything he has written sounds stiff and walks awkwardly in violin or orchestral transcriptions. Spohr advertises the fact that he was a violinist, not only in every composition, but in every sentence and in every clause of his works. In Beethoven's piano music, though the orchestra is generally foreshadowed and never absent, it is curiously fused with the good substantial technic of old Clementi, the real founder of pianoforte playing; and Schumann's boyish love of the piano and delight in writing enigmas for it, beyond any question, does mark his four great symphonies, which with all their splendor or originality, both in rhythm and harmony, and their occasional felicities of tone color, would lose very little in kind, though doubtless much in degree, by being transferred to a four-hand pianoforte transcription. To realize the truth of this assertion, imagine Schumann's radiant Symphony in C, Op. 61, when played by two enthusiastic pianists at one keyboard. Then the samefeat attempted with the "Queen Mab" scherzo, or "Romeo and

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"Juliet" love scene, from the "Romeo and Juliet" symphony of Berlioz. Berlioz, like Wagner, was an orchestral genius pure and absolute.

Among the advantages of the pianoforte, I will first name its compendiousness. As to tone colors and dynamic extremes it doubtless yields to the pipe organ, but as to the number of pitches which it can utter and the variety of its possible harmonic combinations, and its rhythmic plasticity, it yields to nothing except in a few minor details.

It is only since the days of Wagner that the orchestra, indeed, has had as wide a range of tone as the piano. The violin can make tremolo effects with more shuddering lightness and less fatigue to the player, and yet the piano by a clever device of its own in dividing a chord into alternating halves, can sustain a long, tremulous chord and produce upon the ear an effect equally fine.

But the piano is compendious, not alone in that it includes all the semitones known to the grand gamut of modern music, and can combine them into every possible harmony, and work them out into the filigree tracery of every possible rhythm, and at least sketch, if not perfectly finish every possible melody. And its compendiousness lies equally in this, also, that owing to its smallness it can be placed in any private chamber as well as in a public hall, and it places immediately beneath the fingers of one performer in his hour of inspired reproduction, or inspired productivity, at least a hint of every possible musical idea.

The composer, when he places himself before the pianoforte, is like some wondrous magician with a thousand electric buttons before him, and the touch of each one calls a spirit from some inconceivably remote corner of the universe. Now the pianist's hands descend with a sledge hammer blow, and it takes but little imagination to endow the massive, sonorous roar which arises from within with the clangling, thrilling glory of the trombone. Again he moderates the touch, and a suave melody floats from the center of the keyboard, calm, sweet, as if some passing breeze had shaken some full-blown rose, and spilled all the fragrance in its chalice. Again the fingers fly nimbly to the extremes of

the keyboard, and Morning, veiled in rose colors and resplendent with diamond dew, comes like a vision; or some subterranean torrent roaring with awful voice from the mystery and darkness of appalling labyrinths, will cause the imagination to shudder. True, the inner panorama of analogies drawn from nature or art along the airy causeway of association, is not essential to the enjoyment of music, nor are they absolutely contained in it, and perforce, presented to every listening intelligence; yet they *are* there truly and unmistakably, as Jean Paul in literature and Robert Schumann in music, not to mention others, conclusively demonstrate.

The pianist, therefore, may first of all congratulate himself that he has the universe in little at his bedside, by his fireside in a cozy apartment, and beneath his subtle fingers at any moment of the day or night, no matter what the weather may be, though it should make the face of the deep like a stone, or change and turn the sky to brass. This absolute convenience of the piano, though often overlooked, is one of its very greatest advantages. I will ask any pianist to reflect how he feels when visiting for even a day in a house where there is no piano, even if it is his vacation time and he does not want to practice, and perhaps is so nervous that he can scarcely bear the sound of the instrument for fifteen minutes per day; nevertheless he feels lost if he cannot run in for an odd moment or when some thrill of emotion stirs his heart, and strike out a congenial chord or two.

It is a very simple spell of the witch imagination, to convert the pianoforte sound into the orchestra, especially to the ears of an excited composer. In oriental fables and in those of King Arthur, there was a mirror in which whoever would might see all the things then taking place in the whole world; such a mirror to the composer is the pianoforte.

The second advantage of the pianoforte constituting a peculiarity of it, is the pedal. The pedal is like prussic acid, which imparts deliciousness to the peach and makes the most intoxicating and delicious liqueurs; but get too much of it and you die in agony. So it is with the pedal; diffused dexterously

and used at all times, but never at the wrong place, and never too long at a time, it generates a vast number of the most evanescent and subtle as well as the most beautiful and novel effects known to any instrument. My space will not permit me to fully illustrate and maintain this doctrine, but I am prepared to assert and defend that by means of the pedal the pianist can procure and render vividly apparent to any susceptible listener, tonal effects the most entrancing, and at least of five or six different species.

When the violinists are boasting of their range of tone on the A string and a similar range on the D and G, with augmented richness and warmth, with silvery tinkling harmonies and massive, impassioned rasp of the low tones and the ethereal azures of the second octaves of the E string, the pianist may well rejoin: "Yes, you have these beauties, and they are beautiful. God forbid that I should deny it; but I have my pedal. I can make a tone fall upon your ear; then swell and dwell sonorous, like a luminous golden star shining alone in the blue heavens at twilight; I can melt into one iridescent mass a dozen heterogeneous sounds whose combined results will be like some of the marvels of chemistry, a mixture of things incongruous, producing a *tertium aliquid* of new and glorious qualities; I can diffuse by the use of the pedal, around every central figure in the tone picture, that golden, translucent atmosphere of sonorous, fading suggestion, which enriches without veiling, and beautifies without modifying; I can with my pedal broaden the sonorous amplitudes of an arpeggio till the starlit lake, the turbulent ocean, the tinkling rivulet are called up vividly to the inner stereopticon of the imagination. It is a matter of constant amazement that with such a wealth of effect thoroughly native to the instrument and not to be found elsewhere, not even in the orchestra, all amateurs and nearly all artists are so obtuse to the spiritual charms of the pedal. Has the musical world, or at least the pianoforte playing world, lost its ears?

The third advantage of the pianoforte is its flexibility. In the rapidity with which notes can be emitted by it there is only one rival, the violin, and even that falls short in many

specialties, and surpasses it in but one—the tremolo mentioned above. The human ear can perceive as separate tones not more than twelve or at the very highest possibly sixteen tones in a second; some eight to twelve tones is the usual number in the most rapid runs and arpeggios; and every pianist worthy of the name is able to play from ten to twelve tones in a variety of scales and chord forms practically unlimited. As to trilling, no instrument is equal to the pianoforte in the equality, power, speed and possible *nuance* of the trill, and when it is combined with a melody, an effect of which Beethoven was very fond (see the Rondo of Op. 53) the effect is wonderfully beautiful. The trill made by alternating the wrist, a device invented or at least made prominent by Franz Liszt, is capable of being developed into a vast number of beautiful effects as yet unexplored and unrevealed; the repetition of notes, thanks to the ingenuity of modern pianoforte makers perfecting the elasticity of the action, has become so admirable that a melody or chord can be reiterated by a little practice with all the speed that the ear can really appreciate.

One of the deplorable and injurious defects brought about by Schumann imitators in their bigoted antipathy to the old school has been that our modern players seem almost to be losing the power of producing decorative runs. How seldom in a modern composition or in a modern performance do we find those silvery rings dimpling the surface of a composition, those roulades of scintillating tones, of which Chopin was so fond!

Metacarpal technique, with all its devices of scale and arpeggio, is now somewhat cast in the shade; it will, however, like the florid school of singing, not be cast out or kept long in abeyance. Dexterity has been, is and must remain a large part of the pianist's art.

The fourth advantage of the pianoforte is that it is more intensely now a *pianoforte* than ever before; it has an enormous dynamic range. We recognize ordinarily only five grades of tonal intensities, namely, *pianissimo*, *piano*, *mezzo*, *forte* and *fortissimo*, but without too great refinement or hair-splitting each of these grades can be readily distinguished

into three sub-grades, thus making five times three, or fifteen, degrees of intensity. I believe that every emotional pianist, and certainly Anton and Rubinstein, during the course of an evening's performance utilizes every one of these fifteen intensities. In this particular the piano has only two rivals, the organ, which has the disadvantage of being so expensive and so intricate that comparatively few persons can even get at it, and even they for only a few hours during the year; and, on the other side, the orchestra, where sixty to a hundred men are compelled to concentrate their talent to give adequate utterance to what one man can hint, though certainly not fully express, at the pianoforte.

So marvelous has been the increase of the dynamic energies of the pianoforte that I have not infrequently sat in a concert hall and listened to a solo pianist and his stormy climaxes producing a degree of sonority which seemed scarcely inferior to an orchestral mass of tone.

The fifth advantage of the pianoforte is one of its very greatest, an advantage by which it is placed head and shoulders above every other musical instrument; that is, its accentual power. This is, of course, an outgrowth of the dynamic power. Thus because of the arrangement of the keyboard and the power of the pianist to use the finger hammer, the hand hammer and the arm hammer, besides having ten fingers, all available at the same instant, or any one of them, or any two or three of them, or any possible combination of them, it is a commonplace matter for any good modern pianist to so balance his melody as to produce three distinct parts: The bass, the melody and the accompaniment; and four or five parts it is quite possible to give, each with its own dynamic gradations of relative importance. This peculiar power of expressing the relativity of simultaneous voices the organ, of course, shares with the piano, by reason of its various manuals and its many differently voiced stops; but on the other side, in that of pure accentuation, that is to say, the application of dynamic effect to special tones in a time series or melody, or certain tones in a melody, the piano is *par excellence* the most perfect instrument in the world.

The violin can do much in the way of accentuation, and in the gradations of prolonged tone is much superior to the pianoforte; but in those slight instantaneous effects of emphasis which correspond exactly to the various degrees of primary, secondary and tertiary accent in words and sentences, that power by which certain tones, even in the midst of the most whirling dance of Bacchant harmonies, or the most headlong possible run can be made twice, three times or even four times as loud as its neighbors, and thus have an instantaneous flash of light thrown upon it—in all these effects the piano is wonderfully efficient and exceedingly beautiful. It is this which imparts life and the high musical quality common to great artists. The delicacy with which they feel the relative importance of tones and tone groups too subtle to be expressed in coarse, clumsy notes, yet containing the very life of the work. In this I say the pianist is supremely great, and the powers of accent and shading thoroughly attest the artist. One may have dexterous finger joints and be able to tear a passion to tatters in a mechanical way, and yet be no musician, but a mere mechanic. But when a man can utter music and bring out of the piano dulcet and harmonious breath, he can charm the roughest sea of an unsympathetic public into attention. The lack of natural accent is the greatest defect of the pipe organ, and is the cause of that mechanical, cold and somewhat clumsy character of which many complain in the organ.

The sixth and last advantage that I will name for the piano is this: it possesses more than any other one instrument the power to reflect the player's personality. So many are its resources for execution and expression, so great and abundant is its varied literature, from the sublimest concertos and sonatas down to the daintiest and most airy of dances in a hundred forms, from Bach to Scharwenka, that no possible type of human character can fail to find something congenial to it in its literature.

I have heard scores of excellent pianists, of whom at least a half dozen might be called great, and I have never heard any two play the same piece precisely alike. This element of rich individuality in the performer is a final test of great-

ness in an artist; and it is more varied than the distinction among violinists, organists and orchestral directors.

But, you will say, has the piano no defects? Yes, several. I will not say many, but space will not permit me to enter into the objections, which I may do at some future time.

In the first place, like the organ it cannot be tuned to absolutely pure intervals; but the objection on this ground is hypercritical nonsense, for while it is possible to play absolutely in tune upon the violin, I venture to assert that take the world over there are more false intervals produced by violin players than by pianists. There is a muddy mixture of impurity in every interval produced by pianists, but if the piano tuner be worth his salt this flaw is very slight indeed.

Again it is complained that the piano has a fading tone; this is true, but from this very characteristic originates that wonderful variety of beautiful pedal effects alluded to above. If the prolongation of the pianoforte tone be gauged by the metronome, it will be found that nearly every good modern pianoforte has a range of tone from six to twelve seconds in duration, and a degree of audibility of more or less musical value.

Again it is complained that the pianoforte tone is cold; this is true if by cold you mean un-voice-like; the violin is called warm because it trembles, quivers and yearns like the human voice. This the piano cannot do; neither can the flute, the clarinet nor the trumpet; but the pianoforte tone, while not voice-like, has a decided and thoroughly original beauty to the ear, all its own, if we add also the immense variety of tone qualities produced by various instruments, some of the brilliant metallic type, some of the soft, sweet and muffled quality.

The effects of the pianoforte upon musical art historically have been to stimulate and render possible more than half or fully half to three-quarters of the entire compositions now in the world. It is true that the piano has been used by some as a kind of gymnasium adapted for the display of mere mechanical powers, but that is only one very small and transient phase of its art career.

Finally the high and essentially artistic value of the pianoforte is uncontestedly proved by the abundance and variety of its literature. Neither is this exhausted. Not all that has been written by Bach and Chopin, by Beethoven and Schumann, by Mendelssohn and Liszt, by Rubinstein and Gottschalk, by Thalberg and a hundred tone poets and paraphasers of more or less fancy, has availed to exhaust the resources of this musical microcosm. The pianoforte has not died with Liszt, nor will the music dramas of Wagner, so regnant now over all musical taste and talent, cause it to become obsolete.

J. S. VAN CLEVE.

A PIANISTIC RETROSPECT.

Technie! What crimes are committed in thy name!

The large concert hall which had just held an enthusiastic audience was gradually being deserted, lights were turned down, and what to many had been a delightful anticipation had already become a memory of the past. People seemed dazed; women were thrown into hysterics, many ear drums had been split by the fortissimos, and the hearing apparatus of others had been irreparably injured by the strain imposed in trying to catch the last expiring pianissimos. They had all been there, these enthusiasts who flutter around a new pianist as the moths crowd around the light, with the same disastrous results and about as much discrimination. They were easily known by their intense, rapt, dead-to-the-world expression; a lurid light shone in their eyes; they were once more happy; a new subject had presented itself for their idolatrous worship; it did not matter that this new god, while good-naturedly submitting to being temporarily made a fetish, was at the same time worshiping the golden calf himself, with results disastrous to the calf.

A new pianist had appeared, and the wars between the red and white roses, between Guelphs and Ghibellines were never waged more fiercely than the strong feelings with which opinions *pro* and *contra* were exchanged. It had been assumed that almost everything had been heard which the instrument was capable of yielding; we had hung breathlessly on the tender interpretations of some, followed with cool analysis the polyphonic playing of others; "tours" of such astonishing "force" had been performed that we had become hardened—as we supposed—to noise; our imagination had been presented with delightfully realistic pictures; after listening to the heroic strains of polonaises, we had been plunged into the abyss of sadness by nocturnes and funeral marches; in short, it seemed that we were pre-

pared for almost anything ; and yet it was all a mistake, for this new pianist brought to us all a distinctively new experience. Announced as the greatest since Rubinstein, and by many pronounced that master's equal if not superior, it has seemed not improper to the writer to jot down in this informal manner his own impressions, and to review in a general way the piano playing and players that have regaled the American public during the last twenty years.

It is but natural that the last should usually be considered the best; impressions, however vivid at first, must become latent after a certain lapse of time; and I really believe that after an extended period we do not remember a musical performance with any definiteness. Like a man who tells a story so often that he finally believes it, we think that we recollect, but in reality it is apt to be a very faint afterglow; we remember the accompanying circumstances, and perchance a certain flavor and indistinct impression have remained; but after all, when twenty years have passed we remember finally only that we remembered the same emotions ten years ago. The French proverb that "The absent are always wrong," is very *a propos*. A new man comes, and the valiant deeds of his predecessors are quickly forgotten.

One feels a certain reticence in dealing frankly with the latest applicant for public favor ; it seems like flying in the face of Providence not to join in the general "See, the conquering hero comes," and to defy the *vox populi*. Alas! how quickly does it often change for the cry "Crucify him!" The press are unanimously enthusiastic, the large army of cognoscenti, art-loving amateurs, piano maniacs and music fiends in general are simply beside themselves with delirious exhilaration, and it is not a pleasant task to strike the one discordant note in this general jollification—in short, to be the skull at somebody else's dinner.

Beware me of the old bore who at once overpowers you with his recollections of "tempi passati," who attended Jenny Lind's first concert at Castle Garden, tells you with minute exactness how De Meyer used to deposit his hat and gloves under the piano before playing the "Marche Marocaninie"; who ate steaks with Jaell (who played light salon

music in this country, later on repented of his earlier sins and played the most severe music, including Brahms' D Minor Concerto) at the Parker House in Boston, cooked spaghetti for Ronconi, and drank beer with Carl Formes. He has the advantage of you; the only safe way is to let him exhaust his reminiscent eloquence or to furnish him a new victim. It is as safe to trust to his musical impressions as to compare the new comer to men whose record has long since become a matter of historical interest. Comparisons are apt to be odious, and yet they enable one often to arrive at a somewhat definite idea as to the relative standing of artists; at the same time it is really an almost needless impertinence to compare men of absolute greatness; it is sufficient cause for thankfulness that they are here and with us. This is essentially the case with Paderewski, who, unlike many of his predecessors, comes to us with a tremendous repertoire, and fully equipped to present the same. It is perfectly futile and unprofitable to go into details; one can justly pick many flaws, disagree in many respects, condemn much, and yet the fact remains that here we meet once more a new musical force, a poetic yet virile temperament; a fascinating and entrancing tender gentleness coupled with irresistible outbursts of unrestrained Herculean force. He paints his tone pictures with no uncertain hand; his is a large brush, a vigorous style and vivid coloring; he unites the finish of the "academie" with the boldness of the impressionist.

He is perfectly cool, sure of himself and definite in his methods, sensational yet legitimate, nervous only under the chafing restraint of a sonata. Hear him play Rubinstein's D Minor Concerto or Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia with orchestra, and you will hear precisely the same *nuances* and effects each time. Nothing is left to chance or momentary impulse, and this is as it should be. The leavings from his table, the *encores* would make up concert programmes that could tax the possibilities of other concert pianists. After playing the above numbers he played Rubinstein's Staccato Etude and Liszt's Campanella with marvelous freshness and *sang froid*. His wrist is of steel; the problem of endurance has been completely solved; perhaps

the touch lacks that crystalline quality of Joseffy, the trill seems not as spontaneous as Carreno's and Rosenthal's, we miss some of the fabulous delicacy and speed of De Pachmann, yet criticism of his methods is useless, for the effect is overpowering and overwhelming. In the Beethoven Sonata, Op. 53, the man did not appear to advantage. It is an open question whether it is best for either the artist or audience to commence a concert with a long sonata or fugue. Either form possesses more or less interest only to the student, and even the professional has been known to heave a sigh of relief when the last chord is struck. In this sonata he seemed obliged to hold back and restrain himself. I do not cavil at his readings; men of his attainments have a right to the courage of their convictions, and yet it seemed that the work had been more legitimately and satisfactorily performed by artists whose tenure on popular favor has not been as strong; both Joseffy and Rummel have presented this sonata to us in all its glory, and far superior to Paderewski, both technically and interpretatively considered.

A modern concert programme makes exceptional demands on both executant and listener. It takes considerable endurance and quick mental recuperation to follow a player through a list of from ten to fifteen pieces, each demanding different style, and expressive of widely diverging lines of musical thought and feeling.

When Weitzmann wrote his brochure, "The Last of the Virtuosi," after Tausig's death, he was no doubt sincere in his belief that with Tausig modern piano playing had reached its zenith ; and yet it is undeniable that even this master has been excelled by the latest class of great players, in the first rank of whom Joseffy stands. Rosenthal is still busy convincing the European critics that he is more than a great technician. Paderewski is totally *sui generis*, and furnishes the very combination of qualities that go to make up a successful concert pianist, and d'Albert towers in solitary greatness like some inaccessible mountain peak, grim and grand. De Pachmann is an evanescent, ever changing, kaleidoscopic, chameleon-like, somewhat tantalizing and aggravating segre-

gation of rare qualities. I strongly suspect that the Chopin "cult" was forced upon him by an enterprising manager, and that he, while cooing as ye gentle dove—and fully as artful as the snake—can hurl thunderbolts with the best of them. Sauer and Stavenhagen are yet to come before us.

This very excess of technic brings its own punishment. Thus when Paderewski after playing Schumann's "Papillons" with inimitable grace and infinite variety of touch and purity of style, offends every musical instinct by his brutal handling of a Liszt Rhapsody; or when Rosenthal at the end of almost every piece would lose himself, turn on the pedal, and end in a succession of crashes and wrong chords.

When a man travels on mere virtuosity perfection can be demanded. As with a tight rope walker (and the Campanella is just about as ticklish and risky a performance) one mishap is fatal. The question of chance must be totally eliminated; thus an occasional lapsus may be condoned on the part of the player with whom technic is only an incident, and interpretation the main object. We might pardon technical inaccuracy in a sonata, but never a wrong jump or skip in the Campanella.

Quite indefensible is the liberty taken by artists with programmes; they announce one and play another; thus Paderewski omits four pages in Liszt's Second Rhapsody, rarely gives the opus numbers of works, announces the G Minor Fantasie and Fugue by Bach, and plays instead the Chromatic Fantasie and Fugue in D minor. D'Albert also sinned egregiously in that respect; I went several times expecting to hear him play Grieg's "Pièce Erotique," and every time another piece was substituted. It is about as fair as if Booth announced Hamlet, and then presented Macbeth to the audience who had bought tickets to hear the other play.

An artist who sends out a certain programme virtually sells certain goods and must deliver these identical goods to the purchaser when the proper time comes, instead of substituting others. It is on such occasions that critics are often "scooped," as the saying is, and their scalps are held up exultingly by some "smart aleck," who happens to know the piece which was substituted to gratify a momentary caprice. Of

course, "*Quod licet Jovi, non licet bovi,*" and a good many extravagances may be overlooked in a great artist, that would be reprehensible in lesser lights; yet it might have a salutary effect if the local press would as fearlessly expose the shortcomings of the one as the other.

EMIL LIEBLING.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

PARSIFAL: THE FINDING OF CHRIST THROUGH ART; OR RICHARD WAGNER AS THEOLOGIAN. By Albert Ross Parsons. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo, pp. 112.

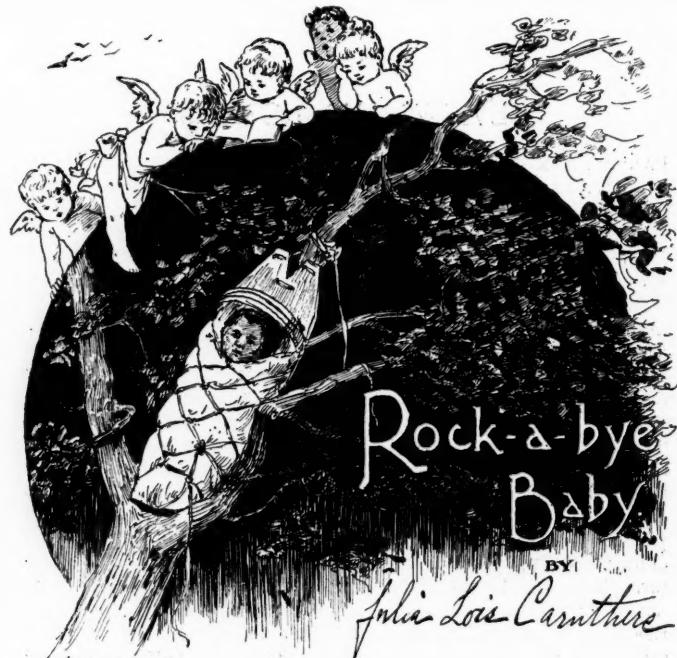
The list of serious works related to music, or having the very fundamental conceptions of music in view, would not be complete without this strong and suggestive work by the well known New York teacher. The substance of the little book was prepared as a lecture, and delivered in All Souls' church, New York, May 19, 1889. In rearranging it for permanent form many notes were added. The central thesis appears to be that by whatever road the serious thinker travels to the limits of his thought, he is sooner or later brought to God, and perhaps to that best form of the divine concept, the Christ. So Mr. Parsons thinks Wagner came, Parsifal being the last illumination reached by him. It would not be possible to fairly represent the book by a short extract. The reader must take it in its entirety. The notes show a very large reading, and perhaps a still more uncommon thinking. In every line is seen represented the mind of an artist who takes his art and his world seriously. It is therefore a helpful and inspiring book for those to read who bring to it the necessary seriousness of disposition. It may be said farther that the theological aspect of music as here represented will be no more strange to the average musician than the theology itself to professional doctors in that department. Mr. Parsons thinks for himself, and, like all broad men who undertake this, often finds himself beyond the limits of accepted dogmas.

HELLER'S SELECTED STUDIES. Opus 47, "Edition Liebling." S. Brainard's Sons Co. Chicago, 1891. Pp. 18. \$1.

These studies, composing the cream of Heller's Opus 47, Mr. Liebling has edited in his clear and common-sense manner. The engraving is clear, the plates large, and the edition to be desired. The selections are of many kinds, the intention having been, apparently, to afford sufficient variety of styles for the complete practice of the pupil during the period of study occupied by the book.

MISERERE. (A Musical Story). By Mabel Wagnalls. 16mo, pp. 64, cloth. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co., 1890.

A powerful almost sensational story, of deep love, separation through fates impossible to avoid, yet with true allegiance to the highest ideals—save the one fatal mistake upon which the separation turns. The musical thread is cleverly intwined, and the work as a whole is very strong and beautiful. The little book is elegantly gotten up, but the best thing about it is the promise which this little work of art gives for the future of the young authoress.



At first quietly—

Rok-a-bye ba-by up-on the tree top. When the wind

cantabile

Sheet music for "Rock-a-bye Baby" featuring two staves of musical notation. The first staff uses a soprano C-clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff uses a bass F-clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.



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BLOW THE CRA-DEE WILL ROCK;

When the bough breakes the
cra-dee will fall,

Down come the ba-by and cra-dee and
all

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is in common time (indicated by 'C') and has lyrics: 'BLOW THE CRA-DEE WILL ROCK; When the bough breakes the cra-dee will fall,' followed by a repeat sign. The middle staff is also in common time and continues the lyrics: 'Down come the ba-by and cra-dee and all'. The bottom staff is in common time and concludes with 'all'. The music includes various dynamics like forte (f), piano (p), and sforzando (sf), and rests.



COMPLETE SCHOOL OF SCALES—TOUCH AND TECHNIC. Vol. II.

By William Mason, Op. 44. Philadelphia, 1891. Theodore Presser. Pp. 37. \$1.

Dr. Mason's system of scale practice is well worthy the attention bestowed at length upon its companion volume, the arpeggios, in the previous number of **MUSIC**, but unfortunately space does not now permit. It must suffice for the present to say that the method of practice has the same novelties and a corresponding variety to that in the arpeggios. It deserves to be studied thoroughly. At another time, perhaps, more will be said concerning it. It contains an artistic frontispiece representing Dr. Mason at the piano, in a position of readiness to play. This, somewhat reduced, forms the frontispiece to a recent number of **MUSIC**.

THE NEW DON QUIXOTE. A continuation of Cervantes' faithful relation of the most marvelous adventures of the gallant knight and his faithful squire. By Harry B. Smith. Brentano. 50 cents. Paper, 16mo.

The bright and genial writer, Mr. Harry B. Smith, author of so many comic opera librettos, has indulged in a little *jeu d'esprit* a trifle one side his usual beat. The serious Don Quixote condescends to travel by modern methods, whereupon he encounters adventures which tally but poorly with his former experiences. Among the episodes of his ride on a modern train is that of the newsboy, which is as follows:

"Now as the victorious knight of LaMancha and his stout squire, Sancho, sat entranced at the speed at which they traveled, there entered a small stranger, bearing in his arms great numbers of goodly volumes, and as he passed along the hall he bestowed on each man present divers books, perchance three or four each, the Don receiving books, as also did Sancho. The Don thanked the gallant youth for his gifts, and said to him: 'I marvel much that thou hast not the History of Amadis of Gaul, of Orlando di Furioso, Bernado del Carpio. Of a verity these would take like hot cakes, for these men were esteemed first-class knights ere I myself went into the knight business and left them, as the poet says, out of sight. Still I thank thee, gentle youth, for thy courteous gift.' The youth passing on, Don Quixote read the smallest book hastily, and not finding therein tales of princesses, knights and sorcerers, he flung it out of the window, where Sancho presently caused the rest of the volumes to follow it.

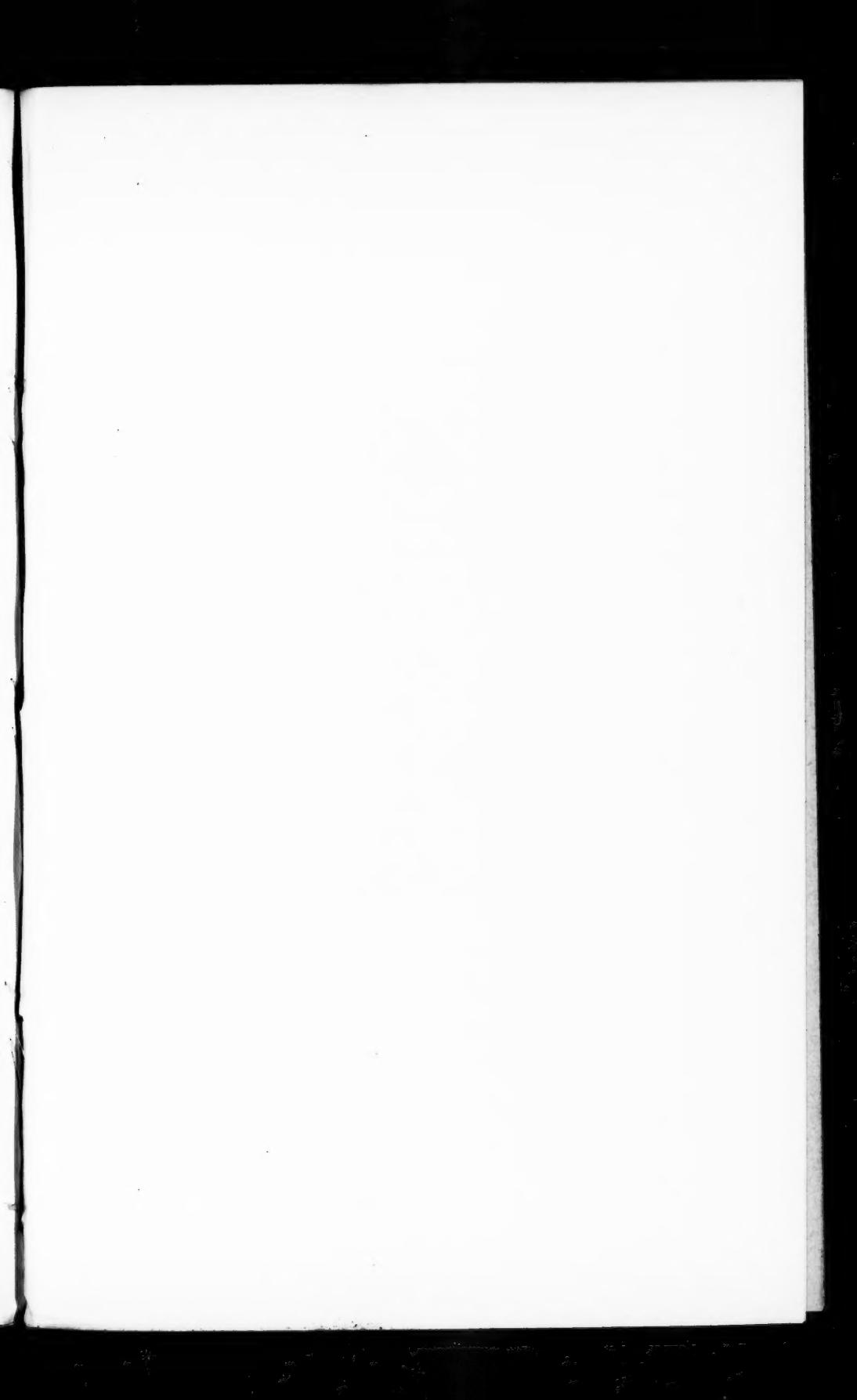
"Presently the small stranger (whom the Don had called the Knight of Many Books) returned, and pausing before Sancho and his master, spake to them in this wise: 'Any of the latest novels, gents?'

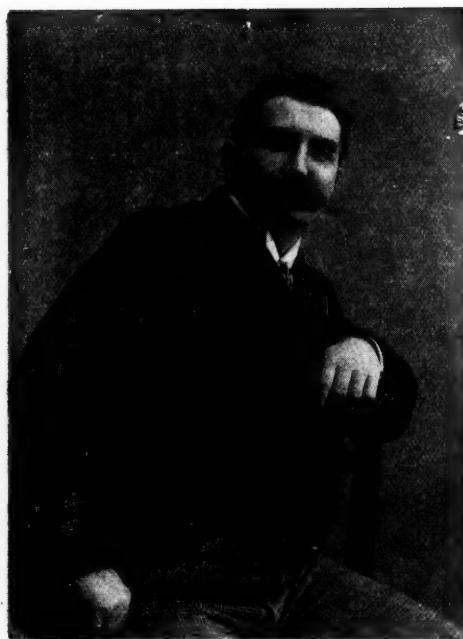
"Don Quixote shook his head with solemn mien, whereat the Knight of Many Books inquired, 'Where's dem novels?'

"'If thou meanest,' responded the Don, 'the books thou didst leave here a moment ago, they cannot be far off, for in the name of my mistress, Dulcinea Del Toboso, I have thrown them out of the palace window.' Upon hearing this the small stranger spake in this wise:

"! ! ! ! ! ? ? ? ? ! ! ! !"

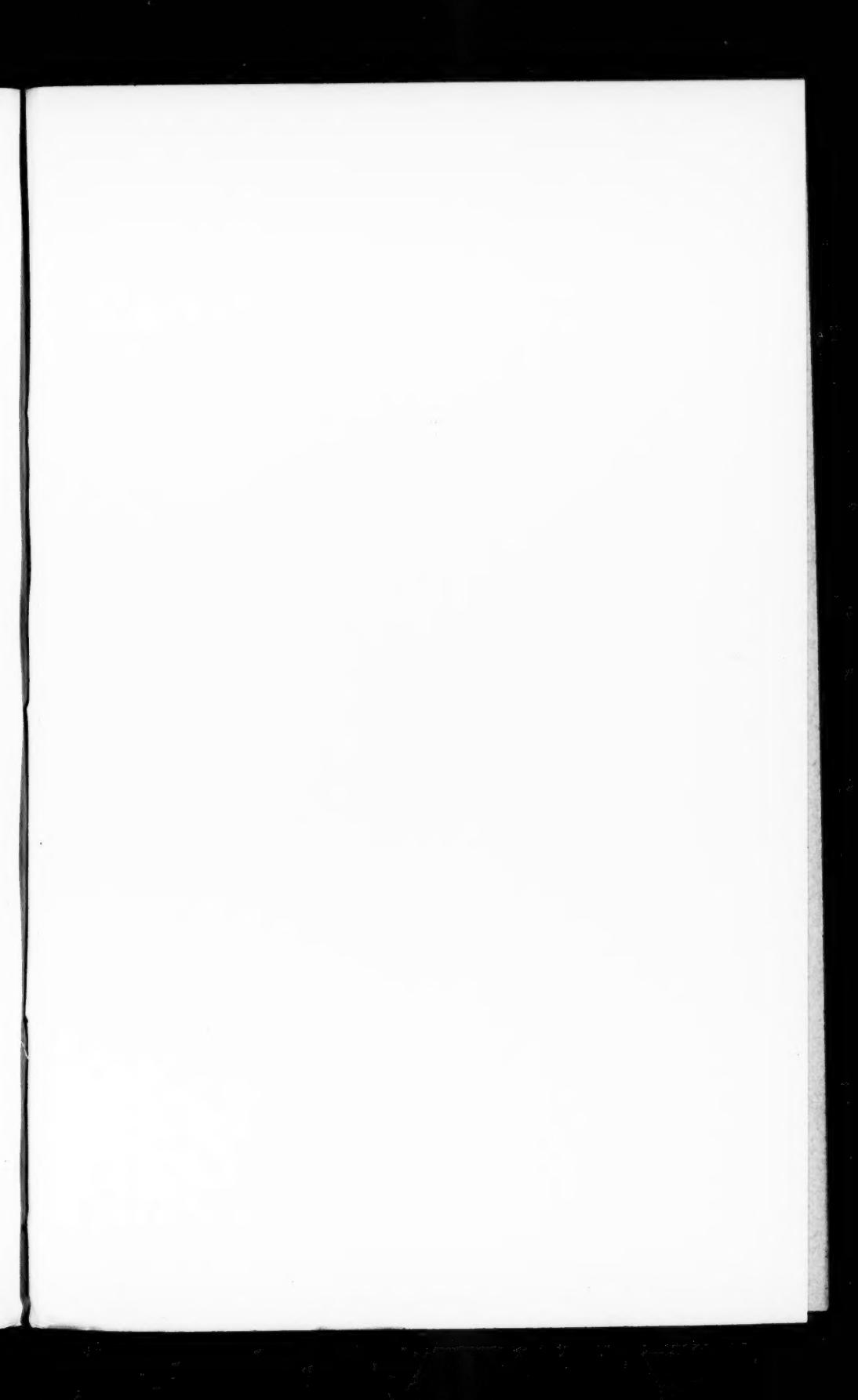
"But the Don understood him not."

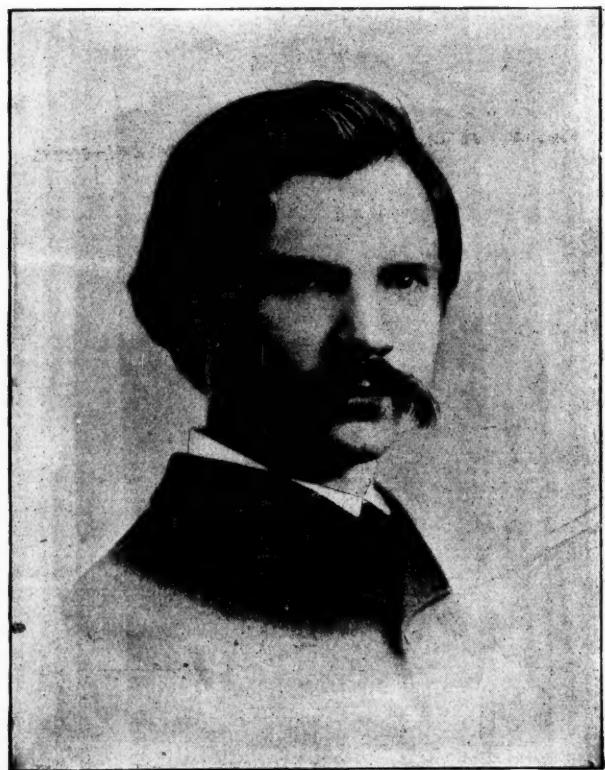




L. GASTON GOTTSCHALK.

Baritone and Teacher of Singing.





EUGENE D'ALBERT.

Virtuoso Pianist.

MUSIC.

APRIL, 1892.

MUSIC IN THE POETS.

I. SHAKESPEARE.

"I have a reasonable good ear in music."
—*Midsummer Night's Dream, IV, 1.*

In an age so remarkable for literary activity as the Elizabethan age, when all the pent-up energies of a nation's mind broke forth in the congenial atmosphere of peace; in an age which was ushered in by the gentle demigod Spenser, and closed in the perpetual noonday sun of an immortal—

"A mind reflecting ages past, whose cleere
And equal surface can make things appeare
Distant a thousand years, and represent
Them in their lively colours just extent,"

it would be strange indeed if the voice of the musical turtle were not heard in the land. Though the fact is not dwelt upon in any but musical histories, it was a period remarkable for the growth of music in England—"The Augustan Age of Music," as the old musical historian, Burney, called it. A spirit of daring before unknown possessed the minds of musicians, and with truly Shakespearian independence they disregarded the musical "unities." No longer afraid to call their souls their own, they shook off one by one the trammels which had well nigh strangled their art. New and strange modulations were ventured upon, which would have caused their respectable predecessors to stare in amazement.

Nor, if we may believe the records, was this musical ferment confined to a special class of professional musicians, for the education of no lady or gentleman was considered complete unless she or he could read a part at sight in a madrigal, or even invent impromptu a counterpoint to a given melody. It is amusing to read in Morley's "Plaine and Easie Introduction to Practicall Musicke," of the confusion of one, Philomathes, when finding himself at a banquet with a number of "excellent scollers, both gentlemen and others," and the discourse turning entirely upon music, "I was compelled," he says, "to discover mine own ignorance, and confess that I knew nothing at all in it. The whole company condemned me of discurtesie, being fully persuaded that I had been as skilfull in that art as they took me to be learned in others; but supper being ended, and musicke bookees, according to the custome, being brought to the table, the mistress of the house presented mee with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing, but when after many excuses I protested unfeignedly that I could not, everie one began to wonder, yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up."

Although this unwonted musical activity existed side by side with the copious outpourings of the poetic muse, the references to music in the mass of the poetry of the time are under the circumstances surprisingly few. Perhaps this may be accounted for on the supposition that from the point of view of the poet, at any rate, music had hardly even then started on its career as an individual art. "The attributes of Apollo," as Milton expresses it, were not yet "divided." Melody had so long been considered the slave of the poetic muse, with no separate existence of its own, that, though the offices of poet and musician were no longer compassed in the same person, as in the time of the bards and minstrels, the poets still considered music but as the hand-maid of poetry. Thus madrigals and lyrics without number were written with the express purpose of having music set to them, and in these poems the lover frequently expresses himself as singing his passion to his love, and bewails her

persistent indifference to his music, as in the following song by Campion:

"All that I sung still to her praise did tend,
Still she was first, still she my songs did end;
"Yet she my love and music both doth fly,
The music that her echo is, and beauty's sympathy.
"Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight!
We shall suffice that they were breathed and died for her delight."

It is perfectly clear that music in this poet's thoughts is not separable from the words.

The pipe appears in the love poetry as an echo, doubtless, from that stage in the world's development when all wooing was done by the music of a pipe.

"My love can pipe, my love can sing,
My love can many a pretty thing;
And of his lovely praises sing
My merry, merry roundelay."—*Peele*.

No doubt while the poets were calmly indifferent to any form of music except that which lent a charm to their own art, the musicians were turning their energies to the enfranchisement of their peculiar "attribute of Apollo." The now forgotten John Coporario was writing his fantasies for viols in many parts, and good Queen Bess was doing her share practicing diligently her "Carmen's Whistle," with its interminable variations, on the virginal.

Occasionally, however, there flourished a man who was skilled in both music and poetry. Such a one was "The worshipfull Mayster Richarde Edwardes, Mayster of the children in the queenes maiesties chapell," who was, as Warton says, "first fiddle, the most fashionable sonnetteer, the readiest rhymer, and the most facetious mimic of the court." This accomplished personage wrote a poem in commendation of music, which was published in 1578 in the collection of poems, attractively entitled "The Paradise of Dainty Devises." A part of it has been introduced by Shakespeare in "Romeo and Juliet," beginning:

"When griping grief the heart doth wound,"

The whole poem and the music is reprinted in Hawkins' "History of Music," and from this example of his genius

we should hardly think him deserving of the high praise of his contemporary *Tuberville*, who says:

“ His vaine in verse was such,
His feate in forging sugared songs
As all the learned Greeks.”

In Samuel Daniel's “*Sonnets to Delia*,” many of which possess that peculiar aroma which so distinguishes Shakespeare's, we come upon several musical allusions of a distinctly higher order than any we have so far touched upon. Take, for example, this in Sonnet LVII where in a complicated comparison of his heart to a lute the poet brings into play a very considerable knowledge of the intricacies of Elizabethan music.

“ Like as the Lute delights or els dislikes,
As is his art that playes upon the same,
So sounds my Muse, according as she strikes
On my heart-strings high tun'd unto her fame.
Her touch doth cause the warble of the sound,
Which here I yeld in lamentable wise:
A wayling descant on the sweetest ground,
Whose due reports give honor to her eyes.”

Without some knowledge of the musical terminology of Elizabeth's day, the last four lines would be unintelligible. By “ warble of the sound” he probably means the musicalness of the sound to which he adds a “ wayling descant” the name given to a part added to a given melody called the “ plain song,” but which he poetically calls the “ sweetest ground.” Spenser uses “ warbling” in the same sense in a passage in the “*Faerie Queene*”:

“ And all the while sweet musicke did apply
Her curious skill the warbling notes to play.”

In the whole range of English literature there is perhaps no more perfect tribute to beauty than in the musical simile in these lines from Daniel's “*The Complaint of Rosamond*”:

“ Ah, beauty Syren, faire enchaunting good,
Sweet silent Rhetorique of perswading eyes;
Dombe Eloquence, whose powre doth move the bloud,
More then the words or wisedom of the wise;
Still harmony, whose diapason lyes
Within a brow, the key which passions move
To ravish sence, and play a world in love.”

“*Diapason*” here refers, of course, to the full range of harmony, a sense in which the word has been used by

Spenser, Milton, Dryden and other poets, but a sense which we are likely to forget in its narrower significance of to-day.

Spenser's pastoral poems are redolent—as all poetry of that ilk is—of doleful shepherds who pipe and dance, and sing doleful ditties to their loves, “who of their rural music holdeth scorn.” A better proof of Spenser's real appreciation of music is his “*Epithalamium*,” where he gives us a glimpse of the old church music, much more interesting to the musical student than the conventional pipings of an imaginary Arcadia :

“And let the roring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes,
The whiles with hollow throats
The choristers their joyous anthems sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.”

His imagination, however, conjured up a “manner of music” which added its spell to the dangerous delights of the “Bower of Bliss” and which might very well be considered a prophesy of the full-fledged oratorio of a hundred and fifty years later :

“For all that pleasing is to living eare
Was there consorted in one harmonie.”

“The joyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shadē
Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet ;
Th' angelicall, soft-trembling voyces made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet ;
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the waters fall ;
The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;
The gentle, warbling wind low answered to all.”

As if the muses were determined that their favorite should lack no “season” which nature or art could bestow, Shakespeare stands out among all the Elizabethans for his appreciation of music—a sort of appreciation which, in its perception of music in all its then known forms and phases, we might term democratic.

Among his dramas there are but four in which the word “music” does not occur. These are “King John,” “Coriolanus,” the most woeful tragedy “Macbeth,” and the least charming comedy “Merry Wives of Windsor.” True to

Lorenzo's philosophy, they are plays of "treasons, stratagems and spoils." Yet even in these the border land of music is approached in the mention of "braying trumpets," "loud, churlish drums," and so on. The tune of "Green Sleeves," a song which did not bear the best reputation, is mentioned in the "Merry Wives." Also Hecate and the witches in "Macbeth" indulge in a few songs and an "Antique Round," which is more music than we should expect of such unprepossessing beings as the witches, on the hypothesis of Lorenzo.

It is never quite safe, however, to count upon a dramatist's acting consistently with the dogmas of his characters; a man may smile and be a villain, so in Shakespeare's world, at least, a man may be musical and be a villain, for the most detestable of all his characters gives expression to his sinister motives in metaphors drawn from music. When Othello hopes that kisses will be the greatest discords his and Desdemona's hearts shall ever know, Iago mutters,

"O, you are well tuned now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music."

Iago not only knew something about music, but was a singer himself, albeit his songs were not of a very high order, having been sung by him for the express purpose of tempting Cassio to drink. Othello, on the other hand, who was the victim of Iago's plots, was evidently not fond of music, if we may judge from the dismissal of the band of wind instruments which was playing before his castle. "The general so likes your music that he desires you for love's sake to make no more noise with it," and "If you have any music that may not be heard, to 't again." This might be more of a reflection on the music than on Othello, if further proof of his indifference to music were not given in the remark "That to hear music the general does not greatly care."

The duke in "Measure for Measure" makes a truer estimate of music's power than Lorenzo when he declares that "Music oft hath such a charm to make bad good, and good provoke to harm," and it would serve as a good guide to the investigation of Shakespeare's employment of music.

Had we no other sources of information as to the intimate connection of music with the life of the time, we should find it reflected in Shakespeare's plays, not only by the frequent introduction of songs sung by the characters which, be it noted, are always relevant to the action, but by the introduction of professional musicians, such as figured in those days, and by the proneness of the characters to point their moral or adorn their philosophy with apt musical similes.

The historical plays have fewer musical allusions than either the tragedies or the comedies, but among the philosophizing brethren who hang their wise saws on musical pegs must be counted King Richard II, whose remark that music "have holp madmen to their wits," presents the interesting problem as to whether Shakespeare really knew what modern physicians are becoming more and more sure of—the efficacy of music as a medicine for the insane. In "King Lear," also, the doctor orders music as a restorative to the untuned and jarring senses of the "child-changed father." But then Shakespeare has a fashion of introducing music as a sort of panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to, as well as a crown for all joys. Poor King Henry IV on his death bed would have some one "whisper music to his weary spirit." Music aids in restoring to life the well-nigh drowned Thaisa whom Pericles had allowed to be buried at sea in somewhat unseemly haste. Music awakes for Leontes the beautiful statue of Hermione, and gives him back his wife; and, to descend into the realms of unreality, when Titania wishes to go to sleep she calls to the fairies, "Sing me asleep," and she awakes joyously to the ravishing singing of Bottom, the weaver.

Whether, then, King Richard's knowledge of the effect of music on madmen had any true scientific basis in Shakespeare's mind may be considered doubtful, but certainly he (King Richard) had a critical ear in music, or he would never have said "How sour sweet music is when time is broke, and no proportion kept." He can discern slips in time and faults in harmony, as he himself says, "Here have I the daintiness of ear, to check time broke in a disordered string; but," he moans, "Had not an ear to hear my true time broke, I

wasted time, and now doth time waste me." The melancholy Dane uses a not less striking and more elaborate musical simile in the scene with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. He leads up, in a manner not at all suggestive of a madman, to the little musical parable, by means of which he is going to teach his friends a moral lesson. Won't his dear friend Guildenstern be so obliging as to play a tune on the pipe which he offers him? But Guildenstern protests unfeignedly that he cannot, and Hamlet has his chance. " You would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood! do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can *fret* me yet you cannot play upon me." This pun is so pat that one wonders if the sentence were not built backward from it. Punning musical allusions are frequent in Shakespeare, and one of the most amusing, partly because it is such an absurd anachronism, is to be found in "Troilus and Cressida." In this, the Greeks of the time of Troy talk about "broken music," the Elizabethan term for music in parts, a species of music, which, as far as we know, was unknown to the Greeks, and which it is difficult to suppose could have been performed with no more developed instrument than the three-stringed lyre of those ancient days.

In reply to the remark of Pandarus, " Fair prince, here is good broken music," Paris says: " You have broke it, cousin, and by my life you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. " Nell, he is full of harmony." Later on Apollo is disrespectfully called by Thersites "that fiddler, Apollo." A sharp passage at arms of musical wit occurs in "Romeo and Juliet" in the scene with Peter and the musicians, and to the question why the song should say "Music with her silver sound," are proposed these answers: The idealist of the party, Simon Catling, suggests, "Because silver has a sweet sound," while Hugh Rebeck gives the materialistic opinion "Because musicians sound for silver." Peter's reply belongs to that sort

of negative philosophy which describes a thing as being what it is because it is not something else—"Because musicians have no gold for sounding," and James Soundpost, with his agnostic "Faith! I know not what to say," gives the only satisfactory answer to all such inquiries into the wherefore of the esthetic sense.

Shakespeare's principal lovers are, on the whole, of a musical temperament, though there are some who seem to be too much occupied with each other to even give music a thought. Juliet's only mention of music is when she says "How silver sweet sound lover's tongues at night, like softest music to attending ears!" and although there was plenty of singing in the Forest of Arden, Rosalind and Orlando do not appear to have concerned themselves much about it.

The two lovers who show the greatest susceptibility to the charms of music are the duke in "Twelfth Night" and Lorenzo. The duke, desperately in love for the time being, with Olivia, takes a sort of melancholy pleasure in his position as an unrequited lover. He poses before his friends, dis coursing of nothing but his love, and calling for music to soothe his lacerated feelings. He first appears on the scene with attendant musicians:

"If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall;
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor!"

Upon another occasion he exclaims:

"Give me some music.
That old and antique song we heard last night;
Methought it did relieve my passion much."

From these outbursts it is evident that the duke's appreciation of music was a matter of sentiment. It is doubtful whether he could have made any such clever musical comparisons as King Richard or Hamlet. He regarded it merely as an external agent which affected his senses one way or the other from the outside, like the sweet sound that breathes upon a bank of violets. Lorenzo, on the contrary,

safely entered into the harbor of matrimony, expresses the opinion that "Harmony is *within* all mortal souls"; and makes scornful remarks about the "man who hath not music in *himself*." He does not dwell upon the effect of music on him personally, he is carried beyond the consciousness of self which characterizes the duke. The present music takes him back to the past and onward to the future, his whole soul is filled with the deeper meanings of those ancient, beautiful myths of the music of the spheres and Orpheus, and one day he believes the harmony which is in immortal souls will burst its muddy vesture of decay. More than his senses are responsive to music—his "spirit is attentive."

The play of all others in which music seems to form an integral part of the structure is "The Tempest," which ranks as perhaps one of the maturest of Shakespeare's productions—certainly one of the most exquisite. What could the magic art of Prospero have accomplished without the aid of Ariel's music? Ariel is a poetic embodiment of the myths of Hermes and Orpheus. He is the tricksy spirit of the air, the child of the wind, who with his music can draw all beings and things on the earth whither he will. The myth of Orpheus seems to have had a special attraction for Shakespeare, for upon three different occasions he has referred to it: In the song in "Henry VIII," which the maid sings to "disperse" the troubles of Queen Catherine; "Orpheus with his lute," in "Two Gentleman of Verona" when Proteus is advising the duke how he must woo Silvia with wailful sonnets—

"For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge Leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands";

and the speech already referred to of Lorenzo's. So Ariel with his song can tame the brutish Caliban or he can lead the gentle Ferdinand to his Miranda. He is much too clever, however, not to suit his music to the occasion. While he charms to sleep Alonso and the good old Gonzalo with solemn music, he leads the drunken trio, Caliban, Trinculo and Stephano, a pretty dance by playing on his tabor the

catch which they themselves had commenced to sing. "Three Blind Mice," the best known surviving example of the catch, is a sufficient proof of the unexalted character of this form of music. But how different the song with which he charms the steps of Ferdinand:

"This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air ; thence I have followed it,
Or it hath drawn me, rather."

It has been argued that Caliban's susceptibility to the music of the island is a proof that he was not altogether depraved, and certainly his remarks on the subject sound more like the utterances of a gentle poet than a savage :

"Be not afear'd ; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again"—

And contrasts strongly with the wholly mercenary view of Stephano : "This will prove a brave kingdom to me where I shall have my music for nothing." But it should not be forgotten that the music of the whole Orpheus tribe—the lyre playing of Hermes and Amphion, the harping of Wainamoinen, the singing of Horant—could soften even stones, and cause even the worms to crawl forth ; yet who would argue from this that stones are in their nature gentle, or that worms are in their souls musical ? All that it proves is that the magic power of music is such that stones and worms are affected in spite of their nature. It is worth while to note, however, that the two real villains of the piece, Antonio and Sebastian, are least conscious, if not entirely unconscious, of the music of Ariel.

Music has its magic part to play in " Midsummer Night's Dream," " Music such as charmeth sleep," but the pretender in music, as well as the pretender in poetry, gets a sly hit from the whimsey-loving Shakespeare in Bottom's reply when Titania asks him if he will hear music, and he replies, "I have a reasonable good ear in music ; let's have the tongs and the bones."

Taking one more rapid survey of the plays, we shall find represented almost every species of music lover, from the jolly Sir Toby Belch, who with his friend Sir Andrew Ague-cheek roused the night owl with uproarious catches, to the so-called professor, "cunning in music and the mathematics, whose music lesson to sweet Bianca ran as follows:

"‘Gamut,’ I am the ground of all accord,
‘A re,’ to plead Hortensio’s passion,
‘B mi,’ Bianca, take him for thy lord
‘C fa ut,’ that loves with all affection.
‘D sol re,’ one clef, two notes have I:
‘E la mi,’ show pity or I die.”

From the cynic Benedick who thinks it strange that “Sheep’s gut should hale souls out of men’s bodies,” to the sentimental duke; from the clown, who finds music in the tongs and the bones, to the general, who prefers music that may not be heard; from the unfortunate Desdemona, who takes a melancholy satisfaction in a “Song of Willow” to the unprincipled Cleopatra, who, in a fit of *ennui*, calls: “Give me some music; music, moody food of us that trade in love.” All sorts of songs are introduced, from the most commonplace songs of the people, drinking songs and catches, to such exquisitely “dainty devises” as “Hark, Hark, the Lark,” “Who Is Silvia?” or “Come Away, Death.” Truly from the “churlish drums” of “King John” to the refined musical philosophy of Lorenzo is a complete world in music.

HELEN A. CLARKE.

THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF NATIONAL MUSIC.

It is now quite generally admitted that musical art is one of those characteristic traits which serve to distinguish one nation from the others; that, like the other components of modern culture, music has passed through a progressive change, resulting in its ultimate maturity; and that in its present high state of perfection it represents the final result of the united musical efforts of successive generations. In view of this it is surprising that no general law has been pointed out to which this development conforms; and it is so much more surprising in an age in which science has sounded the unfathomable depths of the life of the universe, and classified and reduced to scientific formulæ the apparently most incompatible phenomena of the animate and inanimate world. The preponderance of the emotional element in music can assuredly not vindicate the disregard manifested by science toward this peculiar form of human knowledge; since if the laws of science be true they must account for the phenomena of musical evolution, as well as for the occurrences in its other provinces. To point out the principles that govern the growth of musical art and to demonstrate their identity with the universal laws of evolution is the aim of this discourse.

The art of a nation is, as has been well said, a window, which permits us to look into its very heart, disclosing the innermost folds of its character. The mental and moral tendencies of an epoch are crystallized in its art products, and are preserved in an indestructible form for generations to come.

In a primitive state the individuals of a race are endowed with a set of innate natural aptitudes, which become modified in accordance with the inherent principles of growth, and with certain outward agencies, viz., climate, fertility of the

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soil, general character of the surface, etc. These aptitudes, in virtue of the inherent principles of growth, are submitted to a progressive change, resulting, if not obstructed or alienated by extraneous influences, in a state of cultivation approximately homogeneous in all the individuals, or groups of individuals, of common descent. On the other hand, the modifying potency of the above stated external agencies is prone to bring about alterations all but obliterating the ties connecting the several members of a race. The physical influences beget the needs of the human race; the needs bring about the modes of activity, thereby molding the habits, which again determine the aptitudes, physical as well as mental. The characteristics resulting from the combined agency of the foregoing principles are transmitted by inheritance, becoming more pronounced as they become more firmly rooted in the ever increasing distance of remote ages. The efficiency of the physical changes is rendered palpable at once, and needs no further explanation in this place. The mental characteristics, however, as finding their voice in art, demand a more exacting treatment in the course of our investigation.

The natural basis for an advanced state of art culture is a fair degree of material prosperity. The individual, as well as its aggregate, the nation, possesses a given amount of vital force, which is primarily spent in the effort to sustain life, and to propagate the race. The surplus of its vitality manifests itself in its mental pursuits, and in primitive man almost exclusively in art pursuits, however crude they may be. In its highest stages, the art of a nation represents the sum total of its mental activity, the final outcome of its emotional life. In Egypt, in Greece, in Rome, in all the civilized nations of antiquity, these fundamental requisites have been fulfilled; and in the art history of modern times we can again recognize the operations of the same principle.

It may be profitable, before further pursuing our inquiry, to state briefly those qualities that are essential for the appreciation of modern music.

The first requisite is an accurate organ of hearing, that is qualified to receive musical tones and to discriminate them in their mutual relation of quantity and quality. Secondly,

a delicately adjusted perceptive faculty, susceptible of discerning the quickly changing pitch, the rhythmical coherence, the dynamic fluctuations, the subtleties of musical timbre, the complexity of the harmonic progressions, the intrinsic relations between the various parts, etc. Thirdly, a retentive faculty, that is instrumental in associating the impressions received at one moment with those received previously, and which incites us to conjecture those that are to follow. The simultaneous co-operation of these components, in part or in whole, excites musical emotion, whose intensity varies with the number and intensity of the components that are brought into active play.

Musical sense, or receptivity for music, is not, or but very slightly, dependent upon the development of the organs of hearing proper. The physical construction of the auditory apparatus is nominally the same among all races, and the auditory sense—in its two properties of delicacy of perception and compass—is all but equally developed in the man of culture and in the savage. In fact, the nations of the Orient, in special the Hindoos and Arabs, have in practical use intervals much smaller than those the average European—nay, even the average musician—can discern. Moreover, to judge from the physical appearance of the ear, and from observation, we must, to say the least, infer that the sense of hearing is as acute in the higher animals as it is in man.

It is in the mental aptitudes in which we must find the cue for the interpretation of the musical supremacy of some highly cultivated nations of to-day.

The art of a nation is dependent on its mental aptitudes in general, and on the faculty of imagination in special. Perception and will do not vary materially in man; but imagination is the birthright of the Aryan family. It is this faculty that has impelled the nations of Aryan origin to their onward course on the road of progress. It is imagination that has budded forth in the plastic sculptures of ancient Greece, the sublime cathedrals of the Middle Ages, the immortal paintings of the Renaissance, the inexhaustible treasures of poetry of all ages, and last, but not least, the luxuriant growth of modern music. This course pursued by the

art life is another and a most emphatic demonstration of the universal validity of the doctrines of evolution. From sculpture, which appeals primarily to the senses, arises architecture in its complexity already appealing in a higher degree to the mental proclivities. Then follows the revelation of the art of painting, requiring and again producing stronger and more particularized feeling ; and this onward progress terminates (as far as we can at present conceive, not excluding a further progress) in music, the most emotional of all arts. Again, we cannot fail to notice the gradual progression from the objectivity of sculpture to the subjectivity of music—a further illustration of the principle that all evolution proceeds from the general to the special. And just as the development of man from the embryo is a reiteration of the successive stages through which the evolution of the organic life and the life of the earth have passed, just so we find that music undergoes the same process to which art in general has been subjected. In its beginning music bore a merely sensual character. In its second stage, in later historic times, it partakes of the nature of a mental activity ; and, since Bach and Handel, it becomes by degrees preëminently an expression of emotional feeling. It grew from the objectivity of antiquity to the subjectivity of modern times.

As already intimated, there are two agents active in the progressive change whose final result has been the formation of the distinguishing characteristics of the modern nations of Aryan origin, viz.: The internal qualities, or the race genus common to all these nations ; and the modifying external influences of climate, fertility of the soil, character of the surface, etc. The results of the several agencies cannot be individually classified, since there exists between them no well defined boundary line. They rather interfere and commingle freely, so as to be scarcely cognizable in their causal relation. An extremely close affinity exists between the modifications accruing from the influences of the climate, and from those of the fertility of the soil, inasmuch as the second factor is in a great measure conditioned by the first. Therefore I will view them jointly.

The climatic differentiations act in two ways on the musical proclivities: First, by molding the mental faculties that determine the character of the musical conceptions. Second, by deciding the nature and structure of the agents instrumental in bringing the mental conceptions to outward expression.

That a marked contrast exists in the mental aptitudes of the inhabitants of different zones has been demonstrated beyond doubt, and it only remains for me to lay open the nature of the mutual relation existing between the climatic differentiations and those apparent in the musical utterances of the several modern nations. The luxuriant vegetation of southern climes, and the comparative ease of gaining the necessities for sustaining life, are productive of a voluptuousness, or sensuality, predominating in music as well as in the other provinces of art. Immunity from the absorbing urgency of procuring the means to sustain life soon results in mental and physical inertia. So we encounter in all phases of oriental art a superficiality that leads irretrievably to frivolity and sensuality. India, Persia and Arabia strikingly verify the view set forth. Moreover, the musical art of Italy, and even that of France, though in a lesser degree, attest also to the same view. The art products of these favored parts of the globe spring up spontaneously, and therefore are evanescent. They are not cast in firmly grounded forms. Being ever changing, they cannot withstand the corroding action of time, but crumble down before it in worthless fragments.

The denizens of northern countries, however, not finding any charms in the surrounding stern nature, impelled by the innate striving after the true and the beautiful, dive down into their inner selves, to find in themselves what charms the rigid surroundings refuse. The unintermittent struggle for existence demands a never relenting exertion of the physical and mental faculties, developing them to their utmost capacity. The art works are wrought with a forcible mental effort, and are therefore enduring. The art form undergoes a slow organic change, in conformity with the emotional nature of the art work. Tradition transmits the

acquirements of one period for innumerable generations, while the essence of the national life is equable and renders the art products of one epoch of uniform validity for subsequent ages.

The modifying influences exerted by the character of the surface are not so efficient in their implications, and not so easily perceptible as are those stated above. Yet we must, in some measure, credit them with a co-operating potency in shaping the conception of the beautiful and the sublime, that find expression in art. The aspect of snow-covered mountain ranges, the contemplation of the cooling waters of the ocean, must leave some traces in the awe-struck mind of mankind. This assumption appears to be corroborated by the fact that some nations inhabiting mountainous countries possessed of striking natural beauties, have attained to a high degree of culture, while adjacent tribes remained in savagery. This, in addition to the above stated principles, may well account for the advanced state of culture found in Mexico and Peru after the discovery of the New World. Aside from this, all those means that serve to facilitate communication between two peoples render possible an intellectual intercourse, thereby mutually widening their intellectual horizon. Accordingly we find the seats of culture almost exclusively situated on the sea coast, or in close proximity to it.

From the foregoing it is self-evident that the musical instruments, the interpreters of musical thought, should be submitted to the same influences. But in addition to this indirect agency, the evolution of the musical instruments has been affected in a more direct mode.

The human voice, the most universal of all instruments, is greatly modified by climatic diversities, and most markedly shows the consequences in both its quality and its compass. Observations have positively demonstrated that the voice becomes lower the nearer we approach a high northern latitude, and *vice versa*. This phenomenon appears to be more pronounced in the male voice than in that of the female; which may be accounted for by the more persistent exposure of the male to the vicissitudes of the climate. I had opportunity to listen to the performance of a male quartette composed of

natives of one of the northern provinces of Russia, in which the second bass sang the A flat and G below the bass staff—fully six tones below the average compass of the bass voice—with a clear, sonorous voice; and on inquiry I was told that this was not a rare occurrence among those natives. Again, we are familiar with the fact that high tenors are the rule in Italy; while in Germany, owing to its intermediate situation, the compass of the voice lies between these two extremes. In view of the fact that the low tones of the voice are by no means so pliable as those of higher pitch, and can be effectively used only in measured tone sequences, while the mental attitude of northern peoples, in accordance with the previously established principles, is conspicuous for its depth and equability, we cannot be surprised to find in the northern countries a national musical art so permanently retaining its vitality despite the ravages time has wrought in other provinces of mental activity.

While in northern regions the tendency of the voice cooperates with the bent of the external modifying influences in bringing about a mental attitude distinguished for its gravity and profundity, we find that in the south the flexible voice of relative high pitch—not serving as a vehicle for musical conceptions of a deeper emotional nature—degenerates into a medium for producing mere sensual effects, encouraging the proneness to voluptuousness already favored by natural agencies. This accounts for the continual fluctuations of musical taste, and the short-livedness of the musical art work in southern countries.

In order to further elucidate the operative principles active in the formation of the characteristics of national music, some additional considerations are rendered necessary, and, to facilitate intelligibility, I will dissolve the musical phenomena into their primary elements of *meter* and *tonality*, under which latter term I embrace all those properties that are comprised in the term “quality of musical sound,” as melody, harmony, dynamic and timbre.

Rhythm is perceptible in every motion. In audible noises we can distinguish accents that follow each other at regular, or at irregular intervals; in other words, the rhythm may

be perfect or imperfect. In speech it is imperfect; in poetry it approaches perfection. The colloquial belief that perfect rhythm has formed an inseparable attribute of every form of musical utterance, and that deviations, as witnessed in some kinds of primitive music, are abnormalities, is a fallacy that entirely lacks the support of positive proof. I maintain, conversely, that musical rhythm, as we know it, is the product of an evolution proceeding from the general to the special, from the imperfect to the perfect rhythm. This view is countenanced by the fact that we find but slight traces of a regular meter in the musical attempts of savage tribes, although the rhythmical element by far predominates over the melodic tendencies. George W. Cable, in a description of a negro dance in the south, says, in regard to this subject: "The rhythm stretches out heathenish and ragged," and again, "I have heard the negroes sing a song that showed the emphatic barbarism of five bars to the line." This goes far in characterizing the rhythmical faculties of the African race. Aside from this, explorers, when mentioning the musical practice of the aborigines of the dark continent, frequently allude to the absence of all regular rhythm. In written reproductions of these primitive songs in the fettters of modern musical meter, we are struck with a rhythmical diversity that Schumann, Dvorak and other modern composers would vainly strive to surpass. Doublets, triplets, syncopes, pauses, endings on the weak part of the measures, face us in endless confusion. Moreover, the music of China, of which fair specimens may be heard in the Chinese quarters of New York or San Francisco, shows but slight traces of rhythm, and it is difficult, even for a practiced ear, to discern anything resembling a rhythmical unit in the confusing, at first hearing incoherent, noise. The force of this argument is enhanced if we consider that the Chinese culture of to-day is nominally the same as it was thousands of years ago, and that it opens a wider retrospect into antiquity than is offered by the historical record of any other nation. The same can be said of Mexican music, with its immeasurable fluctuations of tempo, that may approximately be represented in musical notation, but present only a faint resemblance to the original. Even

in the very heart of civilization we find imbedded some remnants of this non-rhythmical tendency. A few years ago I was requested by a native of one of the inner cantons of Switzerland to provide an organ accompaniment to a *ranz des vaches*, a peculiar kind of song—in America colloquially termed “warbling”—that has come down to those mountaineers by tradition; and which is, if I am well informed, not practiced in any other part of the globe. Complying with the request, I was utterly confounded with the difficulty of reducing it to a comprehensible metric form. I could not evade interpolating 2-4 time with 3-4 time measures, which latter appeared to be the rhythmical unit of the music. Later observations convinced me that this peculiar kind of music lacks entirely what we call perfect rhythm. The same is true of the music of the Ziganes, that ancient tribe of Aryan origin that is dispersed all over Europe. We can distinguish rhythm, but it is irregular, accelerating and retarding under the sway of the intense passion of the music.

This train of thought throws a new light on a closely allied question. I have emphasized above that the pleasure manifested in music by the uncultured rests pre-eminently on its rhythmical propensities. This imperatively urges upon us the conclusion that we must find the origin of instrumental music in those members of the family of musical instruments that serve to exhibit the rhythmical tendency in the most marked manner. This deduction assumes the character of a conviction when we inquire into the nature of the instruments in use by uncivilized tribes and by the nations of antiquity. Instruments of percussion, as tambourines, castanets and the like, are the prevalent musical instruments among the tribes standing lowest in the human scale. Instruments of percussion with measurable musical pitch, as drums and kindred instruments, already denote a marked advance. String instruments and the lowest types of wind instruments involve a still higher degree of civilization. Accordingly we find in the earliest historical times among the Assyrians a singular instrument of percussion, consisting of metallic rods, played by means of a hammer. The rods have been reduced to the strings of a banjo-like instrument, whose resonance

case has probably been derived from that of the primitive drum. This instrument has served as the prototype for the Egyptian triangular harp, the Greek lyra and cythara, and has ultimately been perfected into the numerous instruments of to-day. I cannot further enlarge upon this very interesting subject without deviating too widely from the course of our investigation. Suffice it to say that the complicated instruments of our present time have been evolved by a slow, gradual process from one original type, the primitive instrument of percussion.

Another assumption, despite an entire lack of tangible evidence, has quite undeservedly become popular. I refer to the view holding that vocal music has been the precursor of instrumental music; and that the latter has been derived from the former. In an indirect way, science has assisted in confirming this faulty notion; inasmuch as, whenever an opportunity has been offered to make mention of the origin of music, vocal utterance has exclusively absorbed the interest, while the claims of instrumental music have been completely ignored. But even a cursory observation will prove that in point of antiquity instrumental music must be put on a par with vocal music. If, as Herbert Spencer puts it, an overflow of nervous energy finds vent in muscular contractions of the respiratory system, thereby causing sound that develops by degrees into musical utterance, it is none the less true that emotion finds vent in muscular contractions of other parts of the body. It is a well known fact that emotions, and in special those of a pleasurable character, produce violent contractions of the arms and legs. The clapping of the hands, the stamping of the feet, in addition to the swaying to and fro of the body, have resulted in the rhythmical movement of the dance. It is very probable that the rhythm would have been rendered more striking by the use of pieces of wood, stones, or other hard substances, thereby introducing the primitive instruments of percussion, which, as has been demonstrated above, have formed the prototypes of the other instruments; and it stands to reason that this process has taken place before the development of vocal utterance had advanced to the most primitive form of song.

It is a significant fact that instrumental music has attained to such a high degree of perfection in the northern countries of Europe—a fact in which again we can trace the agency of the modifying natural influences that have been subservient in deepening the mental attitude of those nations. The correlation between this consummate excellence of instrumental music and the natural influences is evident at once, when we consider that the former is more abstract in its expression than vocal utterance, and that it has no outward expedients for accurately defining its meaning, such as song possesses in the text. The lack of this tangible external support, on one side, and the preponderance of the purely emotional element, on the other, involve a more forcible and a more undivided mental action for the appreciation of instrumental music than that presupposed for the comprehension of vocal music. All these requisites are met in the deep-rooted emotional propensities of the northern nations; while their partial absence in the southern peoples precludes a propitious activity in this branch of musical art.

In like manner we may account for the preponderance of the minor mode in the music of the north. There is a plaintive, melancholy character affiliated to the pensive strains of Russian, Swede and Norwegian national music that produces an almost painful feeling in the listener. It is self-evident, and needs no further illustration in this place, that the æsthetic pleasure evoked by this species of music stands much higher than that derived from an insipid Italian air.

Although I have somewhat anticipated in the foregoing, it still remains for me to apply to the element of tonality the laws which, as we have seen, governed the development of the rhythmical element.

The earliest music system of whose existence we have positive knowledge is that of India, the original home of the Aryan family. In this system we find embodied intervals much smaller than our half tone, the octave being divided into twenty-two or twenty-four intervals. A great variety of scales—more correctly, tone combinations, or modes—were accordingly derived, which among each other evince no traces of coherence. Their number, according to Soma (1500 B.C.)

amounted to no less than 950. The musical system next to this in chronological succession is that of the Assyrians and Persians, evidencing a similar ambiguity of construction, but being an advance upon that of India in so far as the octave was divided into but eighteen intervals. The Greek system shows a marked resemblance to those which had preceded it. However, the Greeks, who endeavored to classify all mental acquisitions, succeeded in reducing the number of modes to eight, and Aristotle already perceived the inner relation of the several tones of the scale to the key note. The Greek system, with very slight changes, appears again in the early scholastic times; but a perceptible tendency for its simplification is noticeable, which, under Pope Gregory the Great, resulted in the restriction of the number of modes to four. The modern tone system, with its characteristic duality of major and minor modes, dates back from comparatively recent times. This constant drift toward the center of gravity in music, toward tonality; this progressive segregation of the essential from the non-essential; this evolution of the definite from the indefinite scale—is to my mind a most unmistakable and a most forcible demonstration of the biological doctrine of the survival of the fittest.

But this progressive change does not terminate here; after having arrived at a proper mode of expression, its continued energy naturally manifested itself in a new direction, deviating materially from that pursued previously. For, although the number of intervals and modes had become more limited, the musical elements nevertheless were susceptible of more numerous and incomparably more expressive tone combinations. Up to the latter part of the Middle Ages music had been exclusively monodic; but it received there a new impetus from the north, where, in England and Scotland, harmonic attempts had been made, crude in their beginning, but determining in their consequences. However, the full import of the harmonic component could not be realized until a well founded musical system had emerged, and the principles of tonality had taken firm root. The polyphonic school, based as it was on this newly created harmonic element, was destined to carry on the progress;

and although losing itself finally in theoretical abstrusities and artificial subtleties, it nevertheless served as a medium for the further development of tonal perception. In accordance with the biological principle that the most recently acquired qualities are those most subject to progressive change, the evolution of musical art has continued in the same direction, amplifying the harmonic significance and investing the structural beauty with unforeseen magnitude.

Viewing the growth of musical art in the light of the principles thus established, we cannot fail to be convinced that the characteristics which come to expression in the musical art pursuits of the several modern nations have not developed in an arbitrary manner; but that the diversities, apparent in the musical art, rest on the diversities of the mental aptitudes of the respective nations. If the rhythm of the musical utterances of the southern people is sharply pronounced, while that of northern music is more subdued; if the melody of the former merely purports to convey pleasurable sensations, while of the other it deepens the emotional feelings; in short, if southern musical utterance subjugates mind to matter and produces a sensation, while northern music subjugates matter to mind and creates a mood, in all these heterogeneities we must see the agency of the universal laws of nature. All these deeply rooted musical diversities are the product of an organic development; the final outcome of a progressive advancement; an advancement proceeding from the lower to the higher forms, from the general to the special, from the infinite to the finite. The laws that govern the evolution of music are the immutable laws that govern the life of the animate and inanimate world.

JEAN MOOS.

A REMINISCENCE.

An elderly gentleman of great wealth, whose acquaintance I made many years ago, invited me to his house "on business," as the invitation read. At the appointed time I went there, and found him a very pleasant man ; and his house luxurious and comfortable, except that the wall decorations were strikingly at variance with the generally fine taste displayed by the furniture, being nothing but cheap lithographs and chromos.

He opened our conversation with the remark that he had for some time been trying to find a musician with enough common sense to help him in a certain plan ; but, since they all seemed to be entirely wrapped up in their "divine art," so that they lost all sight and hearing for the outside world, and considered every man a "barbarian" who could not play or sing—he concluded almost to give up his plan, and just wanted to make one more effort, for which—perfectly at random—he had selected me, although he knew nothing of me as a man.

"I am a widower," he continued ; "my only child is happily married, and I have nothing to do but to enjoy the few years I may yet have to live ; and in order to do it in a worthy and cultured manner, I have tried to cultivate my tastes ever since I retired from business, three years ago. I wanted to find something for which I could form an inclination, a liking, a passion, you might say a craze. It was, alas ! an utter failure. Day after day I would go to the art galleries, looking at the pictures and statues—mind you, always with the determination to find enjoyment, to appreciate them—and, when I returned home and looked at these cheap, outrageous things, which you see there on the walls, I could not for the world see any difference ! "

My surprise at this candid confession must have been revealed by some unguarded facial movement, for he said, as if fearing an interruption :

“ Never mind ! I know what you want to say—‘ Barbarian !’ or something on that order—but wait a little and you will perhaps change your mind.” After a while I concluded that there must be something in art which, for some reason or other, I could not see—color blindness, or whatever it might be—but I was satisfied that the people who admire art spend large sums upon it, get excited and enthusiastic over a work of art, travel thousands of miles to Rome, Dresden, Munich and other places, to see them—that these people cannot all be fools, nor can they all belong to that class of apologies for humanity who, for mere fashion’s sake, pretend to admire what they even don’t understand. The idea that there must be a real, true value in art, and that I could not find it, took so strong a hold of me that I became restless, nervous, irritable. I began to despair of my common sense and, you may well believe me, I began to feel ‘ cheap.’ At this stage a young artist crossed my path ; he had just returned from his travels. I had known his family and himself ever since his boyhood, and so, feeling sure of his discretion, I confessed my trouble to him.”

He rang a little bell, which was answered by a lackey, who brought in claret and cigars. As soon as our glasses were filled, and the cigars had been lighted, he continued:

“ What this young man has done for me defies description; he has opened a new world to me, a sphere of purest pleasure, a vast field of thought and knowledge, a never ceasing source of the keenest enjoyment, and—to make a long story short—a few months ago I gave \$50,000 to the Academy of Fine Arts, because I thought it better to leave the paintings which this money can buy in a place accessible to everybody, instead of imprisoning them in this lonely house. With my friend, the artist, I settled in a way which, as he says, was satisfactory to him, though I feel that no money can pay for the good he has done me, in showing me the way to a never-dreamed-of delight.”

“ And did you learn to paint ? ” I asked.

"No, indeed! That is just the point I want you to understand. I did not learn to paint, and did not want to learn it. The fact is, I made it a condition with my friend, from the start, that he must not make me handle a brush nor pencil; but yet, I believe I know a good deal more about art now than any of these young boys and girls who *do* paint, or at least think they do. I so deeply deplore the many years I passed in ignorance about art, that I keep these dreadful things on the wall, as a sort of penance, as a personal punishment. But really, I will not stand them much longer!"

The narrative had awakened in my heart an unusual interest for the gentleman, and after having offered him my congratulation for the simple, yet ideal manner he had adopted for beautifying the evening of his life, I expressed my regret that music had not succeeded in attracting him in like manner. He replied:

"You seem to forget the wording of the invitation I sent you; let me tell you now, that for the last six months I have gone to innumerable concerts and operas, good and bad, and, I am proud to say it, I can already discriminate between good and bad music. Moreover, I have a vague idea that music, like painting, conveys thoughts, sentiments and forms, but I do not understand them, and the result is that music begins to affect me rather badly, perhaps because I try too hard to understand it without having a key to it. If I were less sincere in my listening, it would probably only bore me, as it does many other people, but, as it is, I will have to understand it, or stay away. And now, knowing my dilemma, let me ask you: Can you teach me to understand music, without compelling me to drum on a piano? without making me write music? even without learning the notes?"

The novelty of the question baffled me; I was uncertain what to say, and he seemed to notice it. But he was not at all dismayed, and as if afraid that he had surprised me all too suddenly by his question, he said:

"Do not think me eccentric, my friend; you see, I know nothing about music, and yet feel that an understanding of it must be possible without the help of executive ability. Yea, I am not disinclined to think that executive ability, if not of a

very high order, is liable to become a hindrance to musical appreciation, since it is so apt to limit our understanding to that narrow horizon within which a poor ‘technic’ allows us to move.”

“But,” I interposed, “how shall we ever become fine executants, if we do not first move within this narrow compass?”

“Let me ask you in return,” he replied, “why should we be executants at all? Have we got to become rhymesters in order to appreciate poetry? Doesn’t the word ‘amateur actor’ produce a sickening sensation in your heart?” And yet should he be the only one who could fully appreciate the art of acting? Is it indispensably necessary that one should have ruined a thousand yards of innocent canvas before he can appreciate a good picture? Little as I know about music, I think that one can become a thorough appreciator of the loftiest works in that art without making himself ridiculous by strumming on a piano, or singing; in fact, I don’t quite see what execution and appreciation have to do with each other. Of course, I may be mistaken, but I thought it well to make you acquainted with my views on the subject, and now that you know them tell me frankly and without reserve, what do you think you can do for me?”

His last words had convinced me that his musical instincts were in perfect order, and that all he wanted was a closer acquaintance with the elements of music; so I proposed to see him daily for three months, after which a certain sum was to be paid to me, if he declared himself satisfied with the result of our study.

Six weeks later he sent me the whole amount, and afterward turned the tables, inasmuch as he made me his debtor for life with the lavishness of his gifts. He felt very happy; he said so, and acted accordingly. Wherever music needed the support of connoisseurs, he was “on hand,” and many a word of praise was offered me by my brother artists (this affair occurred long ago) for the “good proselyte” I had made. Of course, “charity concerts,” of the usual humdrum kind, had no further claims upon him; nor would he have any dealings with any of those mediocre beings whom

Wagner so aptly calls "musicians by trade." An "artist" was necessary to interest him.

How he classified his "musical Telemachus" as he used to call me, I have never known; I was soon afterward called away on a concert tour, and thus could forever retain "the benefit of the doubt" about that.

But what a queer old man he was, wasn't he?

CONSTANTIN STERNBERG.

PIANO PLAYING AS A REVELATION OF CHARACTER.

There is no more difficult task for the critic of contemporary piano playing, than that of defining the characteristic differences between the performances of great pianists. This is true, even when one has an opportunity of comparing the playing by different artists of some one great work with which he is thoroughly familiar ; and the task is still more trying when the programmes of the different pianists are made up, as they frequently are, of varied elements, which cannot easily be compared with each other. The attempt to define the characteristics of different players must then fall back on the general character and style of the playing.

It is true, of course, that certain obvious qualities of piano playing can be reduced to well defined categories. The critic can always inquire whether a pianist has a technic adequate to the task of performing the programme he has undertaken, and of performing it with such ease as to leave him practically at liberty to express what he sees and feels in the music ; whether he understands the structure of the compositions he plays, so that he brings out its ideas into proper relative prominence ; whether he rightly apprehends the true spirit of a given composition, and interprets it to his audience.

Each of these categories, too, has its own subdivisions, requiring of the critic minute and attentive observation. Technic, for example, comprises numerous and varied elements. Touch is the first quality ; for it is by touch alone that the pianist controls the quality of tone ; and tone quality is at the very foundation of expressive playing. If the critic happens to be a piano teacher he will also desire to know by what means this, that or the other artist produces his touch, with a view of discovering the best and of improving his own methods. This will lead him to close observation of the

artist's management of arm, wrist, hand and fingers. He will inquire also, whether the player knows how to discriminate the different kinds of touch, not only at different times and with separate hands, but at the same time and with the same hand. Modern music requires this power of discriminative emphasis continually ; stress being laid upon a melody with one kind of touch, while another kind of touch differentiates the accompaniment and holds it subordinate. He will also need to observe the pianist's attainments as to speed, evenness of tone in rapid passages, equality in shading, power, endurance, etc.

On the intellectual side, one must note the degree of intelligence shown by the pianist in defining and shaping his phrases ; in correlating them into clauses, periods and period groups, so as to bring out clearly the idea of the composer. Above all, there are the relative gradations of power to be considered with reference to the climaxes, both principal and subordinate.

Higher than all this is the question of interpretation, of the revelation of content. Does the player enter fully and freely into the spirit of the composer, and reveal to us the spiritual essence of his composition? That is the prime question. Interpretation is the end to which technic and the intellectual comprehension of music from the side of construction are subservient as means.

If the task of the critic were confined to the measuring of each artist's performance by the standards furnished in their categories, it would still be sufficiently difficult. Sound judgment on his part must necessarily imply not only a clear comprehension of the criteria which he applies; not only the systematic formulation of his principles of criticism into orderly scientific shape; but also a wide acquaintance with piano music and a large practical experience of it.

But when all this has been attained and is practically at command, the best equipped critic will continually find himself puzzled if not completely baffled by individual differences in the interpretations of artists,—differences too subtle to be easily estimated or defined. These are due to differences in the individuality of artists. They are revelations of

character; and the difficulty of estimating and defining them is equivalent to the difficulty of estimating and defining personal character itself.

Let us consider, for example, the Beethoven "Sonata Appassionata," one of the great touchstones of a player's quality. It demands the application of the highest tests furnished by the principles above suggested, and it therefore furnishes so complete a measure of a pianist's ability and attainments, technical and intellectual, and also such a test of his spiritual character, that it is common for artists to seek to authenticate their standing in the world of art by public performance of it. It has been my fortune to hear it played by many pianists of rank, some of them of the highest rank—sometimes, too, as many as three or four times in a single season—so that the opportunities for comparison were not too widely separated. In the case of these artists, also, one could presuppose ample technic and complete comprehension of the structure of the work, so that one's attention could be concentrated on the quality of the interpretation. Viewed from this standpoint, the most surprising differences appeared in the matter of spiritual conception. This sonata has for its content the noblest and loftiest aspiration; it reveals the strivings of a great and unconquerable soul; it exercises upon him who rightly apprehends it a strong ethical influence; purifying, inspiring, uplifting into a spiritual atmosphere far above the common experiences of every-day humanity. It is one of the great revelations of Beethoven's genius; one of those works which has made its composer's name revered wherever music is known.

Yet I could name a great pianist of world-wide reputation whose playing made this noble work sound positively small, commonplace, insignificant. I have even heard it played by one, still a pupil whose technical attainments were yet below its level, who nevertheless felt and revealed vastly more of its uplifting, inspiring power than did this world-renowned virtuoso. I could name another pianist of equal celebrity who does not, indeed, make this sonata sound commonplace, but who nevertheless leaves out of it the most characteristic element, the ethical. After hearing him play

it, one feels that the work is beautiful, but misses the uplifting, spiritual quality which is its innermost essence. So I might go through the list of concert pianists, finding in their interpretation of this great sonata widely varying degrees of adequacy.

So of the different interpretations of the inner meaning of Bach's "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue," another monumental work. I have heard it played in the most perfunctory way by pianists of high standing, and much more sympathetically by players who would ordinarily be ranked as inferior, because of their less completely developed technic. On the other hand, Paderewski's playing of it was a revelation. Never have I heard from any player so vital, so noble and so delicately sympathetic a conception of it as his. Here is an artist who has all the technic of the greatest virtuoso; but who never uses it otherwise than as a means to realize his artistic conceptions.

Illustrations might be multiplied if necessary. There are pianists with ample technic and ample musicianship who can make a recital as dull and uninteresting as Mr. Dryasdust's sermons. There are others, of whom Paderewski is a shining example, in whose playing there is not a dull moment; it is all alive, aglow with the flame of imagination, full of forceful originality, yet chastened by a self-control which at once reveals the ethical quality and inspires respect.

If it be asked *how* these subtle distinctions of quality and character are revealed in the playing, I answer, This question is the despair of intelligent critics. There are writers of ability who maintain that interpretation is achieved when the player has played the notes as the composer has written them down, of course with a strict adherence to his indications of phrasing, shading, etc. But this view is wholly inadequate. It is no more true than that a poem is adequately rendered by a reader who has pronounced all the words in it correctly, observing all the marks of punctuation and following with mechanical accuracy the ordinary rules of rhetorical delivery. A man like John B. Gough would tell a pathetic story so as to bring tears to every eye in a vast audience, or a funny one so as to convulse the same audience with laughter. The

same stories told by a dull speaker would leave the audience untouched. When we can tell just what makes the difference in effect between the reading or oratory of one man and another, then may we be able to describe and define just how it is that one player's performance of a great composition gives us the impression of nobility, elevation and ethical quality, while that of another impresses us as lacking in all higher significance, both being equally adequate technically and from the standpoint of ordinary musicianship.

The difference is, as it seems to me, clearly one of individual character. Character reveals itself in piano playing as inevitably and as unerringly as in any other manifestation whatsoever. And the subtle qualities of it are as elusive of definition in piano playing as they are in the impressions we daily make on each other. One can perceive or perhaps I should say, unconsciously divine, qualities of character in his friends and acquaintances which he is utterly unable to describe in words. We are impressed by them, but we cannot define them.

The moral of it all is that he who would be a great interpretative artist must first be a great man. No one can reveal the innermost character of great and noble art works, who has not within himself the qualities they embody. They must awaken in him a responsive chord, or their higher elements will all be lacking in his rendering of them, no matter how "correct" it may be. The coarse man cannot reveal the inner quality of refined music. The mean man or the debauchee cannot sympathetically respond to nor interpret works the essential character of which is nobly ethical and spiritual. "Spiritual things are spiritually discerned"; and only the artist who has high qualities in himself can reveal to us the high qualities embodied in the noblest art.

JOHN C. FILLMORE.

MUSIC IN AMERICAN COLLEGES.

AN OPEN LETTER.

I have read with much interest your articles in MUSIC, on the subject of university extension as applied to music. The scheme is an unusually worthy one, and deserves support. There is, however, an assertion made in the March issue, which, it seems to me, is entirely too unqualified; and which does an injustice to a certain class of earnest and worthy promoters of musical science and art. Full justice can be done in the matter I shall presently name, and yet cause no diminution in the need and worth of university extension methods, in spreading musical knowledge.

It is a lamentable fact that musical taste, and, what is even worse, musical intelligence, are decidedly lacking in the American public, and the need for such a work as your articles outline is apparent.

There are not enough musical (I use the word "musical" advisedly) institutions, whose object is to uplift musical science and art, to educate the musical intelligence—perhaps it were better to say, *develop* the musical intelligence—of the public, which must be done before musical taste will be elevated to any great extent, it is true; but that there are some colleges whose "professors of music" are engaged in doing just such a work by true, intelligent methods, there can be no doubt.

Of course I understand your remarks concerning American colleges to refer to the larger and greater institutions of our land, and there is a sad failure here; but there are numbers of good, high-grade colleges of humbler pretensions, whose clientage is gathered from the mass of the people, and whose work reaches quarters that the universities could not touch. The "professors of music" in these institutions—not all, but many of them—do more than to "instruct the

undergraduates in portions of the technic or science of music, and give a few lectures annually in musical history, with occasional glances at aesthetics."

The instruction they give to the undergraduates is, in many of these humbler colleges, based upon the most recent and thoughtful of *musical* pedagogic methods. The "professor of music" will be found to possess a library embracing all departments of musical research, a degree of general culture which enables him to put to a good use his musical resources, and if his instruction from day to day could be noted it would be discovered that in all its details it is *premeditately* designed not only to give *some* knowledge of the technic or science of music, but to make musicianly pianists, organists or singers with a knowledge much broader than the mere technic of their immediate specialty.

And further, instead of a few lectures annually on musical history, with an occasional glance at aesthetics, there will be seen and felt an uplifting with reverent and earnest mien the entire art of music in lectures, passing talks, conversations and example. It will be found that the work of these institutions is leavening the entire musical lump of their surroundings. And these are the places where the most good is and can be done. A very small proportion of our population is or can be touched by the university, but the college of humbler standing is a part of the people and in close sympathy with them, so that its influence is directly and immediately felt by them.

It seems to me the reason why music has not taken its proper place as an educational factor is easy to find. Until recently there has not been an overwhelming amount of intelligence displayed by its exponents, and as the general idea of music study is that it requires only time and a certain amount of talent, regardless of brains, the absence of such signs of intellectual power among its upholders has, of course, lowered its standing. When its worth as a developer of the mental powers becomes known it will assume its proper place in the curriculum of our large institutions. The humbler colleges are doing as much (if not more) toward this end as any other single factor.

I do not say there is as much of such work as there should be, but that there is a great deal more than you apparently believe.

University extension in music will find one of its greatest sources of assistance and promotion in the numerous colleges scattered throughout our country, where the "professor of music" does the work I have outlined.

I send you a catalogue of our institution here, which has no endowment and depends entirely upon its patronage for its support. I hope you will look through it, and I think you will find more there than at first glance you would imagine such an institution capable of doing. It is because of a conviction that such institutions as I have called attention to in this letter are entitled to more support and recognition that I have troubled you thus. Hoping they may receive due consideration and an honorable part in forwarding university extension in relation to the best interests of music,

I remain yours truly,

A. L. MANCHESTER, Professor of Music.

ABINGDON, VA.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE VOICE TEACHER.

It is true of most professions that aspirants to their ranks have first consulted their adaptability to the requirements involved, before placing themselves in training. They are considered by professional men and the public, upon whom they must depend for their support, in no wise trustworthy and responsible until they have followed a prescribed line of promotion, each step being competitive, which with the safe law of "the survival of the fittest," are determining factors of their success and final elevation to public recognition and patronage.

The young man who aspires to become a physician, for example, has usually found his motive to be a taste for the study of medicine, accompanied, it is to be hoped, by the laudable desire of mitigating the sufferings of humanity. His first step is, if his aims are high, to secure a classical education. This is followed by at least a year passed in the office of a physician of accepted reputation, with a good practice, where his duties are to read and observe. This is succeeded by a regular course of two years or more in a chartered medical school; from which, if his standing will warrant, he is assigned to hospital practice for a year or two, where he is in frequent consultation with the exceptionally bright men, whose attainments have secured for them posts of honor as hospital specialists. This, with characteristic variations, is the rule in all professions.

No less is it true of the musical profession, exclusive of the special department under consideration. Years of drudgery in the technical field; years of discipline in theoretical work must have been spent before even the man who may honestly be called talented, can be said to show individuality, maturity, or have made a clearly defined position for himself.

But what shall be said of the vocal teacher? By what process has he been evolved? What guarantee shall the

public have of his capability in such a field? In short, what protection can we be said to have against incapacity and positive danger at the hands of the so-called teacher of voice? This is a vital question, and when examined by comparison with the protection which the preparation for other professional work receives we are forced to concede that it is very slight. Those who have followed systematic training with the avowed purpose of devoting their lives to voice development, are a striking minority. The average voice teacher is the product of necessity, disappointment, avarice or a tardy recognition of the fascinating interest centered in the study; a product of necessity when his success as a pianoforte teacher has been weakened, either by competition or incapacity, and he hopes to supply the money deficiency by adding the business of voice building to his stock in trade; a product of disappointment when he has failed to reach the goal of a successful career as a singer, and turned to teaching as the only alternative for which his artistic incapacity has capacitated him; a product of avarice when the field looks promising and he enters it from purely commercial motives. And in this connection might be added the force of its becoming a factor in social advancement. Of those who become suddenly aware that there is something worthy their interest and best efforts, even though the discovery come late, let us urge that of the four causes which combine to keep the ranks filled, those entering from this cause are the most trustworthy, or perhaps, better expressed, the least dangerous.

To recapitulate—In what possible manner can a pianoforte education enlighten a man upon the mysteries and perplexities of vocal culture? He may be able to play accompaniments and pencil the phrase marks, but that certainly has little to do with tone production. How much dependence is there to be placed on the broken-down artist or disappointed aspirant for vocal honors? Whence the cause of his failures? Presumably imperfect training. Shall we trust our voices in the keeping of those who have been trained by the methods that are responsible for their misfortune? Those who enter the field on a purely commercial

basis, if they have push and can play a good accompaniment, usually gather a clientele from the unsuspecting public, but their success with voices is usually commensurate with their motives. Of the men who are awakened to the beauties of the study, after their years of opportunity for special discipline are passed, let us say that we cordially indorse their motives; deplore the loss of years that might have made them more fruitful of perfect results and earnestly invite them to make amends by influencing some of the most gifted and intelligent of their pupils to enter upon the preparation for voice training, with an exalted ideal of its requirements and possibilities, entirely sacrificing their ambition for a career on the altar of the higher and eminently more important sphere of teaching. A wholesale condemnation of all voice teachers who have not spent a life-time preparing for the profession is not the object of the writer of this paper. For unquestionably those who have embraced the work from all the causes mentioned, and comparatively late in life have yielded to its absorbing interest, discovered within themselves unknown forces with which they are enabled to grapple with its ever varying problems, and have become safe and conservative students of the singing voice. The object is to present to the young men or women who are planning their life work an attractive, paying and honorable profession, which, from the very nature of the difficulties to be overcome, and the personal endowments necessary to success, will never be crowded.

In entering upon a recital of what constitutes sufficient preparation for the work of teaching singing; to command in the minds of the public the respect paramount to that enjoyed by the physician because of his discipline, one finds it difficult to be as succinct as the space in a periodical requires, and at the same time as comprehensive as the subject demands. The discussion is guided by a desire to encourage earnest talent and discourage superficiality or selfish ambition. The first step must be, as in the case of him who contemplates the study of medicine, serious self-examination as to his motives, and taste for this particular branch in the art of music. An analysis of his temperament is important.

He must not forget that in his own character such qualities as tact, patience, intuition, as well as musical ideas, must be found or cultivated before the considerations apart from himself can be approached. If he is not wanting in these eminently important qualities, it will then be seasonable to glance at the field and its demands. The possession of all the natural musical qualities is of course presupposed. We are outlining a career for the young who may be prompted to take up this branch as a life work, with the hope of impressing upon them that beyond the attractiveness of the profession there are serious obstacles to success that are formidable enough at least to command respect and suggest the wisdom of careful approach.

The next requirement is two years, at least, in college, or sufficiently long, when including the years spent in preparation, to insure familiarity with Latin, Italian, German and French. This will, of course, be accompanied by mathematics and literature; the former for its mental discipline, the latter of inestimable importance in every voice teacher's life. During the years of academic and college life the pianoforte must not be neglected, for it is only when the hands are in the plastic condition that sufficient technic, even for teaching, can be acquired.

During this course a practical acquaintance with physiology is important, first in its relation and in its bearing upon general health, and later in its more direct relation to tone production. Does this seem superfluous? Let the young student remember that he is facing the future. If the testimony of conscientious teachers, who have from twenty to forty years' retrospect to draw from, is worth anything, then indeed the meagerness of this table of requirements for a solid foundation will become apparent.

Upon completion of the foregoing curriculum, it would be well for him to decide upon a post-collegiate course of study on lines leading directly to a general understanding of matters musical. This could embrace musical construction, theory, acoustics, dynamics, etc., all of which will force their importance upon him at every turn in his career.

Until now his efforts have been altogether in the line of preparation for the practical work that confronts him, which is applied theory. In short, he must learn to sing. It has been denied that there is any necessity for the vocal teacher to be a singer. It is quite as reasonable to question the advantage which the teacher of pianoforte who is a performer possesses over one who is not. Mr. Mathews in a recent article on that subject in the *Etude* dwelt forcibly upon the importance of intelligent illustration in the class room. The teacher of voice must sing. There are subtle inflections and artistic graces existing in the mind and voice of the master that any amount of explanation and drill will fail of coaxing into the mind and voice of the pupil, which a moment of illustration by example will send home to the understanding like a shaft of light. He may tell a pupil that there is a difference between intensity and power, and while in a dim sense the idea may take shape in the mind, a sharp, vivid illustration of such a difference claims the fullest appreciation. The same may be said of the differences existing between sentiment and expression. The charm of a perfect legato, and the articulation of consonants without the forced and unnatural interference with the flow of tone so obtrusively employed by modern teachers, all are conveyed to the understanding of a pupil directly and comprehensively by example. And it may be truthfully said that printed or oral formulas are most discouraging and helpless aids in the hands of eloquent and earnest masters who cannot sing. Hence let us be imperative. The vocal teacher must sing. His discipline as an actual student of the voice shall be severe, direct and exhaustive, including, in appropriate order, breath control, tone formation, interpretation, rendering, etc., not omitting elocution and physical culture. After passing through the hands of the specialists in each of these branches or divisions of one branch, it is reasonable to conclude that he is ready to take his first pupil, which is, in point of fact, his first lesson in teaching; and it matters not how carefully he has theorized, or how cautiously he has made the applications to his own case, the probabilities are strong that these early pupils will furnish him opportunities for serious reflection, and he will look in vain for

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anything in musical literature, or his experience as a student that will shed light upon the unexpected problems that confront him. His success, after all, it would appear, centers upon his experience. And this is the argument brought forward by the undisciplined teacher, viz.: That preparation for the work is largely superfluous, since experience can be the only school that produces satisfactory teachers. But here we differ. Experience without the careful discipline indicated in the foregoing requirements may meet with a measurable success, but not what it might have been had these conditions been complied with. The insidious, intangible essence of the true art element in singing is distinct from and superior to the technical foundation which must invariably precede it; the latter knowledge may without doubt be gained by the untrained master through experience. But simple tone production is not enough. The truly great master will be fortified on every question that may arise, be it æsthetic or technical, and with equal experience in tone formation and placing, will speedily arrive at the point where his education and special training place him at an immense advantage over his less fortunate contemporary.

HERBERT W. GREENE.

THE PRACTICE CLAVIER AND THE MIND IN PLAYING.

Notwithstanding the contemptuous attitude of certain teachers regarding the practice clavier, the instrument is beginning to make remarkable progress. In the advertising columns will be found a testimonial from the least mechanical of pianists, Paderewski, certifying to its value as a convenient instrument for keeping the fingers in good order. To the same purpose are many similar documents from such pianists and teachers as Mme. Rive-King, Joseffy, Mason and Bowman. Lately, however, the instrument has appeared in a new rôle. The curious suggestion of that irreverent disrespecer of persons, Mr. Emil Liebling, that sooner or later there would come a time when recitals would be given by virtuos: upon the technicon and the practice-clavier, and the poor piano take a rest, has begun to come true, but in a different manner from the one in his mind. A pupil of Mrs. A. K. Virgil, wife of the inventor of the practice clavier, a Miss Geyer, has lately appeared in public several times at Steinway hall in programs of considerable importance, certain numbers of which were first played upon the clavier, and then upon the pianoforte. The curious part of the practical demonstration in this case lay in the fact that at least one piece upon each programme had been memorized upon the clavier and practiced there alone, the concert performance having been the first time of the player attempting it upon the pianoforte.

When in New York recently I heard Miss Geyer play quite a long programme. She is a fully grown young woman of only fourteen years of age. Within a year or thereabouts she has memorized and brought to a fine point of technical finish some thirty pieces of music, among which are several sonatas of Beethoven, a Bach fugue or two, Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso," and the like. She

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works four hours a day, all at the clavier, rarely doing any practice upon the pianoforte. Her finger technic is remarkably clear, strong and even. Her tone is well produced and more expressive than usual. There is a certain stiffness in the playing, but I found it impossible to decide whether this was due to her immaturity or to the method of practice. On the whole, she is evidently a young pianist of unusual promise, and of singularly solid technic for her age and the comparatively short time she has been at work.

I had no previous sympathy with her method of work, because it has always appeared to me absurd to do the greater part or all the labor of learning to play, upon a dumb keyboard, inasmuch as *tonal effect* is the vital part of the end in view in the practice. One would say that necessarily in such a mode of practice the ear would fail to become discriminating, and the musical appreciation of *nuance* would be immature and mechanical. Nevertheless in listening to her playing I was not so sure. Quite generally an equally mechanical expression will be found in young players; it is indeed one of the symptoms of their youth and immaturity. In time it gives way under suitable deepening of musical experience, and proper care in teaching the technic of expressive touch.

On the other hand, this young girl had undoubtedly a far better technic than is ever reached by one pupil out of fifty or a hundred—perhaps two hundred would be better. And hearing her, together with certain previous experiences of my own, gave me a renewed conviction of the value of this important adjunct to the practical teacher and the industrious student. The practice clavier has certain advantages of its own. If used at least half the time of practice it will call attention to the perfection or imperfection of the action of the fingers, where the average student, especially the musical one, is indifferent, or so absorbed in the musical effect as to be unconscious of quite important imperfections of technic. Every careful teacher finds that it is more difficult to get the very musical pupils to bring their technic up to a fine finish, than to accomplish the same with more mechanical students. The reason is obvious; the musical pupil is absorbed in the

music, and when he gets this or something which satisfies his imperfect conception of it, he rests content, and, as a matter of fact, rarely brings any piece up to fine finish, except under the stress of preparing for public appearances.

This sharpening of the quality of the study I have been accustomed for several years to accomplish by means of memorizing. The close attention to the actual text of the author incident to learning his music by heart, has the effect almost invariably of bringing the musical ideas out clearer in the pupil's mind; if this is not immediately realized upon the first memorizing, it will come out later when the piece has been played a certain length of time without the notes—in other words, from the musical concept inside. Occasionally the immediate result of the memorizing was that of seeming to put a veil over the playing, so that nothing came out clear, but everything had the indistinctness of objects in a fog. The reason of this is to be found in the want of clear thinking upon the part of the pupil. A pupil reading readily from the notes relies upon them and does the least thinking possible; when such a one is thrown entirely upon the musical concept within, she finds it indistinct, and it takes quite a long time before she learns to realize it readily and without anxiety. Nevertheless, whatever the difficulty, one must persevere, for there is no way to have the playing musical but to get it subjected to the inner musical concept.

While lately in Cincinnati I had a conversation with Mr. John S. Van Cleve, which gave me an additional light upon the mental technic of learning music. Prof. Van Cleve is entirely blind. After many years' experimenting with all sorts of helps in the way of typewriters and the like, he has lately settled down to the use of the graphophone, a form of phonograph. He talks his articles into the trumpet of this instrument, which records the matter in sundry points and curves; these, by the aid of the repeating disk, are talked back to the listener whenever desired. In this way he is storing up a quantity of these little cylinders, about five inches long and one inch in diameter, each one holding about six hundred words. He wraps each cylinder in paper, upon which is noted, in the point alphabet for the blind, the subject of the

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matter; these again are collected into boxes of fifteen cylinders, upon congenial subjects, the general classification of which is indicated in the point letters upon the cover of the box. Thus he is able to find his articles and read them over whenever he likes, and thus he reads and re-reads his notes.

The phonograph is much more perfect as a recorder of musical impressions than the graphophone, and I suggested that the time would come when the blind would be taught their music through the intermediation of some instrument of this kind, which would play it into their ears, leaving them in turn to reproduce it upon the pianoforte. Mr. Van Cleve thought that this would be impossible. Surprised that a blind man should doubt the capacity of the human ear, even in the most complicated combinations, I inquired how he had been in the habit of learning his music—of which he possesses a very large repertory, amounting in volume to material enough for about ten recitals of a high order. He has his music read to him by a careful reader, in the manner following: Supposing the accompanying phrase from Beethoven's sonata in A flat, Op. 110, to be the matter, the reader gives it to him as follows:



The reader gives the staff and signature: "Treble staff, four flats, third space dotted quarter; second space dotted quarter; bass staff third space dotted quarter, first space dotted quarter; treble staff second space eighth, first line eighth, bass staff, third space eighth, second space eighth." And so on through the piece. All this catalogue of places and note forms Mr. Van Cleve retains in his memory, and as the work goes on, he reconstructs the music in his mind. Later he goes to the keyboard and recalls it with his fingers, and works out the passages until the effect is attained.

Thus we see his music exists in his mind in two entirely unrelated planes: On one hand a catalogue of note places

and values; on the other a series of chords, motives and so on—the purely musical ideas. And such was the influence of long habit that, although he is a good teacher of theory, and a composer of considerable excellence, he would not consider himself safe without his catalogue of note positions.

Nevertheless he told me something very curious about his own experience with the clavier. Some time since, having to prepare a difficult piece, the Beethoven "Sonata Appassionata," or a Liszt rhapsody, I forget which, for public performance at short notice, he went immediately to the clavier and did all his working it up there. The result was that he got his fingers into better condition than they had ever been before, and prepared the piece for public performance in much less time than usual, and what pleased him most of all, succeeded better with the performance itself.

I have had a like experience with several pupils whose touch presented faults really due to careless practice, which with all the pains I knew how to take still eluded me. A few weeks at the clavier effected results which some months at the keyboard had failed to do. In addition to this immediate effect, one of the pupils discovered that her conception of the music practiced upon the clavier by heart was much clearer and more intelligent than when the same preparation had been given it upon the pianoforte.

From these and quite a number of other reasons which I have not time to go into now, I am inclined to think, therefore, that the use of the practice clavier not only facilitates mechanism and makes it more perfect, but conduces to clear thinking in perhaps an even greater degree. So that instead of being a mere machine, as Prof. Cady would have us believe, it is in piano study very much such a convenient facilitator of results as the letter symbols of algebra are in mathematical computations.

Moreover, there are certain bad results of too much practice. In the first place there is an enormous aggregate wear of nerve, from hearing tone so many hours a day. The clavier enables us to let up on this. There is the bad result of too much sitting at the keyboard. The clavier lessens this for attaining the same results. Moreover,

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it costs so little that one of them in a family practically doubles or trebles the available practice facilities of the two or three children learning music. For these reasons, and some others, I do not think it will be long before this ingenious little instrument will be the indispensable accompaniment of every pianoforte which is used for study purposes.

W. S. B. M.

THE PHILISTINE AND THE CRITIC.

APROPOS OF "MME. PATTI AND THE OLD SONGS."

Ph.—Good morning, Mr. C——; permit me to say that I was not at all pleased with your notice of Mme. Patti's concert in this morning's *Daily Journal*.

C.—Indeed? I am sorry to hear it. What did you object to?

Ph.—I object to the whole tone of the article. You treat Mme. Patti, the greatest singer in the world to-day, as if she were unworthy of respect. And you treat the people, who pay for *your* bread and butter, as if they had no sort of right to enjoy the performances of a great *prima donna*, unless, forsooth, she will devote herself exclusively to singing pieces which nobody but you can understand, if indeed you *do* understand them. I don't care two cents for classical music; neither do people in general. We know what we like, and we are willing to pay for it. We like to hear Mme. Patti sing "Home, Sweet Home," and "Comin' thro' the Rye" and "Annie Rooney." If she chooses to oblige us with these simple songs and we choose to pay \$5 for the privilege of hearing her sing them in her own matchless style, what business is it of yours? What right have you to turn up your nose at her or at us? What right have you to turn the cold water hose on us when we are in the glow of sincere and heartfelt enthusiasm? Confound all critics, say I! Excuse me, if I somewhat overstep the bounds of politeness; but I feel very strongly on this subject; and your article outraged my feelings.

C.—My dear sir, I am very sorry indeed that anything I have written should have displeased you or given you pain. I assure you, nothing was farther from my intention than to do anything of the sort. Have you the paper with you?

Ph.—No, sir; I have not. I threw it into the grate.

C.—Can you remember any expressions of mine which you found offensive? Perhaps I can put the matter differently to you.

Ph.—I don't think I can quote anything. The whole thing was offensive.

C.—But, surely, I praised Mme. Patti's singing. I distinctly remember giving her full credit for a most beautiful voice, a finished style and a method so perfect that it has enabled her to preserve her vocal organ beyond the age when most singers think it necessary to retire from the stage. You certainly did not object to that?

Ph.—No, sir. But why can't you let her use her glorious gifts to please us simple-minded people who want to hear simple music beautifully sung? You ridiculed her selections, you ridiculed her for singing them and us for enjoying them.

C.—I am sure you have wholly mistaken my intention. Let me see if I can make clear to you my point of view. I was just thinking of another great singer whose life I have recently read, Jenny Lind. She was before my time; but my father knew her well. He was for many years musical critic of an important paper in Germany, and had occasion to express his opinion of Jenny Lind many times. It was her constant custom to delight popular audiences with simple music which they loved; yet neither he nor any other critic ever found fault with her for doing so.

Ph.—Young man, let me advise you to follow your father's example. It is an honor to a great singer, not a disgrace, to please plain people with her gift of song.

C.—Do you think I do not agree with you? But please listen to me for a minute. I should like to call your attention to one very prominent point of difference between Jenny Lind and Mme. Patti which accounts in my mind, for the whole difference of attitude toward the two singers on the part of critics; for you must know that I am not alone in regarding Mme. Patti with some degree of disapproval.

Ph.—I know you are not; more is the pity. But go on with your explanation. I should like to hear what you have to say for yourself.

C.—The explanation, to put it all in a nut shell, is just this: Jenny Lind did something more with her gifts than merely sing common people's songs for common people. She knew that there was more in her art than common people, engrossed in occupations remote from art, could be expected to see. She felt that she had in her voice and her capacity for emotional expression a sacred trust to be made the most of. She saw that art, in its true sense, is one of the highest and noblest means of embodying the best that the human imagination has conceived. She looked on herself as a divinely appointed interpreter of art, as she saw it. She mastered all the best art of her time, progressing steadily as the art of music progressed. She not only interpreted the simpler manifestations of musical art for everybody in this sort of religious spirit, but she earnestly strove so to interpret its higher and more complex manifestations, as to make them understood and enjoyed by as many as possible. It was this high, unselfish, religious spirit, pervading everything she did which commanded the respect alike of the connoisseur and the most ignorant of her hearers, and made her beloved by everybody.

Ph.—Well, and cannot all this be said of Mme. Patti?

C.—No, sir; it cannot. Patti's fame as a singer has no connection whatever with the enormous advances which have been made in opera as a vehicle of truthful dramatic expression during the past thirty years. During that time the world has witnessed the production and the triumphant success of the most stupendous music-dramas the human mind has yet conceived. Yet all this great art current has passed by Mme. Patti. She as been absolutely unaffected by the genius of Wagner, whose figure is undoubtedly the dominant one of our time. She "finished" her education when she was a young girl, acquired her professional capital, and has been trading on it ever since. She has added not a single idea to her stock since I first heard her sing, in my boyhood. Look at her last programmes here; two-thirds Rossini.

Ph.—Well, and what have you against Rossini? Why must you snarl at every composer whom we plain people

like? I adore Rossini, sir! I tried to hear Wagner's "Tannhaeuser" once, and I would rather pay \$3 to sleep in a boiler factory! Give me "The Barber of Seville" and the "Stabat Mater"! That is music! The man that wrote the "Cujus Animam" was a genius!

C.—He was, indeed; and the "Cujus Animam" is certainly beautiful music. Do you know what the words mean?

Ph.—No.

C.—They represent the scene of the crucifixion, and describe the unutterable anguish of Mary as she stands at the foot of the cross, witnessing the anguish of her divine Son. Now, with this awful spectacle in your imagination, suppose you hum over that familiar tune and ask yourself whether the scene and the music are congruous. Well, do you really think they belong together?

Ph.—I must confess, they don't.

C.—Rossini's imagination *ought* to have been full of the supremely solemn scene described in the words. If it had been, the music of the "Cujus Animam" would have put us in the same frame of mind, for Rossini had any amount of spontaneous creative power. But this music is wholly on the plane of sensuous enjoyment. It pleases, it excites, so long as one neither knows nor cares what it means, nor what it ought to mean. But as soon as even the most elementary intelligence is brought to bear upon it, then its utter falsity appears. It is all tinsel and glitter. It is addressed to the sense purely; not at all to the heart nor to the intellect. And this, my dear sir, is what I have against Rossini. He is a genius without a conscience; never in earnest; always false and meretricious.

Ph.—This is wholly new to me. I never have thought of these things, and I did not know that my favorite music was set to words so different in spirit.

C.—That is not surprising. You have been wholly absorbed in other matters. But please to remember that it is a part of my daily business to know such things and to think about them. I am paid for telling the public the truth in these matters. And you must excuse me for saying that no one has any more right to blame me for knowing

the truth and telling it, than I have to blame others for not knowing it.

Ph.—Well, we will not quarrel about that. I think I begin to understand your position; and I am certainly far from maintaining that ignorance is as good as intelligence, on any subject. But how can you expect busy men, like myself, to master such matters? Why not let us enjoy our inferior things, if they are inferior, as a means of recreation?

C. My dear sir, I sympathize with you perfectly. I see times when I would much rather hear a good performance of "The Mikado" or "La Grande Duchesse" than "Die Meistersinger" or "Tristan and Isolde." But that does not in the least prevent my seeing that the latter are on an immeasurably higher plane, intellectually, than the former. When I prefer the lower to the higher, it is simply because I am too exhausted to stand the strain of the great works. I need to be amused, as well as you. It was precisely on this ground that I enjoyed the Patti concerts. I admire her voice and her style. But I cannot help seeing that Patti belongs on the same plane with Rossini. It is not a mere accident that he occupies most of her programmes. Like him, she is never in earnest. Like him, she is "on the make," as the phrase is. Her voice is a gold mine to her, and she works it "for all it is worth," with the least possible expenditure of capital and labor. She perfected it as a money making instrument thirty years ago, and she has never taken the trouble to do anything since, beyond keeping it in the best possible condition. This is why she does not command the respect of critics. Jenny Lind was the very reverse of Patti in these respects.

Ph.—Well, I see you are not so unreasonable and captious as I thought. You have given me something to think about, and I will see whether your next criticism may not impress me differently. Good morning, and good luck to you.

C.—Thank you. Good morning.

JOHN C. FILLMORE.

THE CHICAGO ORCHESTRA COMMERCIALLY CONSIDERED.

About the middle of the month of March, the readers of the Chicago daily papers were rather startled at seeing a little paragraph announcing that a private rehearsal of the Chicago orchestra would be given in Central Music hall to the subscribers. It was learned later that the project of removing the concerts next season to Central Music hall had been advised, both to save the great expense attending the use of the Auditorium, and for the further reason that the audiences would be sufficiently well accommodated in the smaller hall. When it is known that the seating capacity of this admirable little hall is only about 1,900, including the seats in the boxes, and about 600 in the upper gallery, the gravity of the situation becomes apparent. It is stated that almost the whole of the \$50,000 guarantee fund for this season has already been consumed, while the year is far from complete. The guarantors therefore not only have the prospect of being called upon for the entire sum pledged, but may also have to face the problem of an additional deficiency.

Unpleasant as this prospect is, the Chicago Orchestral Association cannot in honor shirk the issue. When these public-spirited gentlemen signed their names to a paper pledging \$1,000 each for three years, for the purpose of establishing a grand symphony orchestra for Chicago, they did so because they knew that there was not as yet a commercial demand for music of this character. This fact being realized, these gentlemen were so devoted to art as to be willing to stand in the breach for three years if need be, until the public could be cultivated up to the point where the concerts would pay their way. In four weeks more about one-third the proposed education will have been administered, yet the receipts have fallen lower and lower, and the public seems, if anything,

rather more indifferent to grand symphonies than at the beginning of the season. The question now is, Where is the blame? This is a point concerning which all parties involved in the undertaking are a little sensitive, and each seems chiefly bent on shouldering the responsibility upon some one else. Yet the truth is that all parties are to be blamed, and all have made mistakes of such gravity that any one of them might well have endangered the successful issue of the undertaking. To the nature of these mistakes, and their proper remedy, MUSIC now invites attention.

The first mistake was too narrow a scheme. There were too few concerts planned, and these too much of one kind. An orchestra, such as Mr. Thomas has brought together here, numbering about eighty-five, will cost about \$210,000 per year. The estimate is somewhat rough-and-ready, but perhaps sufficiently large. To meet this it was proposed to give twenty concerts in Chicago, with twenty public rehearsals upon an unpopular afternoon, relying upon out-of-town engagements for the remainder of the resources needed. For five weeks the orchestra was sold outright to the opera company, to the great benefit of the operatic performances, but to the great detriment of the discipline of the orchestra. The opera part of the trade resulted satisfactorily, it is to be presumed, from a business standpoint. The Chicago concerts have been simply disastrous, and the out-of-town engagements but little better. Experience has shown during more than ten years, that the Thomas orchestra could play here for five weeks at a time, seven concerts a week, to constantly increasing business, at the rate of fifty and twenty-five cents admission. It is true that the programmes were not up to the symphony standard, except upon one night in the week, and the appointment of players was not so large. Nevertheless, it is also true that the receipts of these popular concerts usually ran to about \$5,000 or \$6,000 a week; whereas, those of the present season have not amounted to more than \$3,000, if as much. From this showing it is certain either that Thomas has lost his popularity (which everybody knows is not the case), or else the management is at fault. Let us look into this a bit.

The second great mistake of the present season was in placing the tickets too high. Perhaps there should be no objection to placing the evening symphony concerts at the usual theater rates of \$1.50 for the best seats. For, while the orchestra costs far more than almost any theatrical performance, on the other hand, the Auditorium affords many more good places for hearing. And when this large and magnificent hall for orchestra was opened to the public, it was promised to be "a place for the people"; whereas experience testifies that it has been almost exclusively for the rich, the prices having averaged higher here than in any other amusement place in town. Even if the evening concerts had to be placed on the \$1.50 scale, certainly it was not necessary to place the rehearsal tickets at the absurd price of \$1 for the entire first floor. The educational intention has been balked by the absence of material to educate.

Here again we come upon a third element of dissatisfaction—the uninteresting nature of the concerts. The present writer is not one who believes that the very highest and best compositions of the greatest masters are caviare to the general. On the contrary, it is his firm conviction that when presented under proper conditions and often enough the great master works will accomplish in any community, and before any audience, the same results that they have accomplished in the world at large. The survival of the fittest will popularize a symphony in a single town just as certainly as upon the larger scale of the world's stage. All there is in the supremacy of classical music is simply this: That time and repeated hearings have sifted the wheat from the chaff. There was never a period in music production in which the entire product of musical compositions did not largely consist of uninspired expressions of mistaken intentions. Time has sifted, and the great ones now stand out like mountain peaks. This sifting has been done by repeated hearings, and professional criticism has had scarcely any productive part in the operation. It is the working of this principle in Chicago which must be relied upon to establish and foster a love for the best in art.

Yet while one has this firm faith in the ultimate success of the noblest in art, it is not to be denied that these greatest works make severe demands upon the listener. A musical work if great can be so only through the union of strong intellectuality with very strong emotionality. The latter necessitates relief in the programme. The hearer cannot for two hours be upon the stretch; his attention must be relieved by contrasting works. Especially must the strain of following long works be relieved by the intermixture of short ones; and so on. This principle has been ignored in the programmes. Hence we have had reason to observe that many of these concerts by that paragon of instruments, the grand symphony orchestra, under one of the greatest conductors of the present time, have been less interesting to the average hearer than a first-rate pianoforte recital—such as those of Paderewski, for instance; yet Paderewski did not spare the hearer from great works by the greatest masters. In nobility of names his programmes bear strict comparison with the symphony programmes of Mr. Thomas, and in length of performance they were scarcely inferior. Moreover, Paderewski made as much effect with his Bach fugues and Beethoven sonatas as with the lighter pieces in his repertory. Why then should not the orchestral concert be heard with as great delight, inasmuch as to the form and spirit of the pianoforte music the orchestra adds the charm of color?

Two answers might be given to this question: It might be assigned to the lack of proper relief in the subject matter of the programme, or it might be attributed to a different standard of interpretation. Probably the truth includes something of both. The programmes of Mr. Thomas generally lack short numbers for relieving attention; but the interpretations also of those that are given are not sufficiently inspiring. Mr. Thomas' greatest success as a leader is in general excellence of performance, with great refinement and attention to detail, without sacrificing anything of the ensemble. But the general build of the interpretation is conventional and safe, rather than sensational. His work is characterized by great repose, but also by great reserve. It is not remarkable that the tendency of public taste is toward

sensationalism, or at least toward a greater freedom of mood than formerly prevailed, since practically the standard is set by the opera conductors and the pianists. The pianist, moreover, is compelled to study the art of public interpretation under the handicap of an unemotional instrument, and with compositions of ultra-classical cast; yet he has found out the art of so combining these works, and so presenting them to the average hearer, as to pick up his public. Paderewski, who has shown greater finesse and skill in this regard than any one else, is so recent an illustration that it is only necessary to refer to him. What are the differences between his interpretation of a sonata and Mr. Thomas' interpretation of a symphony (which is the same kind of a thing, only more interpretable)? His tempos are more flexible, and his shading more delicate, especially in the softer places. The melody stands out better. All this and much more is possible in the orchestra, as the interpretations of Nikisch, for instance, show. Nor is it certain that this is so very much innovation upon Beethoven's idea. We read of his own playing that freedom of tempo was one of its peculiarities, and its emotional quality is certified by the statement of Czerny that it was no unusual thing for ladies and gentlemen to be affected to tears by Beethoven's improvising upon the piano-forte in the drawing room. The first quality of merit in an interpretation of fine music, after the indispensable prerequisites of accuracy and just tempos, is *interest*. If the music does not *interest* the hearer it is not *music* in his estimation of the term. The interpreter has to find out the secret and apply it. This is something which Mr. Thomas undoubtedly has often considered, and no doubt he has his own ideas, and, for that matter, will stick to them.

The Orchestral Association has, after all, strangely ignored the public. Take the evening concerts. Is there any reason why the houses should not be packed full? It was only necessary for these gentlemen to exercise their vast social influence to bring this about through the operation of fashion. Perhaps they found the strain too great of going as well as paying, and proposed to divide the labor by themselves paying the money, providing the public would perform the more

onerous half of the labor by doing the hearing and undergoing the education. This may be, for quite a number of the programmes have been in the style of Bill Nye's classical music, which, he says, "is much better than it sounds."

There was a more excellent way. Suppose it had been determined to educate the public, as already stated, to the tune of \$200,000 a season. What was the proper method to have been pursued? Evidently the first thing was to secure the wealthy *clientèle* for the swell evening concerts. This was matter for the gentlemen of the Orchestral Association themselves. Their number ought to be trebled at least, and a subscribing list of 500 at \$200 each would have been much better than one of fifty at \$1,000 each. The first thing is for these 500 leading gentlemen and their wives to talk the thing up among their friends until they have made the swell evenings an assured success. And, not to leave them in the dreadful liability of finding the strain too great for their tender sensibilities, why might not Mr. Thomas be held to the obligation of making the music interesting to the hearers, if not absolutely entertaining?

The second point is to go out into the by-ways and hedges. Suppose Friday evening had been the swell night, and the Saturdays had been taken for wage workers' nights? Why not? The swell evenings ought to bring in at least \$4,000 each. Namely, 1,500 places at \$1.50; 1,500 at \$1, and 500 at fifty cents. On the wage workers' nights place the entire down stairs at fifty cents, to be sold at the box office; the remainder of the house at twenty-five cents, distributably through the labor circles, as the Apollo tickets now are. If there are about 20,000 applications for Apollo tickets for the wage workers' nights, is it not plain that the greater part of these tickets would be in demand by the working classes? At this price the cheap nights would bring in about \$1,400, which of course would be less than their pro rata of cost. But this signifies nothing, for it is the aggregate we are after. Then let the public rehearsal take place on Saturday morning, and we will have two or three times as many hearers as at present. In this way the concerts will reach at least 10,000 people per week. Or if doubt were had of the

value of the wage worker feature, let the popular night stand on its own merits, exactly as it does at the summer nights concerts. The programmes might be lighter. Why not?

What is the use of the out-of-town engagements? Chicago has a million and a quarter of people. Experience in the summer, and in the theaters, has shown that when the entertainments are sufficiently attractive business will always be good. Why not make them attractive, at least for a part of the time? Is there any harm in having enjoyable evenings with orchestra? But in this case the attractiveness must be in the music and in the performances, and not in solo artists engaged at high prices.

Or take it another way: Let the rehearsal take the form of a Saturday matinee at fifty cents upon the main floor and the main balcony, and twenty-five cents above. This will bring in nearly \$2,000; the evening concert on Saturday evening, and its public will be the great number of people of moderate means, music students, teachers and the like. The evenings will bring, as above estimated, about \$4,000. Let this be the rule for forty weeks. Here we have \$6,000 a week for forty weeks. There would still be a five weeks' summer business to round up with.

One point may be taken as settled: Chicago is the last place in which to succeed by practicing economy in an entertainment or educational business. The very best possible is the form which succeeds here. To cut down, to remove to a smaller house, to give up—these are all mistaken remedies. Nor is it a question of a wrong conductor. If Mr. Thomas cannot make these concerts successful there is not another in the world who would be more likely to succeed. He has prestige, experience and taste. He does not always consider the weak condition of the patient, and his doses are not always so cleverly "exhibited," to use a medical term, as they might be. But the remedies are generally well chosen. It is only necessary to add a modicum of syrup and spice in order to hasten reaction.

There is another suggestion which MUSIC will venture without intending to "throw a wet blanket over the meeting," as the colored preacher said to the elder, *apropos* of his

abrupt references to chicken stealing. The daily press has not lived up to its privilege in this matter. The reviews of the concerts have followed the Saturday evening performances, thus depriving the evening concerts of the advertising resulting from notices printed in the papers of Saturday. Then, too, there does seem at times to be somewhat of an undue fastidiousness. If so much as a rose leaf is anywhere crumpled these Sybaritic gentlemen are quite deprived of refreshing repose. There is no question that in point of finish of technic the performances of the Thomas orchestra have already reached a very high standard. Mr. Thomas is one of the most diligent drill masters, and one of the most effective and capable, in the world. His sole ambition is to make here the orchestra of his life. The material is excellent, and the practice incessant. Much of the public work has been of the highest order. When therefore a single second, or four or five seconds in a two hours' performance, shows the close and unmusical observer a rumpled petal, why should this trifle stand out in the foreground of the criticism like a mullen stalk obscuring the splendid forest pines in the background, and the great sun in the heavens?

In its dealings with Chicago enterprises our daily press is a trifle too much like the big brother who, solely in the interests of the plain truth, blurts out the secrets of his little sister, to her great mortification.

MYSTERY.

I'm looking down where an arm of the sea
Is encircling the land,
And I hear its sweet monotony,
As it moves o'er the sand,
And its deep, mournful voice comes up to me,
Even up where I stand.
I can see it pour its waves on the shore,
And hear its sad moan, its deep monotone,
Saying, "Mystery, mystery, mystery."

I'm looking up, where a rift in the clouds
Is revealing the sky,
Where the mad wind is unfolding the shrouds
That under it lie,
And see them drift back, like frightened crowds,
With a mutter and cry.
Then the lightning's flash and the thunder's crash,
And the storm comes down upon sea and town.
All is mystery, mystery, mystery,
In sea and air, and everywhere,
Mystery, mystery, mystery.

I'm looking into a fast breaking heart,
Like a cloud rent in twain,
When the tempest has torn it apart
And the thunders complain,
And I see the tears of its agony start,
Like the rushing of rain,
And I tremble and sigh,
And I marvel and cry,
All is mystery, mystery, mystery!

Souls come and go, seas ebb and flow—
One struggle more back to the shore,
Clutch your white hands into the sands;
When the next wave goes back
It will wash out the track
Where your hands were set,
And the world will forget.
O, mystery, mystery, mystery!

ATHERTON FURLONG.

A PIANISTIC RETROSPECT.

II.

The world moves in a circle, and we are having precisely the same experiences to-day which are recorded in the annals of years ago, when men like Rellstab and Rochlitz hurled their invectives against the new school of composition, as introduced by Beethoven, and of piano playing as presented by Liszt. It is only after the smoke of the battle has cleared away, that a full view of the field is obtained; then the dead and wounded are counted. We are now, as it were, getting a bird's-eye view of the musical doings of the present century, and pitiless indeed is the verdict of posterity. Men who in their time were giants, look now like pygmies. Liszt remains, after all, the central figure and most potent force. Some men are great players intellectually, others emotionally; he combined both qualities, and furnished the first example of genius in reproducing the works of others. It is the proper province of genius to be productive. With Liszt it was different; when a composition had passed through the medium of his musically perceptive faculties, it became a new thing, and undreamed-of possibilities were revealed to the listener.

With great artists it is not so much *what* is played, but *how* it is done; comparatively easy pieces have, under their fingers, become sources of the greatest delight; I will instance only Pachmann's rendition of Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso," Op. 14; Joseffy's performance of the "Padre Martini Gavotte, the Boccherini Menuet and Schumann's "Bird as Prophet"; they possess that undefinable quality which is called touch; as indescribable as the odor of a flower, the timbre of the voice or the violinist's bowing. It is inherent in the individual, and cannot be taught or acquired. People imagine that they can by observation get an artist's style; they consider it something external, which is put on like

a coat of whitewash, and can be removed at will. They are as egregiously mistaken as in their ideas of technic; it sounds paradoxical, but is nevertheless true, that the great players have the great technic before they start, just as a beautiful statue is hidden in every block of marble; the work done serves only to remove the shell which hides it from the view; just as Grieg (in whose works the unexpected always happens), uses harmonies that are not taught in musical theory. He never learned them; they are within him and seek and find an outlet, he being the medium of communication. It has been said that Raphael, Durer and Angelo would have been just as great artists if they had never produced one picture or statue, that they painted and worked with their brains and not with their hands only; under the circumstances the world is better off for seeing the evidences of their greatness instead of having to take their word for it.

Too often do we see high aims linked to limited ability; such people walk with their heads in the air, and stumble over slight obstacles; on the other hand, how pitiable when great ability only serves to gratify low cunning! A fifth-rate pianist may be a first-rate artist; the public will naturally prefer the first-rate pianist, though he be a fifth-rate artist. It is a pity that so much is made of the little eccentricities and peccadilloes which seem to be among the inevitable penalties of genius. Only the really great can wear too much or too little in public; the rest must conform to usage, and not give rise to the unexpressed wish that one would like to see less and hear more of them. The papers might work a wholesome reform and not feed the public with personal gossip; of course the artists could exhibit better taste in not giving cause for the same.

Even in a large audience the artist only plays to relatively few people; the rest are musically near-sighted, and for that evil the proper glasses have not yet been ground. The general influence of the average virtuoso is apt to be pernicious and unfortunate to musical students; immaturely developed minds will mistake the external for the real, and come to grief by slavishly imitating that which to another was perfectly natural; thus many strolling players are painfully

remembered by weeping maidens with as many weeping sinews. A slight increase of speed often means a tremendous increase of difficulty; it is the ability to play faster, and yet not give the impression of haste, because everything remains in perfect proportion and is done with ease, which often determines the relative rank of virtuosi; and the differences of caste in India are not more sharply drawn than the lines which separate one artist from another, and it is singular that their relative standing remains fixed.

Perhaps the most reprehensible liberties are taken with rhythms and tempos. In this regard Paderewski has much to answer for. Without desiring to apply the metronome to his performances, it yet is undeniable that he hardly ever preserves the rhythm of a movement long enough to give the listener an absolute idea of time. This was the case even in pieces of so decided a rhythmical character as Chopin's polonaise, Op. 53, which Rummel, for instance, plays much better, because in time; and yet the very legitimacy of his performance operates against his popular success. Were he more of a horse jockey or prize fighter at the piano, and less of the genuine artist, and could he punch the piano below the belt and knock it out in the first round, his success would be immense. D'Albert and Joseffy are also entirely too conservative in their method for the general public, but the last named three artists at least play in time. Joseffy's performance of the Tschaikowsky B flat minor concerto is the happiest illustration of the value of playing in time and with sharply defined yet not exaggerated rhythms; and in this connection I remember a remarkable performance of the Weber-Liszt polacca by the greatest of lady pianists, Carreno, which for buoyant effervescence and clear-cut exactness of time has never been excelled.

Gottschalk's influence on the pianists of his day was far-reaching, and can be discovered even at this late day in the compositions of many. He was a truly great artist, and certain technical peculiarities and tonal effects which he invented are still used.

Rubinstein, whose reproductive ability almost equals Liszt's, exerted a tremendous influence upon our piano

playing. Before his advent no one of his rank had ever appeared, as even Thalberg was a specialist and confined himself to a few operatic fantasias. But here was an artist who was equally at home in all schools of music, and presented all styles with fidelity, assisted by stupendous technic and a powerful musical individuality. Buelow was mainly useful in directing the attention of students to the desirability of cool analysis. He went as much too far in cool deliberation as his great predecessor in passionate abandon. Essipoff, Mehlig and Krebs, while charming and finished, were of very little service as educators. The late Max Pinner, of New York, who had been educated by Tausig and Liszt, might have been the head of a distinct school of piano playing, had he lived.

A number of lesser lights have visited our shores, whose performances did not bear out their European reputation. It is perhaps more difficult to make a pianistic success to-day in New York than in Berlin or Paris. Criticism here is independent and aggressive; and too many laudatory advance press notices are not always of service. Men like Krehbiel, Henderson and Finck, of New York, and Elson, Apthorp and Woolf, of Boston, form a phalanx of critics before whom the artist may well quail. And yet, criticism in our country is apt to be fair, and uninfluenced by outside considerations. There are a few whose motto seems to be, "With malice toward all, and charity toward none," but on the whole the artist is fairly treated, and the general reading public receives an adequate idea of his worth. To some extent eastern success is a great help in paving the way in western cities. Criticism concerns itself often too much with what a man cannot do, instead of properly crediting what he can do. He is a poor critic who only goes to bury the artist, not to praise him.

EMIL LIEBLING.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PADEREWSKI'S PLAYING.

[In closing the forms of MUSIC for March it became necessary to omit a carefully prepared editorial upon this phenomenal artist—an omission greatly regretted from its conclusions so widely differing from those so cleverly and ably presented by that most competent of contributors, Mr. Emil Liebling, who upon piano playing speaks as one to the manner born. The *Century Magazine* for March contained quite a symposium upon Paderewski, beginning with a highly appreciative article from the Nestor of American pianists, Dr. William Mason, followed by a biographical sketch by Miss Fanny Morris Smith. To the whole a sympathetic poem was added by Mr. R. W. Gilder. The following remarks, therefore, are a condensation of the article previously written, together with extracts from Dr. Mason's beautiful discourse, which it is a great pity not to reproduce entire, and Mr. Gilder's poem, reproduced by permission.]

According to all appearance Paderewski marks a new epoch in the development of piano playing. In his eight Chicago recitals he gave the substance of his immense repertory. Of Beethoven, the sonatas Op. 53, 57, 109, 110, 111; of Bach, the "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue" and other selections; and a general summary of Schumann, Chopin and Liszt, together with quite a number of charming pieces of his own, as well as a few by other composers of the present day.

In composition and arrangement the programmes did not materially differ from scores of other good ones which have been more or less well played here by artists of every grade. Nor is there in Paderewski's playing, at first sight, anything especially distinguishing it from much piano playing we have heard before. That he has immense technic is evident, but then so have many others. Rummell, Carreno, Joseffy, D'Albert and Gruenfeld all have distinguished attainments in the whole line of pianoforte mastery, from tone color to facility and power. All lend themselves more or less modestly to the interpretation of the composer. All please their audiences and obtain favorable notices from the press. Nevertheless there is a difference. Any one of these artists will attract a fair audience ("considering that it is only a piano recital"); but one recital or two at most in immediate succession appears to exhaust the immediate demand. Paderewski plays once; there is a fine house, great applause, and

so on. He plays a second time; there is a larger house, still more applause. A third time; the house is crowded, the applause apparently unbounded. Moreover there is a distinct enlargement of the borders of the pianoforte public seen in the attendance upon his concerts. In place of an audience made up of musicians and amateurs, we see a large leaven of business men, and these applaud as heartily as any, even after the Beethoven numbers. Moreover, there is a still better test of the hold the artist takes upon the hearers; it is in the quality of the attention. To be able "to hear a pin drop" is the classical American test of good order. This fine and serious attention, almost breathless in quality, such as a very few great prima donnas are able to control by their beautiful voices, and now and then by real pathos, Paderewski controls with that commonly dry instrument, the pianoforte. He is storming through a passage of mighty passion; the massive chords accumulate, and the room is full of the reverberations of the vast tone he commands, when lo! the end of the storm is reached; he lingers upon a single tone, the reverberations subside, a great calm ensues and the still, small voice of an expressive melody, sung with most consummate art, holds the listener spell-bound.

His manner at the piano is the perfection of absorbed attention. He sits very quietly, never coquettes with the audience, is fastidious or sensitive to a degree in keeping off the throng of admirers who but for restraints would crowd the artist's room at every intermission, and in every way gives the impression that his business is exclusively that of interpreting certain musical selections and of pleasing the audience.

The greatest element of his charm is his refined musical conception, and the thorough way in which he becomes able to bring it to realization, despite the disturbing presence of a large audience of personalities, many of them more or less antipathetic. For it is very evident that a soul so sensitively strung as this of Paderewski must possess something of the responsiveness of a galvanometer, which is affected by extremely slight currents and conditions of bodies apparently far away. In respect to sensitiveness of

personality Paderewski is apparently more exposed than any other artist now before the public. This is one of his charms. While the undue sensitiveness imposes a strain upon him when brought too near opposing individualities, it also permits his own nature to come nearer that of the more sensitive hearers, so that there is a finer sympathy established than usually subsists between an artist and his public, and this rapport it is which affords him a great vantage ground for his interpretations. Artist and hearer think together, and what one receives is music and soul together—the soul of the composer in the mood of his work, but the composer's soul as presented in the light of the quick and clairvoyant intelligence and sympathy of the magician (or prophet, ought one to say?) who sits at the pianoforte. In this respect there is no comparison between a Paderewski recital and one by another artist. It is this combination of technical musical resources, phenomenal intelligence to perceive and occasionally exaggerate the lighter suggestions of a poetic composer, without the slightest intruding egotistical personality, but with the truly artistic psychological relations already mentioned, which makes a Paderewski recital so far removed from the usual list of entertainments of the kind, and leaves with the hearer so agreeable a recollection. From this point of view he suggests what Chopin may have been.

Should he ever turn his attention to the direction of an orchestra, there is no knowing what splendid results he would produce. For the very essence of his endowment is the clearness and depth of his musical conception, accompanied by an unrelenting patience in working it out to a complete realization—and finally bringing it to public acquaintance with all the marks of toil obliterated, and with the new-born freshness of an Aphrodite just risen from the sea. This combination worked out in Beethoven symphonies, modern tone poems and the like, would give the world a sensation the like of which has not yet been experienced. Yet there is room for this sort of thing. The symphonies might as well be interpreted in the sense in which Paderewski interprets sonatas, and in this style of treatment they

would gain as triumphantly as the sonatas do when Paderewski interprets them. Something of this sort Nikisch does. But Paderewski may have, and probably does have, a finer and deeper musical intelligence. And it would only be necessary that he work out his conception through the accustomed medium. Whatever difficulties this might at first present, the perseverance which he has shown in bringing his playing apparatus into complete responsiveness, would surely accomplish the same result with the more capable, if less manageable, material of the orchestra.

In making for the great artist so imposing a forecast one is paying him the greatest possible compliment. For it is the same as to say that his public ministrations have reached the point where it is no longer playing (phenomenal as his work is upon this side), but *music*, which is so beautifully brought to consciousness.

If one could be content to study the playing from the merely technical side, it would richly reward a vast amount of attention—since it is a complete thesaurus of the entire art of piano playing. Every possible mechanism is there present. But the distinguishing technical excellence is that of tone color, expressive quality, in which point he is head and shoulders above other artists.

It is also pleasant to believe that for the piano maker, also, "virtue is its own reward." The large contract for the Paderewski concerts is proving profitable, so that the Steinways are in a position to enjoy at one and the same moment the spectacle of a series of piano recitals with a balance on the right side of the ledger, while at the very same time their instruments have had the fullest exposition of their musical qualities that they have ever had.

“HOW PADEREWSKI PLAYS.”*

I

If words were perfume, color, wild desire;
If poet's song were fire,
That burned to blood in purple-pulsing veins;
If with a bird-like thrill the moments throbbed to hours;
If summer's rains
Turned drop by drop to shy, sweet, maiden flowers;
If God made flowers with light and music in them,
And saddened hearts could win them;
If loosened petals touched the ground
With a caressing sound;
If love's eyes uttered word
No listening lover e'er before had heard;
If silent thoughts spake with a bugle's voice;
If flame passed into song and cried, “Rejoice! Rejoice!”
If words could picture life's, hope's, heaven's eclipse
When the last kiss has fallen on dying eyes and lips;
If all of mortal woe
Struck on one heart with breathless blow on blow;
If melody were tears, and tears were starry gleams
That shone in evening's amethystine dreams;
Ah, yes, if notes were stars, each star a different hue,
Trembling to earth in dew;
Or if the boreal pulsings, rose and white,
Made a majestic music in the night;
If all the orbs lost in the light of day
In the deep, silent blue began their harps to play;
And when in frightened skies the lightnings flashed
And storm clouds crashed,
If every stroke of light and sound were but excess of beauty;
If human syllables could e'er refashion
That fierce electric passion;
If other art could match (as were the poet's duty)
The grieving, and the rapture, and the thunder
Of that keen hour of wonder—
That light as if of heaven, that blackness as of hell—
How Paderewski plays then might I dare to tell.

II

How Paderewski plays! And was it he
Or some dislodged spirit that had rushed
From silence into singing; that had crushed
Into one startled hour a life's felicity,
And highest bliss of knowledge—that all life, grief, wrong,
Turns at the last to beauty and to song?

R. W. GILDER.

December 18, 1891.

*By permission from the *Century Magazine*, March, 1892.

DR. MASON UPON PADEREWSKI.*

"Paderewski is unquestionably an inspired and a phenomenal pianist. He possesses the power of interesting and arousing the enthusiasm of an audience of the highest musical culture, as at Berlin, and of giving pleasure and delight to one of less musical intelligence and simpler tastes, as in some English provincial town. This is a fact of great significance, for it shows the rare combination of the various qualities which in the aggregate make up a great and unique artist whose ardent and poetic temperament is admirably proportioned and well balanced."

Upon the fortunate balance of the emotional and intellectual in his playing, Dr. Mason continues: "The playing of Paderewski shows a beautiful and happy blending of these essential qualities. He mirrors his Slavonic nature in his interpretations, with its fine and exquisite appreciation of all gradations of tonal effects. His marvelous musical touch, a great, mellow and tender voice, chameleon-like, takes on the color of the dominant mood. He is a thoroughly earnest and at the same time an affectionate player, and too much stress cannot be laid on the humanism of his style, which is intensely sympathetic, and so eclectic that it embraces all schools. His never failing warmth of touch and his vivid appreciation of tone gradations and values result in wonderfully beautiful effects. In addition to these qualities, his magnetic individuality puts him at once in sympathy with his hearers, and this magnetism is felt and acknowledged even by those who do not entirely and uniformly approve of all of his readings and interpretations of the great composers."

And again in summing up the whole matter: "The heartfelt sincerity of the man is noticeable in all that he does, and his intensity of utterance easily accounts for the strong hold

*From the *Century Magazine*, by permission.

he has over his audiences. He does not give us a remote and austere interpretation of Beethoven, but one which is broad and calm, manly and dignified, while it palpitates with life and is full of love combined with reverence. On this account it sometimes fails to please those who would strip music of its outward vestments—its flesh, so to speak—and skeletonize it. Paderewski's playing presents the beautiful contour of a living, vital organism.

"Naturally, being a modern pianist, he is in close sympathy with the works of the Romantic school, his poetic personality finding its supreme utterance in the compositions of Schumann and Chopin. He plays Schumann with all the noble, vivid fantasy which that master requires, though perhaps lacking a little sometimes in his reckless humor. In Chopin's music, the finest efflorescence of the Romantic school, Paderewski's original touch is full of melancholy pathos, without sentimental mawkishness, and without finical cynicism. He has his robust moods, and his heroic delivery of the A flat Polonaise, taken in the true and stately polonaise tempo, is tremendously impressive. It possesses that subtle quality expressed in some measure by the German word *Sehnsucht*, and in English as 'intensity of aspiration.' This quality Chopin had, and Liszt frequently spoke of it. It is the undefinably poetic haze with which Paderewski invests and surrounds all that he plays, which renders him so unique and impressive among modern pianists.

"Paderewski has one quality which Chopin always lacked in some degree—namely, the power of contrast; and, as pertinent to this, I remember that Dreysschock told me that many years ago he, in company with Thalberg, attended one of Chopin's concerts given in Paris. After listening to the delicately exquisite touch of the great Polish artist, and to his gossamer arpeggios and dainty tone embroideries, Thalberg, on reaching the street, began to shout at the top of his lungs. Dreysschock naturally asked the reason for this, and Thalberg's reply was, 'I have been listening to a *piano* all the evening, and now must have a *forte*.'

"Little fear of a forte being found lacking in Paderewski's playing, which is at times orchestral in its sonority, the

most violent extremes of color being present when required. Listen to him in the Rubinstein Etude or the Liszt Rhapsodies, with their clanging rhythms and mad fury, and ask what pianist since Liszt has given us such gorgeous, glowing colors—such explosions of tone, and the unbridled freedom of the Magyar.

"Paderewski is an artist by the grace of God, a phenomenal and inspired player, and, like all persons of large natural gifts, a simple, gracious and loving character.

WILLIAM MASON."

LOVE A-MAYING.

Blow! ye water clouds high,
Break your floods through the sky!
Birds sing, on the wing,
Of my love!

Pour thy light, glorious sun,
Let the rivulets run
With gold from thy hold,
For my love!

Break, ye buds on the bough,
And show my heart how
To grow and to blow,
In thy love!

For I've waked with the spring;
She to blossom and sing;
I wake for thy sake
And thy love.

THE SOCIETY FOR MUSIC EXTENSION.

The plans for music extension have materially advanced since the date of the March number of *MUSIC*. The general scope of the organization will be understood from the articles already printed concerning it, and from the following extracts from the first bulletin, which is not yet entirely ready for publication.

"The society for music extension is an incorporated body designed to extend musical intelligence and taste. It prepares courses of study, promotes lectures, recitals and musical reading; and by means of advice, examinations and social influences fosters attention to music in its artistic aspects. The membership of the society consists of four classes:

"1. *The Central Directory, Officers and Advisory Boards*, composed of distinguished musicians, all of whom to a greater or less extent co-operate in preparing the courses of study and educational plans of the society. The government of the society is vested exclusively in this part of the membership, in accordance with the provisions of its charter and by-laws.

"2. *Traveling Artists and Lecturers* of various grades, who stately or occasionally produce programmes before local circles of extension associates; and upon occasion act as examiners, inspectors and advisers of the work in general.

"3. *Local Examiners*, music teachers of approved standing who undertake to administer the entrance and pass examinations assigned to them, and report the results to the central directory, according to the by-laws.

"4. *Associates*, namely, musical students or amateurs of approved earnestness, who voluntarily enroll themselves as readers and students under the regulations of the society."

It is expected that the organization of the society will have been fully completed before the date of the May number of *MUSIC*, and a few of the preliminary courses will be ready for circulation. Correspondence is invited.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

THE STORY OF AN ARTIST.*

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Huldah awoke the next morning strangely fevered and exhausted, and with darting pains in her throat. Attempting to rise, she fell back faint and giddy.

"I'm afraid she's in for a run of sickness," said Mrs. De Lion, feebly irritable, at the breakfast table. There was a limit to her patience, and illness among the boarders was very near it. "I think I had better send word to her mother. It may be something we'll have to placard, and that is the ruination of a boarding house."

"The Rawlinsons went south yesterday," said Mr. Phipps. "Only the governor's nephew is in town."

"I reckon they could be followed by a telegram," said Mrs. De Lion. "For ten dollars a week, and the prices of provisions what they are, I don't reckon I am nat'ally bound to do a mother's duty by every boarder I may happen to have. I don't, so."

"Now don't you go to borrowing trouble," interposed Mrs. Strong, who if not from Syria, was yet near of kin to the good Samaritan, "I'll take care of her, and be glad to," and she poked the false frizzes with which she hid her own pretty locks, because they were growing gray. "I like her, and when you've been alone as long as I have, it is a sort o' luxury to do for somebody you like."

"Well," said Mrs. De Lion, not unkindly, "I like her; that is, well enough. I don't, as you may say, dislike her. She's always been mighty prompt with the pay."

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"Mr. Phipps looked up quickly from his sixth muffin. He had all his life had a snug time with the world, and knew quite thoroughly how tepid friendship becomes, in the cool winds of trial, and how much dispraise can be conveyed by manner, but in his round little head and warm little heart there lurked an old-fashioned, and almost boyish respect for women. Whatever men might do, women were still in his imagination, true and tender, and when one of them failed to come up to his ideal, it wrung and rasped his spirit; and now he drew his black brows together in a scowl at Mrs. De Lion, who, however, was giving her attention to Mrs. Strong.

"Well, I like her," reiterated that good woman. "It's company for me just to look at her. And I've never mentioned it, but I went to those recitals when Farnsworth was here, not because I could understand the music, but just to see her play."

An anxious fortnight followed, when it was well for Huldah that Mrs. Strong was even more expert at nursing, than in the manufacturing of tidies and mats. The political sky being overcast, Governor Rawlinson and wife had set out hastily for Cuba. Dr. Miller came daily to give everybody, including the grave young doctor, who was doing his best, which was very good indeed, a brief scolding. The rector of St. John's made kind inquiries, and the tenor of the choir, a soft-hearted young fellow, sent costly flowers. The soprano and alto sent jellies, which was certainly all any one could expect from ladies whose fortunes lay in their throats, for a great placard announced to all the world there was diphtheria at 207 Brandt street. But these attentions, however grateful, would not have kept Huldah out of the hospital, had not Mrs. Strong come to the rescue, not with the perfunctory attendance of the hired nurse, but with the quick interest of affection, and that cool certainty of touch, nature has given the few born to comfort the sick.

"La, I had a long apprenticeship, 'tendin' Strong," she explained, when one bright day Huldah was able to be bolstered up in an easy chair, and had begun to ask

questions. "He was weakly, Strong was, when I took him. Had had the black janders, if you know what that is; but five years or more clerking at Raddles's Notion Bazaar made me willin' to take most anybody that 'd give me a good home, and I will say Strong did."

"But you did not marry for a home!" Huldah shook her head in utter disbelief, and picked up the little glass of violets at her side to inhale their perfume.

"Yes I did principally, and a home is an awful good thing to have," said the widow, calmly historical. "As I was sayin', Strong wasn't much to look at, and he had some pizen mean relations, but so had I, and I wa'n't young by no means. I did well. He was of a good disposition, and was a good provider, and we took real comfort till his liver trouble run into consumption. He was a long time a-dying, there's no denying it."

Huldah laughed. It was impossible not to. The water in the glass of violets trickled over her hands.

"You ought to know better," cried the bewildered nurse, snatching up a towel. "You'll catch cold if you're not careful. I s'pose you're so nervous you'd laugh at anything. But I can tell you the old-fashioned consumption is a dreadful tejas sickness."

"As for marryin' for a home," she continued after shaking up the pillows for her charge, "Strong married me for one, just as much as I did him, and it was all the home, real home I mean, I ever had. Father lived on a farm, and he hadn't any more idee of doin' for his girls than—well, I don't know what. There were four of us, and we had to sleep in one room, cold as Greenland in winter and hot as a furnace in summer. In the evening—we hadn't any evenings in summer, but in winter we could sit in the kitchen about one lamp. Father had it close to him to read. He would have thought it extravagant if one of us had a lamp up-stairs, had it been possible for a body to sit up there to read or work. Everything had to go as he said. I learned the milliner's trade in the village, just to have the privilege of a room to myself. One of my sisters married and went off west. The two that stayed

home died, one of pneumony, the other of consumption, the gallopin' kind, and no wonder. And when father died, will you believe it, after all those years of slavin' and pinechin' his family when there wasn't a mite of use in it, what do you think? He'd lent out his money and signed notes till there wasn't enough to take care of mother even."

"How much he cheated himself!" said Huldah.

"You may well say it," replied Mrs. Strong grimly; "and I, I wanted my own way, just as he did, and when I got it, I didn't take such comfort as I expected. I had my own room, but I missed mother dreadfully, though I never admitted it, and I missed the girls. I wanted 'em, you see, only further from me, but taking my own way, I did not have them at all. I often think if we'd take what comes, and not struggle so, we'd have a better time."

There had been a week of rain and fog, and the very walls dripped. Occasionally across the sunshine there floated a dun vapor, which as it passed away painted dingy buildings purple, and dyed the sails upon the lake, carmine or deepest blue. The great city was more impressive even, than in the uninterrupted glow of a perfect June day. The hum and roar of this great hive of human activity, pulsating with every passion, had fascinated one little unit of being, that morning landed within its confines, and there was an unusual glow of self-confidence upon his face as he rang the bell of 207 Brandt street.

The housemaid was this morning left to her own blundering devices, and when the stranger asked to see Miss Goulding he was ushered into the back parlor without ceremony.

"And who, sir, are you?" asked Mrs. Strong, turning upon the intruder sharply.

Huldah had started up, and all aglow with delight was holding out her hands.

"I am David March," said the new comer quietly. Then after an instant's hesitation he added, "the man Miss Goulding is going to marry."

CHAPTER XIX.

Huldah was married to David March in May, but as a mere historian cannot do justice to the vanities, tears, smiles and millinery of such an occasion, the wedding will be left to your imagination. The ceremony was at Governor Rawlinson's mansion on Dorchester avenue, and the breakfast was described by the society paper that gave details of the festivities, as a "dream of beauty." Huldah's outfit, which, like many another bride's, was gotten up quite regardless of the sphere of activity she was about to enter, was pronounced both "magnificent," and "*recherché*," and the account closed with the information that "the happy pair would spend the honeymoon at Mr. March's birthplace in the state of New York."

There were some minor matters that escaped the observation of the reporter for the *Daily Gabbler*, as, that there were no musical people present save Dr. Miller, and that the middle-aged lady in lilac moiré, to whom he paid particular attention, was not, as was supposed, a relative of the family from the country, but our old friend, Mrs. Strong, of Brandt street. It escaped him, too, that the very rare and delicate flowers carried by the bride were not the gift of the groom, who, to do him justice, would never have thought of showing her such an expensive attention, but were from "the boarders at No. 207 Brandt street," and that John Rawlinson, Jr., was not present.

"It is an infernal shame," declared Dr. Miller to Farnsworth, who had come up from Boston for a series of recitals. "I could not feel worse if she had lost her hands!"

"You have yourself to thank," growled Farnsworth, gloomily. "You were always saying she should marry, and that she would never play her best till she had fallen in love, or had her heart broken, or some rubbish of the sort."

"If you fancy she married for any reason, save to please her own royal will, you are mistaken," snapped the

doctor, to whose eyes the webs of circumstances spun about Hulda had seemed of small consequence.

"The March girls," as they were called, were aged respectively forty and forty-five. A younger married sister lived at Smyrna, a village in the valley, three miles from the farm on breezy West Jordan hill.

Miss Maria wore her years lightly in spite of much hard work. Housekeeping was with her a passion, so she labored without mental friction. It was in her opinion the only suitable work for women. Men, she secretly thought—poor creatures—disorderly and helpless in the house, and prone to get into scrapes out of it. "They know no better," she was wont to say of masculine shortcomings. But she never excused a woman, save her sister Sarah, who was enshrined in the innermost cell of her heart, and who, with an injustice not uncommon, gave her warmest affection to her brother David.

Sarah was an invalid, and was commonly spoken of as having "a difficulty."

She had a lover in her youth, and he had died. Perhaps this sorrow was the cause of the strange youthfulness and sweetness in her face, and the reason she was so consecrated in her sister's love. Maria, who always selected dull browns for her own wearing, bought delicate tints for Sarah, who had also as a matter of course, ribbons, ruffles and embroidered handkerchiefs. Only the lightest household tasks fell to Sarah. To her also came the few pleasures. The sister at Smyrna sent her flower roots and zephyr yarn by the stage driver, and after his father's death, David, without giving thought to the matter, always addressed his letters to Sarah. It was she who owned the plush covered photographic album, who had adorned the walls with prim pencilings, and so called Grecian paintings, and who drew from the tiny reed organ wheezing variations on "Willie, We have Missed You," "The Cottage by the Sea," and other old ballads, besides hymns from the Moody and Sankey collections.

Too feeble to do the only work she knew anything about, Mother March entertained herself for the most

part fault-finding. When this palled upon her, she wept herself ill, wished she was dead, etc., and after much petting and the refreshment of a bowl of catnip tea went to bed. "Mother's spells" were endured in tender silence by the sisters. A woman of sixty-five was aged in their opinion, and should have the privilege of doing as she pleased. As the announcement of David's approaching wedding had brought on a severe fit of melancholy, during which the old lady retired to her bed with a hot brick, and quite refused to be comforted, when the letter came naming the day when he and his bride might be expected at the farm, the sisters did not speak of it. Huldah, they argued, might have a pleasanter welcome from their mother if she came unexpectedly.

"I hope David's got a good housekeeper," said Maria as she set out the materials for a pudding the eventful morning. "A minister needs a real capable wife, Sarah. He's so sort of public. And the dear knows he's dreadful liable to company."

"I hope he's got somebody who'll be a companion to him," said Sarah, pausing in her task of seeding raisins. "If there isn't sympathy between married folks, there isn't anything, in my opinion."

"If a man has his viuetuals to suit him, and a neat house, and slick shirt bosoms, it seems to me he hain't no call to lie awake nights hankering for sympathy," said Maria, dexterously beating up the whites of eggs into a snow heap. "And I will say that brother David has as quick a nose for soda, as I ever saw on a man, and as for his shirts—well, you know yourself what he used to be." Maria was intent at the moment watching a certain speckled hen, that she had long been suspecting of stealing a nest, and that now was making secretive zigzags through the currant bushes, and she did not notice that the pantry door had cautiously opened an inch. "I believe I'll write out my best recipes for her. My crusted sponge cake, and the White Mountain cake, and my way of making squash pie. David does like good cooking, though I will say he isn't greedy, like Ezra Phillips.

Persis would have to fry doughnuts for Ezra in July, if besides breaking out with her humor, she was in danger of melting straight into the kettle."

"For my part I believe in love," quavered Sarah, letting a tear splash down upon the raisins. "I don't like to think of David's marriage as just a housekeeping arrangement. If it isn't a love match, I don't want to know a thing about it."

"Of course it is a love match," said Maria, kissing her sister over the whipped eggs, "and if she makes David comfortable and does her duty, it will stay a love match."

The door of the pantry opened wider, and tiny Mrs. March peered in at her daughters. Her poor old head shook in its white cap. Her thin hands trembled, and there were fierce fires of wrath in her dark eyes. There was a perplexed look on Sarah's mild face. Things never seemed so plain and easy to her as to Maria. She could not formulate her thoughts, and now, as about most subjects, doubts assailed her. She thought not only of her brother, but of this unknown woman he had made her sister.

"Let us hope he will make her happy," said she, under her breath. "There are a great many unhappy women, Maria. She is much younger than he, and there's Mrs. Rogers down to Smyrna. Mr. Rogers is a good man, and a good preacher, but—"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Maria, sternly. "Your own brother! I guess he is good enough to make any woman happy. If I were only as certain that mother would be like herself this noon, and the pudding would—"

"This noon!" screamed the old lady. "Comin' this noon, be they! And I'm not told! Pretty goings on in my own house! Ain't it bad enough 'at my only son has gone an' got married? I've lived till things are kept from me, have I? Well it's time I was dead!"

Maria, turning quickly about, knocked the big coffee canister to the floor. It brushed the old lady's skirts as it

fell, at which she broke into loud lamentations, and Nancy Hubble, "the help," told Peter Bolls, the hired man, in the privacy of the back kitchen, that "the old torment had gone this time into a regular built fit."

CHAPTER XX.

The next day Mrs. Phillips, with her two little girls, Bessie and Sally, came up from Smyrna to spend the day at the farm. "It is a solemn event," she said to Sarah in the unaired retirement of the hall bedroom. "I hope the Lord will bless us in this new sister. It is a great thing for a minister to choose a wife. He has a good many things to think of. Has mother seen her yet, Sarah?"

"No," said Sarah nervously. "Mother had a dreadful bad spell yesterday, and she hasn't worked 'round yet. You know she has to work 'round when they are pretty bad. We've done all that could be done, though."

"A great deal of mother's trouble is in her mind," said Mrs. Phillips, smoothing the folds of her new black alpaca, and wondering that Sarah expressed no admiration of it. It was very lustrous and had cost a pretty penny even at wholesale. Mr. Phillips kept the "store," at Smyrna, and his wife enjoyed the distinction of having dresses especially selected for her in New York. "Well, and how do you and Maria like her?"

"She's lovely to look at, Persis," said Sarah flushing, and finding delineation difficult. "And she plays the instrument [Sarah always called the little old organ 'the instrument'] beautiful. I didn't know there was so much music in it. But she is different. I—well, you can't describe it. I guess she like the people in books. Any way, there's no young lady in Smyrna like her. I never saw anybody like her even in Syracuse."

"M—ah," assented Mrs. Phillips, who secretly thought her sister's judgment in most matters too lenient. "I hope she's sensible. Of course she's a pious woman, or David wouldn't 'a' married her."

Mrs. Phillips was small, brown and quick, and was always buzzing like a bee over work of some sort. She was the religious one of the sisters, and was spoken of by the Smyrna church, of which she was a prized member, as "a worker." Her ability to bring money out of church suppers was unrivaled, as was also her skill in managing a donation. Occupation was to her a religious duty. She always kept many varieties of work ready to pick up, that she might be provided with something for every moment, and be saved from the sinfulness of folded hands. Sunday was kept from being insupportable, by her husband's relations who lived on farms round about the tiny village, and who came to her house from the church to dine. She sometimes complained of "the Phillipses," not realizing that they delivered her from the temptation of spending Sabbath afternoons upon sewing, or fancy knitting. Immured in its narrow prison under the soft bands of her hair, her brain directed her automatic movements, and at very long intervals hatched out an opinion, or notion, which Solomon himself could not have convinced her was mistaken, had he arisen on purpose to argue the point. Her first impression of Huldah was that she was too large, her second that she was far too "dressy," for a minister's wife. Then, as the bride sat idly turning over the leaves of an old magazine, she received a third impression, the most damaging possible, viz., that she was not "industrious." That was the word Mrs. Phillips applied to her own habit of constant occupation.

It was a pleasant, sunshiny room. There was a bright, home-made yarn carpet on the floor. White muslin curtains fluttered at the windows, into which blew perfumes indescribable and intoxicating from the blossoming cherry trees, from the Missouri currant bushes that crowded close to the lattice shading the deep well, and from the unclosing apple blooms. Before the house the lilacs were just opening, and on each side of the graveled walk leading to the front gate were fleets of daffodils, primroses, and spikes of flowering almond. The land descended in gentle

undulations to the valley which glowed in the softest tints of yellow, pink and green, where it had been left to itself, and showed tints of amethyst, vivid umbers and deep ochre, where the plow had turned it over. Beyond, the hills rose indigo and violet, and in the distance cloud-like blue.

The three sisters sat in a row before Huldah. Little they cared for the view. Sarah, indeed, loved it because it was home, but even to her eyes the glorious picture it contained, was hidden. Maria wore a long white apron, and Sarah was smart with pink ribbons at her throat and in her hair. The three were busily knitting, and presented an odd contrast to Huldah's calm figure clad in a soft, plain gown, whose price and making it was perhaps well they could not guess, yet felt vaguely as suggestive of elegance beyond their reach. David was with his mother, and Bessie and Sallie sitting side by side on a venerable ottoman, much prized because of its ornamentation in tufted work, eyed their new aunt with open-mouthed admiration and made it plain by certain shy signs she was not blind to, that they were quite ready to give her their little hearts the moment she should say the word.

"Have you seen anything prettier than log cabin pattern for a silk quilt, Sister Huldah?" asked Mrs. Phillips after a short silence. "I have heard there are new patterns, but they haven't got around to Smyrna yet. You coming from a big city so, must have seen a good deal."

"I do not know about silk quilts," said Huldah in some bewilderment. "There may be new patterns, but I have not noticed."

"Then I s'pose you haven't got one?" Though Mrs. Phillip's voice had the interrogative inflection, it showed disapproval was ready to take possession of it.

"A silk quilt? No," said Huldah, again taking up the old magazine.

"That's a pity. Why I don't recollect a bride in Smyrna these five years who hasn't had some sort of a silk quilt. Some of 'em even went down to the paper mill and picked over the rags to get silk pieces. But I

can't say I would go that length, for there's no knowing about rags, especially them that has come from out of town."

Huldah's face showed unmistakable signs of disgust, and Miss Sarah nervously attempted a diversion by getting out a curious old autographic album, which had belonged to her father's sister in the year '48. But Mrs. Phillips was not to be turned aside from the track in which she believed lay duty, and she always felt it her duty to express disapprobation of wasting time. " You ought to have some work, Sister Huldah," she continued, with an expressive glance at her empty hands. " They make real pretty trimming out of linen thread. Now you can make it at odd times, and it is nice to have in the house. With thread only six shillin' the dozen anybody can afford to have pillow shams with lace around 'em, nice enough for the best."

Huldah had a dull headache. It always made her head ache to sit listening to, and trying to talk to people she did not understand. Her eyes smarted, and sometimes saw double. She felt too, grieved and bewildered by the disapproval in Mrs. Phillips' voice, and longed to escape from the room.

" I wish we had a better instrument," said Miss Sarah, who had more than once felt the exasperating prick of her sister's goad, and with quick sympathy had divined the cause of the heightened color on Huldah's cheeks, though she hoped what she called " Persis' little ways " had not been quite understood. " I hope we shall hear Sister Huldah play the piano before she goes out to Iowa. I dearly love the piano. When I go down to Smyrna I always stop in to see Dilly Holliday, and get her to play for me. I've cried many a time hearing her play 'Home, Sweet Home,' and 'Old Lang Syne.' "

" Dilly Holliday had better learn to be useful," said Miss Maria, rising and thrusting her needles into the ball of yarn she was laboriously converting into stout hose. There was no covert meaning behind this observation. It was not possible for her to be covert, besides she very

earnestly wanted her brother's wife to be happy under her roof. "I don't believe Dilly ever made a batch of bread in her life. But her mother is as much to blame for that as she is. Well, I've got to look after dinner. That Nancy Hubble can't be trusted as far as you can see her. No——" and she waved an authoritative hand toward Sarah, who had risen. "You stay here and visit. Brother David's wife won't be here forever, and I guess I can get the table right for once."

David came in a moment later, and somehow, Huldah never could remember how she managed it, she slipped out of the open door, out on the wide veranda, and then down among the daffodils. Bessy and Sally slid off their perch and followed her, and under their direction she was soon out in the orchard, then wandering across the south pasture, and up the hill in the grove of maples, where sugar had been made in the early days of spring. The earth was carpeted with violets, white and sulphur yellow. There were dense beds of adder tongue, the blossoms looking like fleets of tawny butterflies. In the more sheltered nooks the great white trillium lifted its lily-like head, and high above sang the bluebirds and robins, of joy and spring. The reedy music of the ground sparrows came up from the hollow where a rivulet trickled through the grass, and in some well hidden covert the wood thrush wound his silver horn. "A sign of rain," the weather-wise Bessie declared.

Love made Huldah ashamed of the ennui and pain that oppressed her, while reason whispered that she had entered a world even more strange and unbearable than the one to which her mother's marriage had introduced her, and foreboding fear suggested that Chester might contain more people like the March sisters than any other, while the finality of marriage rose before her like an impenetrable wall. She did not know how astonished the average man is, if the most dissimilar women show signs of not getting on. Such a failure indicates to his obtuseness a lack of mental sweetness, rather than a difference of intellectual plane. Nor can the average man see how much closer is

the friction of women upon each other in the family and in society, than that of men. But she felt that for her not to establish pleasant, and even intimate relations with David's sisters, would cause him surprise and distress. She felt too, that upon her alone would devolve all the responsibility, save with Sarah. It was a refreshment to be out here in the sunshine with Bessie and Sally, who gave her small opportunity to think. Now their bird-like eyes saw a hole, that might belong to a woodchuck. Now a glossy leaf revealed to their experience that below it in the soft mold were buried long strings of peppery "crinkle root." Sometimes an enchanting red squirrel whisked along the fence, brought himself up with a jerk to take an observation, and dare the whole world to catch him, then scampered on.

The children had discovered some ground nuts, and were digging them up with much ado, and no little damage to their clean frocks and aprons. Huldah had seated herself on a broad rock that was a part of the fence. Behind it a thorn bush made a white cloud. Bitter words have a peculiar vitality, and more than one of Mrs. Warden's caustic, world-wise speeches came into her mind, like unbidden, scornful guests. Always before, when disagreeable situations or questions had pressed themselves upon her attention, she had found quick relief in music. But now she had not touched a piano in a month, and for some reason the compositions that had seemed a part of her being, so entirely had they become her mental property, refused to be remembered save as dry pages of notes. She tormented herself with asking if David expected her to become like his sisters, whom he had so warmly praised, and wondering if—after many years, of course—she would. Suddenly soft and grimy arms encircled her neck, and Bessie whispered very near her ear, "I love you a million—and we wish you'd kiss us."

"And I love you a million," echoed Sally, anxious to assert herself. Then noting there were tears in the brown eyes raised to hers, she dabbed at them with her white apron, reducing it to a still more inexcusable condition.

"You are our newest aunt—but—" Sally hesitated an instant, then added with impetuous positiveness, "you are the very nicest!"

A horn piped far away. "It's dinner," cried Bessie in some trepidation. "Aunt Maria hates to wait. Do you s'pose, Aunt Huldah, you can run, that is, a very little?"

Huldah laughed. "Run? Of course I can run." And they went down to the farm house at a great pace. For reasons of their own the children made for a side door, which flew open before they had reached it, and before it stood old Mrs. March in the new silk gown and cap her daughters had prepared for her and vainly implored her to put on the day before. A malicious smile lit up her pallid face. "She'd show the girls a thing or two," she had resolved. She would see her new daughter at her own time and in her own way.

"Oh, Gram, you look lovely!" cried Bessie, clasping her about. Whatever humors she disclosed to the rest of the world, the poor soul was kindness itself to her grandchildren. "And, oh, we've been up on the hill with Aunt Huldah, and she's splendid, and, Gram, we're dirty, and we're sorry."

Huldah's heart was warm from being loved "a million." The white hair and pale face brought her grandfather's image before her. She put out both her hands, and bending down, timidly kissed the wrinkled cheek, saying gently, "I am glad you are feeling better, dear mother."

It was a rare advance for her to make, and the shrewd old woman perhaps felt it. Manner may be a slight thing in itself, but it has tremendous effects. A soft flush rose in Mother March's face, her lips trembled and her keen black eyes grew beautiful. She took Huldah's hands very cordially in her own, and said with emphasis, "You are a grand-looking woman my dear. I never thought I'd set much store by a dater-in-law, but I shall by you." And she held up her face to be kissed again. And she would not let Huldah leave her, but led the way into her own spacious bedroom, where she washed the children's hands,

and otherwise tidied them, that they might escape a part at least of the scolding always administered by their mother for "playing in the dirt"; then she astonished her daughters by going out to dinner leaning on Huldah's arm.

During the next two weeks there were tea parties at Smyrna, to which all the ministers of the vicinity, and their wives, and many church people were invited to meet the newly wedded pair, and there was a great church sociable held at the farm, that all the country side, of any consideration, might be introduced to Huldah, for the March family was an old one, and the sisters felt the pressure of traditions and position. Then there were two never forgotten days which Huldah spent with Mrs. Phillips, while her husband attended a Sunday school convention at Syracuse. He was, he explained, in duty bound to make the most of his opportunities, and the convention was presided over by the celebrated Mr. J. Howard Rattler, to hear whom was said to be a liberal education.

"How did you like her, on the whole?" asked Maria of Mrs. Phillips when David and his wife were gone.

"I can't say I like to see a woman [Mrs. Phillips always said 'womern'] sit around all day with a book, especially if she's entered a sphere where she'd ought to be an example."

"Well I don't," assented Maria. "But she's dreadful good-hearted. You saw yourself what pains she took to please the children, and mother—I never was so beat in my life as I was to see how mother took to her. I s'pose it was because mother's grown so sort o' childish. But she must have been brought up awful shiftless, Huldah must, for when I told her I'd show her how to make sour cream biscuit, she said as cool as you please, 'thank you, but I don't like to cook.' Now I'd desire to know what she's going to do! Like or no like, she 'll have cooking to do some time, if they do start off a-boarding, which I should think David had had enough of."

"I p'sume she 'll get along her way," said Sarah nervously. "It may be just as good as ours, too. It seems to me if she suits David that's enough."

"Men folks are dreadful fond of their victuals." Mrs. Phillips spoke authoritatively, as a married woman feels she has a right to, when addressing unmarried sisters. "And there isn't anything suits 'em at home, if they don't get what they like to eat."

"Well I'm sorry for her," said Maria grimly. "I must say I am sorry for her."

"Well I can't say I am," exclaimed Mrs. Phillips with some emphasis. "A woman ought to fill her sphere. If she ain't handy at it at first, she can try till she is handy."

"Ma Phillips," said Bessie struggling up from her doll's cradle, "you made her cry. I see her twice with her eyes full. And Sally, she asked her when she took us a-riding, if she really truly hadn't any 'faculty,' or 'practical' as you and Aunt Maria said she hadn't, cause Sally and me, we'd 'greed to buy her 'em, with the money in our tin banks if she hadn't, and she laughed, and then the tears came into her eyes again, and she said perhaps she hadn't 'em. And that night I slepted with her 'cause uncle was away, and I feeled her cry, and I told her that me, and Sally, and Gram, loved her a million, and we didn't care a snap if she hadn't them things, or never had 'em!"

While the sisters were gazing in speechless amazement and dismay at the terrible Bessie, David March was bending over his wife's shoulder, and saying. "You have won the love of all my people, my dear. My sisters think you a charming woman."

"I am glad," said Huldah quietly, remembering with a pang the night she had wept herself to sleep by the side of little Bessie.

"So am I," he replied, not noticing the tears brimming in her eyes. "It was Sarah herself who told me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC.*

AN INTRODUCTION.

I.

"Art rests upon a spirit of deep, invulnerable earnestness."

"Art is an earnest occupation, most earnest when occupied with noble and holy ideas; but the artist is greater than the art or the ideas."—*Goethe*.

For He that worketh high and wise,
Nor pauses in his plan,
Will take the sun out of the skies
Ere freedom out of man.

—*Emerson: Ode.*

Pure pianism, which is the adequate performance of pianoforte music, presents ideas which are fully as unified and free as may be rendered in any other one of the highest modes of art. It is an organism of free motions sustained among all of the parts of the pianist's mind, emotion and body, created by his will and imparted to the pianoforte as combinative forms of dynamic, for the purpose of embodying the contents of a harmonious idea, in the manifold relations of motion-organizings which constitute the Rhythm forms of effect called music.

This living, organic essence of pure pianism is also the essence of the highest art. Art is the voluntary, free expression of a passing state of the human manifestation of soul. The essence or principle of soul, as manifested in nature, that is to say, the inherent form of the motion-constitution upholding the human embodiment of soul, or any natural organism, is a harmonious inter-action among many disparate motion-parts associated as an individuality, unity or whole of being. Thus it may be said that the human embodiment of soul is an organism of relations constituted among disparate motion-parts by order of many-folded envelopments. The form-principle of this organism, or harmony, prescribes the constitution of the artist's action in the exercise of his art. The natural embodiment of soul being a correlation of motions, its phase is continually changing; consequently the essence of art, as true expression of the soul, is an ever flowing harmony of motions, for its attributes and constitution are necessarily identical with the unified and flowing nature of the soul, whose changing and complex states it is purposed to represent. The features and unity of the soul state, its aspect at any given moment, develops the contents and whole of a harmonious idea; and in order to faithfully manifest these in tone-forms, the motion organism of art producing the tones and efforming the free relation of their composite succession, must correspond

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in its parts and their developments, with those features or contents and their relationships. Herewith is noticed the nature of the highest modes of art. They consist of harmonies of motion, caused, efformed and upheld by the artist's will and physical organism, and rendering manifest momentary soul states in correspondently structured passing effects.

The essence of this truth of art is universally manifested in nature. The principle of all organisms or life, as embodied in the processes and law of life and nature, is the harmonic or unified spirit of cause. It is harmony working as cause. The essence of pure art is likewise realized in the free organic efformation of the human action working as cause. It is harmony embodied as a working or cause, and creating an organismal effect. In art, however, as also in nature, unified cause may create an identical effect only when it efficiently overcomes every obstacle to its working. Inefficiency of the working of unified cause is manifested, both in nature and in art, by deformity of effect. Deformed effects consequent upon partial success in the working of unified cause, are to be distinguished from amorphous results in art which spring from dissolute causes. In nature every organism or life may be regarded as an embodiment of the harmonic principle, advancing to purity according as it becomes more and more identical with the harmonic cause underlying or creating it. In art every expression will be an enactment of the harmonic law, approximating to purity according as the organ of action (human organism, mind, emotion and body) becomes more and more fluent and less obstructive to the manifestations of the unity of the soul state underlying or prompting the harmonious idea which the artist seeks to render.

From this it will be seen that the philosophy of art, or of any one of the ultimate modes of art, is divided into two general departments. First, that which is often called the morphological, and which treats of the nature and constitution of unity, the harmonic or universal principle; and second, that which is called the technological, and which treats of the embodiment of this principle, that is to say of the constitution of a unified cause, of its organ of action, and of its efficient working. The philosophy of art, therefore, is similar to the philosophy of nature. The latter, and the study of nature is prefatory to the pure expression of the soul in art; it may promote a right guidance of the discipline which develops ultimate art.

II.

"Thou must mount
Into vision where all form
In one only form dissolves;
In a region where the wheel
On which all beings ride
Visibly revolves."

—Emerson: *Celestial Love*.

The constitution of unity or the harmonic spirit as basis of all life and of the human manifestation of soul, is perceived in natural law, and is reflected in the form of the highest expressions of the human soul. These latter are the arts known as language, poetry,

oratory, dancing and music. The morphologic principle underlying them all is identical, and is a direct reflection of the harmonic spirit sustaining the human soul and all organisms in nature.

Nature is a world of organisms, which are manifestations by means of a common vehicle, force, of harmony, which is the universal plasmic principle, generally termed unity. In the various modes of its manifestation, unity molds with great diversity the force it employs, rendering various modes of motion, which are characterized as bodies of air, water, earth, etc., or their compounds, are generalized by the term matter, and originate the ideas of time and space. Everything in nature is found as some mode of motion, and its existence is conditioned by unity, the principle of harmony. While this manifestation, nature, is flowing or living, the spirit of unity which is the conditioning principle thereof, seems to be abiding, so that it is called the eternal. The flowing unity of nature is therefore regarded as the manifestation of the attributes of the eternal harmonic principle. This manifestation of unity in the life of nature, in the structure of the most ponderable as well as most imponderable bodies, is called natural law. The harmonic structure may seem to be more easily perceived in solid than in liquid bodies, its parts and their relation more easily fastened upon in animals than in air; but the universality of this plasmic principle, is evinced by its formative presence as sustenance of everything in nature, while its identity throughout all variety is discovered by man's insight and investigation, and is confirmed by his reason. In whatever mode it is found manifested, the contents of unity are perceived in the relation by order of compound envelopment of freely-formed many-folded parts, by the ratio of whose proportions some clearly definite or more free harmonic order is embodied. They prescribe the living form or soul of an organism, in the free ordering by envelopments of compound disparities of motion, or in other words, in a correlation of motion, the unequal members being preserved in harmony—the condition of nature—which is the mobile plasmic state of free organizings. Every organism, whether known to the mind as mineral, vegetable, animal, air, tone or light, is constituted by this one identical principle of unity or the harmonic spirit in different degrees of development. Wherever manifested its contents are perceived, in the relation, by order of compound envelopment of freely formed many-folded parts. These outlines of unity, the universal form principle, which conditions the constitution of nature, are gathered from analyses of the modes and states of embodiment. Comparison of the analyses deduces a theory of unity. With this as basis, imagination develops ideas of beauty, which inspire the artist to seek to create their adequate manifestation.

Throughout all nature, in all organisms the unifying spirit of condition and being may be traced. Organisms, or embodied unities, as manifested in nature, always consist of an exceedingly complex order, their finest details and higher relations surpassing mathematical calculations. But the general principle of unity, as the spirit of nature, may be hinted by the geometrical lines and mathematical ratios which have been gathered from the easily perceived features of various bodies. The theory of the Universal Principle as basis of the

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true use of the Imagination may be posited in definite scientific terms, which, however, are to be regarded as mere initiatory means, promoting appreciation of the apparently infinite combinations and developments of unity manifested in the innumerable organisms of nature.

In order to gather from natural law an outline of the simplest conception of unity, which is also the simplest unit of art * the mind may avail itself, as aid, of the illustration of simple and combined undulations as they exist in the organisms or embodiments called tones, and, indeed, in modified characters, in all forms of life. Each tone, or sound, is not a simple undulation, but is composed of general undulatory motions, enveloping many undulations various in size and form, each of which are themselves also constituted of many disparate undulations. These compounds of motion may be decomposed or analyzed. They are found to consist of larger and smaller amplitudes of motion, creating the outlines and the details of the sense impression conveyed to the mind.

The disparate parts and the manifold whole of these motion organisms in nature and of tone, urge the human soul to reflex composite expression, and thereby create the alphabet of language, scale of music, numbers of mathematics, lines of geometry, etc., as symbols and as manifestations of their influence. Each musical tone consists of many parts of sounds. A single vocal sound or word consists of parts made up of many parts of sounds or letters of the alphabet. The systematizable number of appreciable instrumental tones and vocal (lingual) utterances are ordered in scale and alphabet. The different classes of each are named to signify distinguishing groups of disparities of undulations creating sound parts classified.

The unity, Logos or whole, however, which is gathered by the consciousness from the totality of composite effect, is impalpable to sense. The parts of the experience are held by the memory, and an image of the unity or whole thereof is gathered together by the "inner sense" or Imagination, after the sensing moment has passed. It, this Logos, or soul of unity, becomes the pure spiritual creation, possession, and, as it were, objectivation of the auditing soul. In other words, the human idea of the final Unity or Logos, the free relations of all of the parts in any selected art organism or natural phenomenon, is the spiritual imaginative creation and reality, invisible and impalpable to the human senses but not to the human imagination. It is the Logos, or the Spirit of this final unity, which, so keenly felt by the scientific imagination, guides the human perception to a clear vision of the infinite soul of harmony working as cause, and thus develops a practical intuition of the freely variable organism, or proto-plasmic Harmony of Energy, which is the prerequisite of high art and of Pianoforte Music.

Let *A* (Fig. 1) represent the largest one in a compound of undulations, the largest outline of motion, and lowest sensing in an impression of sound, creating the ground tone. Let *B* represent undulations in this same compound which are one-half smaller in amplitude

* That is to say, a standard for the science of Unity as it constitutes Nature and is reflected in an idea, in its embodiment, and in the appreciation thereof; or, in other words, a type universal for pure style, in cause, effect and taste.

and consequently twice as many in number, and create the first octave above ground tone. And in like succession let *C* represent that of second higher octave, and *D* that of third octave with undulations one-fourth as ample and four times as many in number, and one-eighth as ample and eight times as many in number.

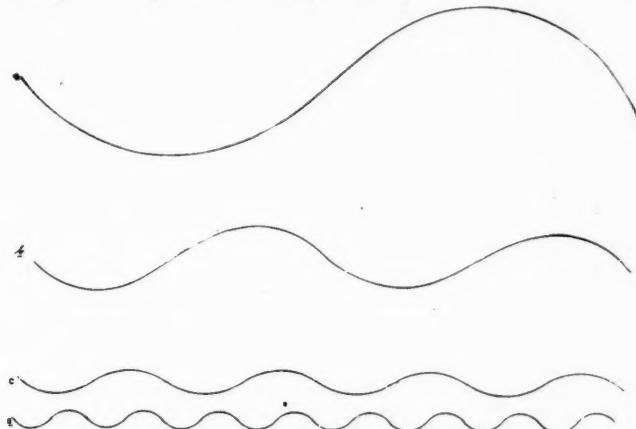


FIG. 1.

When sensed by the ear these disparate undulations are one compound undulation, a free unfolding of ENVELOPMENTS as, and graphically transcribed, appear somewhat thus (Fig. 2);

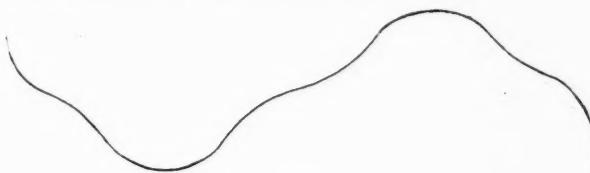


FIG. 2.

This one three-fold involved undulation presents a harmony of curves; undulations of various amplitudes and numbers, carried simultaneously across the stage of the consciousness. It is similar to a symbolic panorama of the passing phases of the harmonious normal soul-states in man, and the consequent organizing states of the emotions, the mind, the body and the will in art. Enlarged or diminished, as may be regarded, and developed and transcribed, it is finally recognized as a geometric or unnatural symbol of the structured state of natural, intuition motives prompting the unity of human ideas, aims and arts, or aspirations, expressions and pleasures. The larger features of the sense-perception create the idea of basis or outline of the harmonic impression—the ground tone of a musical chord or harmony—the verse line or period of poetic meter and musical form—

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the outline or principal parts of ideas, and the syllogistic, logic and rhetoric forms, symbolizing them. These larger features create the principal parts of ideas in the mind as definite unities, and, of the organic working of the motion of body in the lingual, vocal or instrumental action presenting the manifestation of harmonious ideas. The smaller features, details or enveloped contents of the compound undulations create the harmonic or disparate details of the sense impression—the over-octaves of a musical tone—the feet, motives, phrases, bars or smaller rhythmical parts of poetic meter, rhetorical style or musical form—the qualities and differences on logical content of the constituents of an idea, as it exists in the mind and imagination—and prescribe the manifold cycles of motion and their envelopments, in the action of the physique as the idea is manifested in language, gesture or music.

III.

"Electric thrills and ties of law
Which bind the strength of nature wild
To the conscience of a child."—*Emerson: Wealth*.

If a unified idea, transcribed in a poetic line or a logical rhetoric phrase, be rendered in a form-embodiment of vocal expression, it will be seen that the contents of the idea, being disparate in value, or, as it is said, *logical* in relation * are manifested, by principal, and subordinate, rhythmically ordered groups of degrees in the various characteristics of expression, the former groups, of course, surpassing the latter in time, force, etc. In some poetry, however, this organic ordering of dynamic or expression values is not united with the order of the contents of the idea; and this separation lends to the underlying organic expression a special value, which is developed and denominated as metrical and rhythmical form, and is the natural basis of expression in and of itself regardless of the contents of the idea expressed. This separation is arbitrary. It tends to mark the organic basis as limited, and to claim freedom for an alienated and confused state of thought, which is not wedded with the natural structure of unified ideas, and therefore does not build on and with this a legitimate universal free—that is to say, an infinitely developable superstructure. But in pure music the form and contents are unified; and the pure dynamic rendering of the form-disparates, form-parts or form-contents is the absolute basis of the true and direct manifestation of the idea with its contents in their proper order and envelopment.

In musical ideas and forms of expression, the precedent part is principal, the subsequent part is subordinate, in logical worth as well as in dynamic characteristics (of time, force, etc.). This order is natural. It reflects the stress and lull, as universally manifested in the expressions of nature, in the constituency of rotations, undulations and all the manifold modes of natural motion. In the rendered music, each of the transcribed or written form-parts is symbolized or

* The order of parts being subordinated to the Logos or forming Spirit.

manifested by some one group of many disparate tone undulations; while the ordinary unit or single line of musical form expression, like the natural organisms of light and tone, is manifested by means of a *compound envelopment* of many groups of disparate tone undulations; and the entire composition of music is manifested by extended similar envelopments of ordinary units or compound lines, of tonal form expressions.

In musical form the eight-bar line or period may be regarded as ordinary or smallest unit of form. It consists of two halves of four bars each; two groups of two bars each being contained in each of these halves; each single bar in the two-bar groups being defined by principal and subordinate parts, called stress and lull. The two four-bar halves are, however, as principal and subordinate, not equal, but disparate in value, in correspondence with the strong and weak part of each single bar; so, also the two-bar groups, and the adjacent bars in these groups, are disparate in dynamic worth, and create by their principal and subordinate values, the means of unified musical form. The entire compound form unit or eight-bar double compound Rhythm-form, is a combinative series of disparate lulls and stresses of dynamic, embraced in one unifying, that is to say, enveloping undulation.

In Fig. 3 is seen, analytically, the combinative nature of the small, ordinary unit of musical form.



FIG. 3.

The science of the Imagination or "inner sense," discloses this structured condition of the existence of ideas in the abstract—of their presence as plasmic influence working upon the mind during the spiritual imaging of ideas. It clarifies the conception of art results, and of art action, as consisting in organisms or compounds of disparate motion parts, corresponding in structure to the states of mind superinduced by the constitution of ideas; and to the visible parts of classic form as transcribed in poetic rhetoric and musical script. The study of unity in nature is pursued by the artist as the disciplinary means of recognizing the truth; that unity or beauty in language, music and the arts does not consist, and does not originate in mere incongruous, unrelated and accidental aggregations of homogeneous parts of sense perceptions, or mental conceptions; and that it may not be created by the rendering of such; but that unity or beauty in art is created, as are all organisms in nature; as, for example, are musical tones by the compound development of definite orders of disparate parts. That is to say, unity or beauty in art is formed—from harmonic impressions—by the Artist's unifying Imagination, which is the fruit of his spirit; and it is rendered manifest by means of motions created in organic forms corresponding to the order of unity, in which the art idea exists in the Artist's mind; and this

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spherical or embodied unity of the expression is the fruit of the Artist's soul. The appreciation of unity in nature acquaints the Artist with the fact that without a natural organismal constituency of action, pure, unified art-expression cannot exist; and that without a harmonically combined form of tone-effect, made up of many disparate compound tone-effect parts, upheld by a correspondently structured working cause, created by the organizing of harmonic orders of natural or free curving motion, musical form cannot be adequately presented. Its likeness to the undulations, creating the musical tone and its overtones, is easily remarked when it is known that the actual analysis of Fig. 2 passes through the idea of Fig. 3, and ultimates only, in that of Fig. 1.

FREDERIC HORACE CLARK.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A DANDELION SEED.

Now higher, now thither doth float
A glimmering, gauzy-winged mote ;
Now high on the breeze
It sails o'er the trees,

Then drifts o'er the flags by the lake,
And meadows all plumpy with brake
Ah! no man can know
The way it must go.

But somewhere is waiting a nest
In which this wee mote shall find rest,
And the sun shall unfold
From it blossoms of gold.

One watches, be sure. And His care
Guides it over the slumberous air ;
And, heart, He doth know
The way thou shalt go.

He knoweth thy frame and thy fear,
And thy way in His sight is quite clear ;
In love doth He lead
Thee, heart—and yon seed.

ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

"A POETIC EDITION OF BEETHOVEN'S 'MOONLIGHT' SONATA." A series of etchings by Frederic Horace Clark. Chicago: Clayton F. Summy.

"The aim of the present edition," says the preface, "is the promotion of knowledge of the higher units of musical thought, expression and technic—the larger unitary parts of form and force which embody the unequal rhythms of free, classic music—symbolized, as they are, in disparate compound groups of bars, verses, stanzas and pages, and consisting as they do in the unfolding of compound dynamic involutions, and in the creation of compound organizings of free physiological motions.

"The envelopment of spiral double curves outlines the essential proportionment of parts in verses, and prefigures the poetic subordination of ordinary bar units of time and expression to the extraordinary time units, expression units and technic units, or compound rhythm forms, embodying trinitary verses, and free groups of these and stanzas. Within the group of pages showing the entire sonata, each page presents one of the larger parts of the music. Upon each page the stanzas, within each stanza the verses, trinitary lines, and within each trinitary line the various parts grouped by combinations of curves, bars and motives, analyze to the eye, and stamp upon the pictorial consciousness of the reader in units of scientific symbolism, the comparative values of disparate simple and compound music parts; promoting clearness in his perception, and freedom in his conception of the relation which underlies music and is suggested in the unified unfoldings of musical art.

"By means of this symbolism the morphologic essence of harmonic law, as it is manifested in the free spirit of classic music, is elucidated with an elementary definition, which becomes a living, prescient germ in the student's mind, and promotes his development upon the genuine basis of art."

For those not comprehending the above explanation, the more ordinary explanation may be given that in this edition Mr. Clark has arranged the periods and stanzas in verse form, as poetry is usually printed; and for the further clearing up of his ideas has surrounded the text with certain curves which cross the staff in various directions, to the great confusion of the typographical and commonplace eye, but as he thinks to the great enlightenment of the inner brotherhood whose interpretations could only be based upon "the morphological essence," before mentioned.

The arrangement of the material into its stanzas and paragraphs is not a bad idea; but the curves offend the eye by their "disparate" transmigrations around and across the music lines in all sorts of spiral

double-curved cuttings upon the bias. It is understood that Mr. Clark, however, is perfectly serious in considering these curves among his more important additions to the suggestions for study, since they have reference to certain ideas of his own in regard to the proper coöperation of the arm and other parts of the anatomy in expressing the interdependence of the phrases and periods. But this, as Kipling says, is another story.

"THEME IN A FLAT." For the "Liszt" organ. By J. E. Trowbridge.
Boston: Arthur P. Schmidt. 1892.

A very pretty theme well treated, both in respect to modulatory structure and registration. Although written for the Liszt organ of Mason & Hamlin, it will be equally effective upon any other instrument of the class, provided the proper correspondences of register are preserved. Organists will find this a very agreeable addition to their stock of not difficult, but effective and pleasing pieces in lyric style.

"SONG PICTURES." Poems by Robert Louis Stevenson. Music by
Eleanor Smith. Chicago: Clayton F. Summy. 1891. \$1.

These eight little songs are a very pleasing evidence of the good work that the enterprising young American woman is doing in the direction of finding an expression for her emotional self in the higher department of song. The poems of the present collection are from Stevenson's songs for children—full of imagination and pleasing knacks of putting things. The music is melodious and well made in every way—spontaneous and musically. Not one of the songs but presents its own points of novelty and cleverness. The subjects are: "Where go the Boats?" "Windy Nights," "Fairy Bread," "The Swing," "The Lamplighter," "The Shadow," "The Visit from the Sea," "Autumn Fires." The musical qualities, especially in the adherence to leading motives and freshness of modulation, shown by the songs, are the more grateful, as having been developed entirely at home under the instruction of Mr. Frederic Grant Gleason.



PLANS FOR THE NEW VOLUME.

With the present number the first volume of *Music* is completed. The publisher believes that the reader will find it a collection of musical miscellany of no small practical value, and, not to put too fine a point upon it, the most comprehensive musical periodical ever undertaken. Nevertheless, our ideal has not yet been reached—far from it. The reader may confidently expect that the second volume will surpass the first in several important particulars. The form will remain the same, but in place of this heavy laid paper a fine quality of super-calendered high grade book paper will be employed throughout—the very same paper, in fact, as that used in the advertising pages for the past three months. For the letter press this will not be quite so satisfactory to the eye as the laid paper of this volume, but it opens opportunities for illustrated articles such as the plans originally contemplated, and such as the public taste demands. The smooth paper will make a pamphlet a trifle thinner than the present number, but the number of pages will remain the same, namely, 112 pages of reading matter in each issue.

Several articles formerly announced have so far failed to materialize, and experience teaches the caution that articles already in hand can be promised more safely than those agreed upon for delivery at a date still in the future. Accordingly the next number will contain at least two illustrated articles—one upon "American Lady Violinists," and another upon the "Chamber Music Concerts of the Mason Thomas Quartette, in New York from 1856 to 1866." Upon several accounts these concerts were of unusual historical interest and importance. "Music Extension" will receive ample attention, and all the bulletins of the society will receive their first publication through the pages of *Music*.

The practical teacher will receive more attention than hitherto, and the "Harmony Lessons to a Child" (discontinued for want of time to edit the MSS. properly), will be resumed and carried through ten lessons. Miss Helen A. Clarke will continue her very interesting articles upon "Music in the Poets," and the ground of poetical interest will be further trenched upon in two articles upon "The Kalevala," the epic of Finland, by Mrs. Anna Cox Stephens. Mr. John S. Van Cleve has in preparation two articles, "Wagner's Influence upon the Art of Singing," and the "Modern Orchestra, and the Principles of Tonal Coloration as Related to Emotional Expression." Mr C. B. Cady has in preparation an article upon "A Rational System of Study"; Mr. John C. Fillmore will be heard from in several short and pithy articles. From Prof. J. P. Rider will be two articles, of which the first will be included in the May issue, upon "The Study of Music as a Factor in Intellectual Growth." Several contributions upon "Music in the Public Schools," have been engaged, of which the first one, by Mr. A. T. Crangan, of Toronto, will be given in the May number.

In short, it is intended to make this in all respects an interesting and helpful collection of timely musical miscellany.

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In order to meet the wishes of those desirous of taking regularly a number of musical periodicals, the following arrangements have been made:

The *Musical Herald*, published at Boston, by Mr. Geo. H. Wilson, furnishes a record of every important musical production throughout the country, together with criticisms upon the larger new works and translations of Hanslik's articles from Vienna. Price, \$1.00 per year; monthly, small quarto, 32 pages. Among the editorial contributors are Messrs. H. E. Krehbiel, of the New York *Tribune*, Mr. Finck, of the *Nation*, Philip Hale and others.

The *Etude*, published by Theodore Presser, Philadelphia, edited by Chas. W. Landon, numbering among regular contributors the Messrs. Van Cleve, Thomas Tapper, the editor of *Music* and others. This periodical is devoted to the interests of piano teachers mostly. Sheet music size, 32 pages, monthly; \$1.50 per year. The *Etude* enjoys the largest *bona fide* constituency of any musical periodical in the United States, and, perhaps, in the world.

The *Music Review*, published by Clayton F. Summy, Chicago (32 pages, octavo, monthly, at \$1.00 per year), Frederic Grant Gleason, managing editor. It is devoted to reviews of new music, and to Mr. C. B. Cady's graded analyses of studies and standard works for teaching. The latter are printed with musical illustrations, whereby the leading motives and features are shown.

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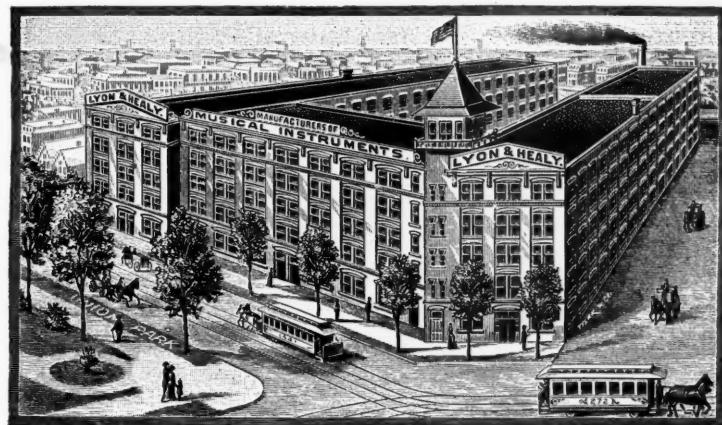
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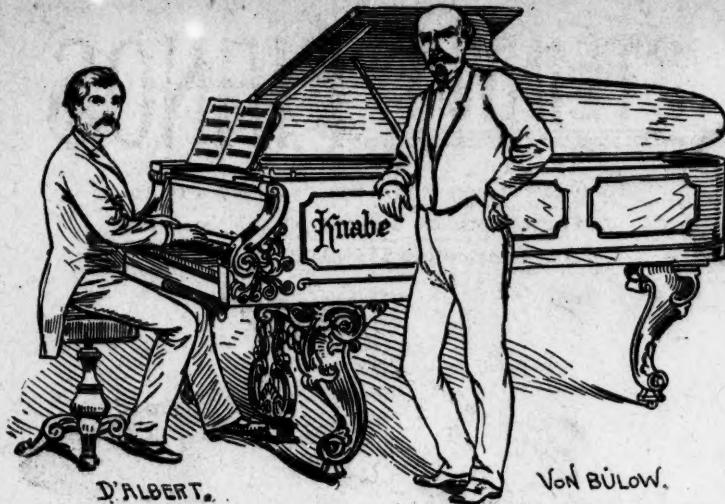
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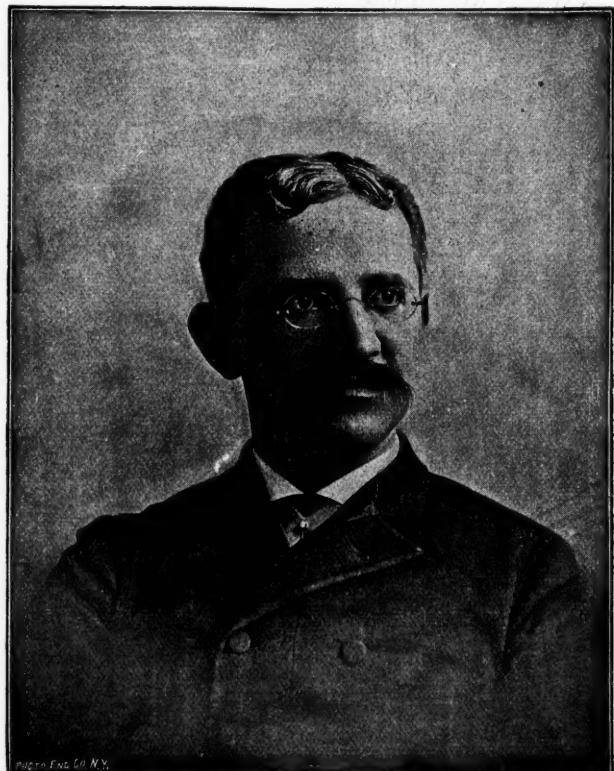
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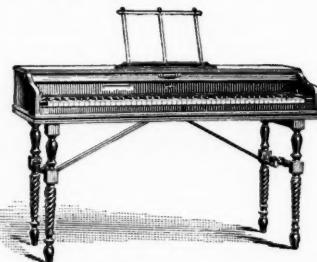
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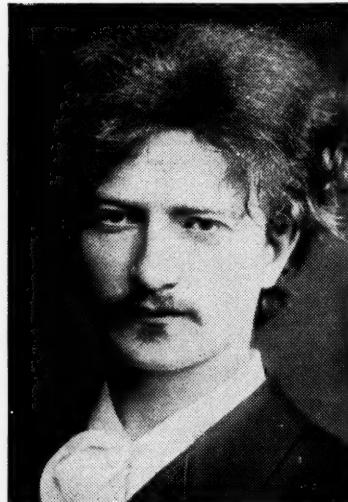
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